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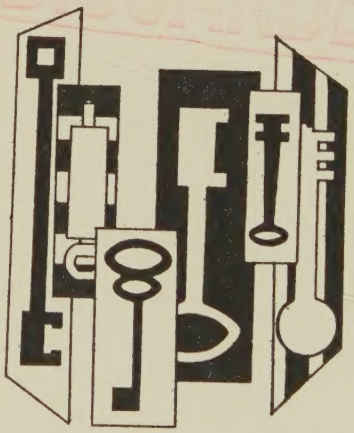

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The Real Personages of Mother Goose

By
Katherine Elwes Thomas

Illustrated

Boston
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

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THE REAL PERSONAGES OF MOTHER GOOSE

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As one who lays a laurel upon the dust
that is most precious of remembrance,
I dedicate this book to my Mother.

Foreword

THE nursery rhymes, jingles, and ditties, connected with the name of Mother Goose, are here for the first time presented in their correct historical sequence. This work is the result of careful research covering the past quarter of a century.

Many scholarly writers have devoted years to the study of these jingles from the viewpoint of separate entities, but no one has previously written of them with distinct knowledge of their historic origin.

Henry Betts in the Introduction to his able book, *Nursery Rhymes and Tales* (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London, 1924) states: "Until comparatively recent times, nobody dreamt of taking a serious interest in nursery rhymes and nursery tales. They were considered trifles. The professional antiquary regarded them as undignified and unworthy of notice. It was only with the rise of the new science of folk-lore, which really dates from early in the last century, that these old rhymes and stories began to attract attention. Then it appeared that they are to be found all over Europe and that they have analogies among uncivilized peoples all over the world. It appeared, also, that many of them are of incredible antiquity, bearing unmistakable traces of origin in prehistoric times. . . ."

Through many of the nursery jingles runs an illuminative vein of folk-lore, corroborating Mr. Betts' statement, and at the same time demonstrating the great skill shown in the seemingly simple lines.

What matters it, after all, if these jingles have hosts of shadowy relatives in the folk-lore of many lands! That the stirring events of many reigns in English history should have built upon such elusive framework is, in truth, the marvel worth consideration. That the English and Scotch jingle-makers should after this fashion have couched their stinging satires or launched their political lampoons is convincing evidence of their cleverness.

Strong, rough jingle thrusts, that must in their heyday of circulation have cut deep, they are far more appropriately to be termed the most cleverly impolite versification of the Court of the United Kingdom than " polite verses of the Court," as has sometimes been done.

Mr. Betts in his Introduction proceeds:

" Then many children's rhymes contain recollections of chronicled history. Some students of folk-lore have expressed a doctrinaire disbelief in the historic element in popular tradition, which is surprising, for one would have thought that they of all people would have been impressed with the astounding tenacity and the astounding truthfulness

of the popular memory, where reasonable allowance is made for the mythical mould into which it sometimes compresses the historical fact. . . .

"There can be no doubt at all that our nursery rhymes and tales contain historic elements, and absolutely conclusive evidence as to the historicity of some of them may be given. . . .

"There are some conjectures in these pages, naturally, but in every case I have supplied sufficient evidence to enable the reader to judge for himself as to the validity of my theories."

Into all research work concerned with this historic jingle-making, there must necessarily enter a certain element of logical sequence of inference which in nowise detracts from the whole, provided that, in order to carry proper weight, there is likewise presented all available corroborative evidence.

The numerous references to an early inclusion of certain of the jingles in the ancient play of *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* raise a point which, despite diligent investigation, I have not been able to verify. Possibly in some earlier edition of this old play, the copy of which is no longer extant, such jingle inclusion may have existed. If so, *Gammer Gurton's Needle* as played before Queen Elizabeth is most likely so to have been enriched, basing this presumption not only upon the keen enjoyment of that marvelously clever woman, but

also upon the truth of the ancient adage that where there is so much smoke there is likely to be some fire.

In *Note-Book & Word List of Early Dramatists —Anonymous Plays, Third Series,* Edited by John S. Farmer, London, Privately Printed for Subscribers by the Early English Drama Society, 18 Bury Street, Bloomsbury MCMVII, the statement is made:

"This old piece is mentioned in Historio mastrix 1610 under the title of *Mother Gurton's Needle.* . . .

"The earliest known edition of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* bears date 1575. Supposed by scholars, from its flings at Church matters, to bear the impress of an Edward VI presentation. At all events, the Wm. Stevenson accredited as an author of the quaint little play was a Fellow of Christ College from 1559 to 1561. It is presumed that he was deprived of his fellowship under Queen Mary, and was reinstated under Elizabeth."

The indications are, however, that this play was published, or acted, long before 1575. With the rhymes collected by Ritson in his publication, *Gammer Gurton's Garland,* the play itself has nothing in common other than in the evidently borrowed similarity of title.

"The original *Mother Goose Melody,* as first

issued by John Newbery of London about 1760. Reproduced in facsimile from the edition as reprinted by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Mass., about 1785 with introductory notes by Wm. H. Whitmore, Albany, J. Munsells Sons, 1889," states on page 222:

"As far as known, the morals and maxims of Part II were written by Oliver Goldsmith, who was in the employ of John Newbery, but the *Songs of Mother Goose Melodies* attributed to Goldsmith are found to be of much earlier date. They were the popular songs of the time, and he used them in the same measure that Shakespeare did the songs in his plays. . . ."

"In 1765 he (Newbery) published *The History of Little Goody Two Shoes,* a story very generally ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith. At all events, Goldsmith was a constant writer for Newbery from 1762 to 1767. . . .

"Goldsmith was very fond of children, and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games."

The John Newbery edition of *Mother Goose Melody,* as published about 1760, devotes a department, Part II, to the *Lullabies of Shakespeare,* and renders as one of the most familiar:

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

There is in this edition no department, however, accredited, directly or indirectly, to Goldsmith. Nor have I encountered this suggestion elsewhere.

The title of *Mother Goose's Melodies* is not to be found in any of the earlier editions of the jingles, which were generally issued under the caption of Lullabies. It is also interesting to note that it is scarcely possible to discover any two of either English or American editions in which precisely the same jingles have been selected. This is a fortunate happening, since in this way the world is the richer by so many more of these captivating rhymes.

In 1842 the late James O. Halliwell edited for the Percy Society *The Nursery Rhymes of England,* which he states were "collected principally from Oral Tradition," and in the fourth edition, issued by this scholar in 1849, he notes that the rhymes were "collected as vernacular anthology."

Concerning these editions, Boyd Smith has to say in his book on Mother Goose:

"The late James O. Halliwell edited for the Percy Society *The Nursery Rhymes of England,* collected principally from oral tradition. In his preface he writes: 'These traditional nonsense scraps have come down to us in such numbers that in the short space of three years the Editor of the present volume collected considerably more than a thousand. . . .'

"In *Notes & Queries* for June, 1875, the late learned musician, Professor Edward F. Rembault, described in an octave pamphlet of 69 pages entitled *Infants' Institute, Part the First, or a Musical Essay on the Poetry, Lyric & Allegorical of the Earliest Ages,* &c., London: Printed for and Sold by F. & C. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1797, states:

"'It is ascribed to Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, M. A., Rector of Denton Co., Linc., and of Wing Co., Rutland. The essay shows considerable learning, and was evidently intended to ridicule the Shakesperean commentators. It is now chiefly interesting as giving us the earliest printed versions of some of our well-known nursery ditties. These rhymes were first collected by Ritson in his *Gammer Gurton's Garland* printed for R. Triphook in 1810, and have since been reproduced by Halliwell and a host of imitators. . . .

"'The early English editions have practically disappeared. . . . This fact is indisputable, because Newbery's Mother Goose contains fifty-two Nursery Rhymes, and of these thirty-nine are in Ritson.

"'John Marshall,' he adds, 'was a contemporary of Carnan, and published children's books during the latter half of the 18th century and beginning of the present.'"

Walter Taylor Field, in *A Guide to Literature for Children,* Ginn & Co., 1928, remarks concerning the title of Mother Goose:

" Her popularity was not without its drawbacks. Other publishers, seeing that she was bringing many a shilling into Newbery's till, cast covetous eyes upon her, and soon John Marshall of Aldemary Churchyard, Bow Lane, London, being seized with a spirit of high-handed piracy, appropriated the *Melody* almost verbatim, making only a few changes in the arrangement of the selections. A copy of the Marshall edition is still extant in the Bodleian Library at Oxford."

My own researches at the Bodleian Library reveal that the John Marshall Chap-Books, Douce Collection, now the property of this famous Library, are, some half-dozen or more in number, by no means almost verbatim reproductions of the Nursery Jingles as rendered by Newbery, but, on the contrary, show only an occasional use of the jingles.

At the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., is to be seen in the Rare Book Department, *" Vol. II, Chap-Books,* Printed by J. Marshall, Old Flesh Market, Newcastle, (where also may be had a large and interesting Collection of Religious Books, Tracts, Sermons, &c.)," under the accredited date of 1817. The Bodleian Library places the Marshall chap-book publications at an earlier date.

Vol. VII, Chap-Books, Library of Congress, has on its side, *" Mother Bunch.* Printed by

George Angus at Newcastle." *Vol. II, Chap-Books,* Library of Congress, bears the statement: "Published 1817 by R. Hutchinson. Published and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. Hutchinson & Co., Saltmarket, Glasgow," and has on the outer cover a woodcut of an ancient dame seated in a chair as she bends forward to read from an open book on the table. Beneath is this couplet:

> "Here Mother Goose on Winter Nights
> The old and young she both delights."

Included in this diminutive book is the jingle of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham."

Toby Tickle's Collection of Riddles, compiled by Peter Puzzlecap, Esq., Glasgow, Lumsden & Son, is the unique title of an old chap-book containing certain of the nursery rhymes. A prized copy of this book is included in the collection of English and American chap-books in Harvard College Library.

In the chronological arrangement of the nursery jingles it has been my aim to give them as nearly as possible their original order, by means of all reliable references. If at times this is, perhaps, somewhat tedious to follow, it will, I trust, prove of convincing interest.

This illuminative rendering of the jingles is without precedent. It had its inception in a never-to-be-forgotten incident of my childhood, when,

standing beside my mother as she sang "Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross," she smilingly remarked, "The old woman on the white horse was Queen Elizabeth." This comment, made with the certainty of one who repeats a well-known fact, convinces me that somewhere in England and the Colonies there must have existed a traditionary knowledge of the original import of all these delightful rhymes.

Certain it was that, with this jingle interpretation inescapably lodged in that far, faint memory, following my visit to Somersetshire to secure at first hand the story of Little Jack Horner, I returned for a fortnight at Bath to pick up such threads as I possibly might in that locality before proceeding to Oxford.

I had not been engaged in my research work at the Bodleian Library many weeks before it became increasingly evident that the jingles were of indisputably historical origin, and, therefore, had a distinctive chronological order.

For the successful accomplishment of this undertaking, long and patient study has been devoted to research into State papers and practically forgotten memoirs of the notabilities therein lampooned. I have examined many rare volumes in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the British Museum Library at London, the Public Libraries of Bristol and Bath, the Library of Congress at

Washington, D. C., together with glimpses into the *Harleian Miscellany,* and have observantly traveled about those sections of England and Scotland wherein lie the scenes of the jingles. This, with years of all general reading which promised any ray of light on the subject, has been essential in securing the historical sequence.

Whatever indicated a direct bearing upon the history, legends, myths, and folk-lore has been carefully considered, and in each instance a conscientious endeavor has been made to preserve the local colorings.

The result of this fascinating work has been the establishing beyond controversy that the nursery rhymes, largely of Jacobite origin, are political diatribes, religious philippics, and popular street songs, embodying comedies, tragedies, and love episodes of many great historical personages, lavishly interspersed with English and Scotch folk-lore flung out with dramatic abandon.

Many a laugh and many a tear will be discerned in the unrolling of all this scroll; much of love's fond calling; much, again, of stormy hate's revilings. Truly, of all such is life's warp and woof, now as in the long ago.

This revelation held for me the charm of a slow-unfolding mystic lore, and under its spell I have proceeded patiently, with due regard to place and period, to marshal the apparently happy-go-lucky

lines into their rightful sequence, and so to piece together the marvelous literary mosaic known throughout the English-speaking world as the *Rhymes, Jingles, and Ditties of Mother Goose.*

These rhymes are to-day the nursery classic of the world, the classic which, read and sung for centuries to children, has added joy to hours of sunshine, and eased the shadowy times of pain.

As that which we love in the springtime of life we cherish evermore, I trust, in presenting the true signification of all these lines, that, so far from detracting from their juvenile charm, I shall have contributed to the deep affection in which they are universally held by "all children six feet high."

KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS.

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The Real Personages of Mother Goose

Chapter One

There was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

COME with me, then, and peep through the magic mirror of ages, first, at a jingle with which you and I were long ago so entrancingly familiar.

This old Jacobite street song, the outcome of Whig and Tory riots, was derisively aimed at the Reverend Dr. Henry Sacheverell of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. The learned member of Magdalen College, Oxford, was the man so "wondrous wise" who, in preaching one famous sermon, on August 15, 1709, at Derby, and another, on November 5th of the same year, at St. Paul's before the Aldermen and Lord Mayor

of London, literally "jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes."

In every quarter the wildest excitement prevailed when word went forth that Dr. Sacheverell, preaching forcibly against the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, boldly declared that the Established Church was "in danger from Papists on the one hand & Fanatics on the other, from these her professed Enemies & other false Bretheren."

This impassioned appeal to all true Churchmen wound up with a clarion call to the nation to rally and defend the Faith, thus stated to be in deadly peril.[1] The swift religious upheaval that ensued engulfed Parliament, and in this body was centered the comedy that at one time painfully resembled a curtain-fall upon tragedy. The great Marlborough arose, a colossal but unavailing figure in these legal disputes. His advice to ignore the two sermons of the man so wondrous wise, in so far as impeaching him was concerned, was quashed, and upon the thirteenth of December, 1709, the case was brought before the House of Lords, with the formal accusation of seditious libel preferred against Reverend Dr. Sacheverell.[2]

Daily, as this Divine drove to and from Court, his carriage was followed by a wildly cheering

[1] This is the first of 305 marks referring to **Index of References**, pages 340–352 at end of book.

mob which gave further vent to its feelings in a wanton destruction of Church property and that of the long-suffering Quakers. The man so wondrous wise most effectually, for the time being, "scratched out both his eyes," for he was at the close of his impeachment found guilty. His offending sermons were burned with elaborate ceremony in front of the Royal Exchange, London, and a prohibition was placed against his preaching for three years.[3]

Accused by his traducers of finally rising superior to this Parliamentary rebuke, "through crying up Arbitrary Power and asserting Tyrrany to be Christianity," to such good purpose did the man so "wondrous wise" jump into another bramble bush and scratch both his eyes in again that, shortly after the impeachment, he was publicly restored to favor and appointed to high honors as Rector of St. Andrew's.[4]

Mother Goose Melodies, a nursery chap-book of the Douce Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford,[5] thus comments in a foot-note upon this jingle: "How happy it was for the man to scratch his eyes in again when they were scratched out. But he was a blockhead, or he would have kept himself out of the hedge and not been scratched at all." Wiseman's *New Way to Wisdom.*

Kerr, in his rare book, *Popular English Phrases and Rhymes,*[6] concurs in giving a religious sig-

nificance to these lines, to which Halliwell in *Popular English Rhymes,*[1] makes the pertinent addition: "To the political pasquinade I may add the following on Dr. Sacheverell which was obtained from oral tradition:

"Doctor Sacheverell
Did very well;
But Jacky Darbin
Gave him warning."

This jingle holds the added interest that, with the Jacobite rising throughout England reaching the white heat of wanton destruction in Bristol, it was from there, amid the smoke of incendiary fires and rain of missiles from the infuriated rabble, Thomas Fleet, a printer by trade, having been seriously implicated in the leadership of local riots, quietly took ship for America. Except for his dramatic connection with the Sacheverell riots, he appears to have been a practically unknown person of scholarly habits.

The oft repeated assertion that Thomas Fleet at his Pudding Lane Shop in Boston, Mass., was the first to publish an edition of the *Nursery Rhymes and Jingles* in 1719, cannot be verified by any copy of such publication existent to-day. That he was the first person to publish the Mother Goose Rhymes as the songs by which his children were lulled to sleep by that excellent dame, Mrs. Goose,

mother-in-law to the Pudding Lane printer, has no foundation in actual fact. The librarians at the Bodleian and British Museum Libraries effectually dispel the widespread American impression that these nursery jingles were either a feat of memory or of original authorship on the part of this worthy woman, by asserting to me that the first collected editions of the *Rhymes and Jingles of England* were published there in 1620, and were followed in the mother country by a reprint in 1648. From that period to 1750 the Mother Goose editions practically ceased.[8]

Of neither of these English publications have I been able to discover any further trace than the statements named, nor have I succeeded in locating a copy of any of the original small handbill leaflets on which, from time to time, the *Rhymes and Lullabyes* are accredited with having been originally brought out by the Printing Press of Pye Corner of London. Other well-known publishing marts of practically the same period were those located at St. Paul's Churchyard, London; Aldemary Churchyard, Bow Lane, London; Old Flesh Market, Newcastle; and Saltmarket, Glasgow, Scotland.

The fact that up to the present no research student has been able to locate either of the reputed early English editions nor of the reputed early publication of Thomas Fleet of Boston cannot be

regarded, after all, as entirely conclusive evidence that they never existed, as *The Cambridge History of English Literature* in Vol. II *The End of the Middle Ages,* Cambridge, 1908, has to say in relation to similar historic and legendary searchings: "It is well-nigh useless to hunt for the original document of a given ballad. Tradition is something more than a confusion of texts."

There was an old woman lived in a shoe.
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

This jingle, while amusingly applicable to good Mrs. Goose in the discharge of her disciplinary duties following her marriage to a Boston widower with sixteen children, holds the far older significance of a broadside smiling at certain doings in Merrie England where Parliament as "the old woman" who (geographically) "lived in a shoe" gave her many children "upon whom the sun never sets" a bitter cup of broth in the person of James VI of Scotland and I of England for their king. "Without any bread," in very truth, for the cordially disliked monarch was not even of English birth or breeding. Thus it was that Parliament, having "whipped them all soundly," now "put them to bed" to sleep over the matter and digest it as best they might.

An early English chap-book, *Infant Institutes,*[9] London, 1789, p. 31, quoted by Halliwell, runs:

"There was an old woman and she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She crumm'd 'em some porridge without any bread,
And she borrowed a beetle, and she knoc'd 'em all o' the head."

Here is a Scotch version, "The concluding stanzas of which," says Halliwell,[10] "appear to have been borrowed from Mother Hubbard":

There was a wee bit wifie,
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many bairns,
She kenn'd na what to do.
She gaed to the market
To buy a sheep head;
When she came back,
They were a' lying dead.
She went to the wright,
To get them a coffin;
When she came back,
They were a' lying laughing.
She gaed up the stair,
To ring the bell;
The bell rope broke,
And down she fell.

It is decidedly in the nature of begging the question for any one definitely to assert when or where the ancient title of Mother Goose actually originated.

The statement is made in Vol. X of *Americana:* "It is now conceded that Mother Goose belongs

to French folk-lore, not to English tradition. Charles Perrault, Paris, 1628, was the first person to collect and publish the *Contes de ma mère L'Oye* or *Tales of Mother Goose,* and, though he did not originate the name, there is no reason to think that Mother Goose was a term ever used in English literature."

The tales of Mère L'Oye are taken from ancient legends of "Goose-Footed Bertha," wife of Robert II of France. Queen Bertha is represented in French legends as spinning, with children clustered about listening to her tales. From this arose the French custom of referring any incredible stories to "the time when good Queen Bertha spun."

The French tales of Mère L'Oye are exclusively tales in prose: Little Red Riding Hood, The Fairy, the sisters who drop diamonds and toads respectively from their mouths, Bluebeard, The Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots—of which there are many parallels in folk-lore tales of many countries—Cinderella, Riquet with the Tuft, and Little Tom Thumb—eight stories in all.

The title of Mother Goose was not used in the earlier English editions of the jingles, which were generally designated as Lulla-Byes,[11] but the illustration common to most early editions of these rhymes, an old witch flying skyward, is general to English editions of folk-lore legends and ro-

mances.[12] As will in due order be set forth, this was current in England as a well-known title in the reign of Henry V, when it was contemptuously applied to that brave warrior by certain malcontents.

"*The Original Mother Goose's Melody* (as first issued by John Newbery of London about 1760, reproduced in facsimile from the edition as reprinted by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Mass., about A. D. 1785, with introductory notes by William H. Whitmore, Albany, Joel Munsell's Sons, 1889)" says in the introduction:

"Few books in the English language have had so great and persistent circulation as the collection of nursery rhymes known as Mother Goose's Melody. According to my present knowledge, I feel sure that the original name is merely a translation from the French. I desire to dismiss entirely the idea that Mother Goose was a name which originated in Boston, Mass. But, on the other hand, the equivalent of Mother Goose is certainly of considerable antiquity in the French language. Its great popularity dates back to 1697, when Charles Perrault published the Nursery Tales entitled *Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé, avec des Moralités.*

"On the frontispiece is an old woman, spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a little boy, and a cat. These particulars I copy from the edition of Perrault, edited by Andrew Lang, Oxford, 1888. Some writers connect the legend of Mother Goose

with Queen Goose-foot, Reine Pedance, said to be the mother of Charlemagne.

. . . "So far as we know, no publisher except Newbery was using the title of Mother Goose from 1760 to 1780; the prose Tales had evidently been a success; to quote Mr. Welsh's opinion ('A Bookseller of the Last Century, London, 1885') as that of the most competent judge: 'It is quite in accordance with Newbery's practice to have utilized it for his Melodies for the Nursery.'"

These political satires, written with a merciless keenness of scintillating rapier thrust and bloodletting, in the directness of their lunge at the heart of people and events, embody through many notable reigns the vices and foibles of humanity upon the throne and about the court of England.

The lines of Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue, which to childish minds have only quaint charm of meaning, which suggest but the gayest of blue skies and rapturous-hearted creatures disporting in daisy-pied meadows, hold in reality grim import. Across all this nursery lore there falls at times the black shadow of the headsman's block, and in their seeming lightness are portrayed the tragedies of kings and queens, the corruptions of opposing political parties, and stories of fanatical religious strife that have gone to make world history.

Love, politics, and religion are the three inex-

haustible themes upon which the changes are incessantly rung. The caustic wits of many ages, kings, courtiers, scholars, dilettante lords and ladies of high degree have contributed to this wonderful collection of unrivaled brilliance. Long-forgotten plays, mummings, and masques abound in the familiar verses which, in many cases, had been verbally current generations before in the United Kingdom.

The impression that Shakespeare was among the phenomenal wits secretly to pen some of these political pasquinades is given distinct coloring by the fact that in the Marshall chap-books of *Mother Goose Melodies or Sonnets for the Cradle*[13] there is this significant preface:

"Part I. Contains the most celebrated Songs and Lullabies of the old British Nurses, calculated to amuse Children and to excite them to sleep.

Part II. Those of the sweet Songster and Nurse of Wit and Humour, Master William Shakespeare. Embellished with cuts, and illustrated with Notes and Maxims, Historical, Philosophical, and Critical."

This collection contains a dozen and a half of the best known Shakespearean songs, of which but two are familiar to nursery jingle collections. One of these has been given on page eleven of this book:

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the style-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

The other is a quotation from *The Tempest,* wherein is used the ancient jingle refrain: "Ding, dong, bell." That Shakespeare makes other use of nursery jingles is evidenced in *Gammer Gurton's Garland, or the Nursery Parnassus,*[14] a chapbook of the Douce collection at the Bodleian Library. In this small volume, reference is made to the lines in *King Lear,* Act III, Scene 4, of the jingle: "Pillicock sat on pillicock's hill." The coarse significance of this jingle has excluded it from present-day editions of the nursery rhymes. The first known mention of this jingle is encountered in *Harleian Miscellany* (913. fol. 54), a manuscript of the fourteenth century.

The *Introductions to the Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century* at the Bodleian Library say:

"The Chap-Books proper did not exist before the Civil War, and political tracts can be so termed. . . . The Chapman is a thing of the past, although we still have hawkers, and the travelling 'credit drapers or tallymen' yet penetrate every village; but the Chapman as described by Costave in his *Dictionaire of the French and English Tongues,* (London, 1611) no longer exists. Later the somewhat besmirched title of

Chapman was dropped, and these individuals were euphoniously designated the Travelling, Flying, or Running Statner."

Frequent glimpses of the older jingles are to be noted in the mumming plays of Islip, Berkshire, Bampton, Oxon, Oxfordshire, and Lulleworth (Leicestershire) Christmas plays. As the lampoons of the hour, these take the place of the topical songs of the present day.

The English custom of detailing public events of note in ditties is such an ancient one that, long before 1670, it was customary roughly to print all such on coarse single sheets of paper illustrated at the top with a rude woodcut. These were current in the land of the Unicorn as well as that of the Lion. In 1600 these crude ballads, as the only means of complaint of the people, were abundantly poured forth.

That the London song-venders yet drive a thriving trade in certain localities preëmpted for generations to this purpose is abundantly evident when your wanderings about London chance to take you any Sunday morning for a stroll through the Rag Fair of Petticoat Lane, Whitechapel district, or a Saturday-night's sauntering finds you an amazed, but deeply interested, onlooker at the Push-Cart Market on Portobello Road.

Chapter Two

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

RIGHT merry soul, truly, must old King Cole have been, for two ancient writers of note, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Robert of Gloucester,[15] to have deemed him worthy of record as a man of merriment. Right merry, indeed, in that far third century when the favorite and quite usual sport of kings was war, banditry, and murder.

It would have been most interesting if further and more particular incidents of this man of laughter, so infectious that it has resounded to this day and generation, could have been garnered up and transmitted to us. Meagre, however, as are memoranda of his habit of calling for his pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three, they yet suffice for countless happy picturings.

Lewis, in his *History of Great Britain,* (fol. Lond., 1729.), mentions three kings of England of this name, but the particular monarch of the jingle is evidently that King Cole who reigned in Britain,

according to the information vouchsafed by old chroniclers, in the third century. The statement is made by Lewis that "King Cole was a brave and popular man in his day and ascended the throne of Britain on the death of Asclepoid." At Colchester is a large earthwork supposed to have been a Roman amphitheatre, which goes popularly by the name of King Cole's Kitchen.

According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, King Cole's daughter was well skilled in music, but we unfortunately have no evidence that her father was attached to that science, further than is contained in the lines of the jingle.

From this one gathers that, after all, old King Cole was not altogether dependent for all of his musical treats upon "his fiddlers three." Plain inference is that the incident of King Cole, with his flair for his bowl and his pipe and his fiddlers three, is actually to be regarded as the start of the jingles in England. A mighty personage indeed, therefore, was old King Cole.

There is now to be considered in connection with the jingles the periods in which they first became current, with a passing glance at Henry V, the Black Prince, Richard III, and Henry VII, bringing us to the reign of Henry VIII.

From this period, they cover with amazing accuracy the reigns of Edward VI, Mary I, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, the two Jameses, the

two Charleses, the Protectorate, Queen Anne, William III, and George I.

During these eras, everything that afforded material for barbed ridicule was eagerly seized upon by the rhymesters. In almost any of the old books descriptive of Court life in London, this assertion will be substantiated.[16]

When William Caxton forever made memorable the year 1476 by setting up his printing press in the Almonry at Westminster, England felt the first genuinely educational outward swing of the pendulum, and with the general publication of books, people eagerly took up the new fad of reading.[17]

Not a few of the bits of early English folk-lore, with Christmas and Eastertide carols then gathered by Wynkyn de Worde, are to be found in the present-day issuance of the *Nursery Rhymes and Jingles*. This is notably the case with "I saw three ships a-sailing."

> The King of France,
> With twenty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill,
> And then marched down again.

Enter Edward the Black Prince in these lines, through which is fired a derisive shot at the French King who marched up the hill to meet this valiantly picturesque young Englishman, and

was by him in double-quick order compelled to march down again.

The following reference to the encounter is made in one of the Marshall chap-books of the Bodleian Library:

"The Conquest of France with the Life and Glorious Actions of Edward the Black Prince, Son to Edward III of England, his Viceroy with about Twelve Thousand Archers and Men-at-Arms over Philip of France and an hundred thousand Frenchmen; his Vanquishing King John of France and taking him and his son Prisoners; his Love to the Earl of Kent's fair Daughter and Marriage with her; Being a History full of great and noble Actions in Love and Arms to the honour of the British Nation."

Halliwell in *Popular English Rhymes* says, "We have distinct evidence that the well-known rhyme, 'The King of France went up the hill,' was composed before 1642. It occurs in an old tract called *Pigges Corante,* 1642, where it was entitled *Old Tarlton's Song,* referring to Tarlton the Jester, who died in 1588."

Tarlton the Jester was prominent in Court life of the Elizabethan era and the lines were evidently adapted for him for his own convenience. An early variation occurring in *Sloane MS.,* 1489, runs:

The King of France and four thousand men;
They drew their swords and put 'em up again.

The cat, the rat, and Lovell the Dog
Rule all England under the Hog.

Of this caustic jingle, the Rev. H. T. Inman, M. A., Oxford, in his book, *Near Oxford,* makes the interesting comment:

"One of the staunchest supporters of Richard III was Francis Lord Lovell, whose name occurs in the rhyme for which Collingbourne was hanged. . . . The dog and the hog (wild boar) were the badges of Lovell and the King, while the cat and the rat meant Catesby and Radcliffe."

"Thus you see there is no jesting with Princes. . . . Punishments and Revenges, according to the example of that Judgment that hanged Collingbourne for a rhyme against the Usurper," is the comment upon this episode in the 232nd Article in the Catalogue of Pamphlets of the Harleian Library, Vol. VI, *Harleian Miscellany.*[18]

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
Not all the King's horses,
Not all the King's men
Could put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Few of the jingles are more widely current than this one, of which Halliwell asserts:

"The riddle of Humpty Dumpty is in one form or another a favorite throughout Europe." This assertion, while quite true, is of no moment aside from the question as to whether or not it was current prior to its English application to Richard III.

Howard, in his volume, *Wolsey the Cardinal,* states:

"It was in this year (1483) that Edward IV died 'leaving this world' for Richard 'to bustle in'; the murder of the royal brothers, and the usurpation of the crook-backed tyrant all taking place within the same year." [19]

Not all the King's horses,
Not all the King's men

could of a truth prevail to "put Humpty Dumpty together again," for when those lines were directed at the Usurper, he lay slain upon Bosworth Field. Forever silent were the lips that so brief space before had cried in frantic, unavailing tragedy:

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" [20]

The royal crown rolled from his fallen head, was snatched from beneath a hawthorn bush by Sir William Stanley, and was placed upon Henry VII as soldiers rent the air with shouts of "Long live the King!"

As these plaudits reverberated over the battle-field, the body of Humpty Dumpty, bound to a horse, was taken by a few adherents to Leicester for burial in Greyfriars Church.

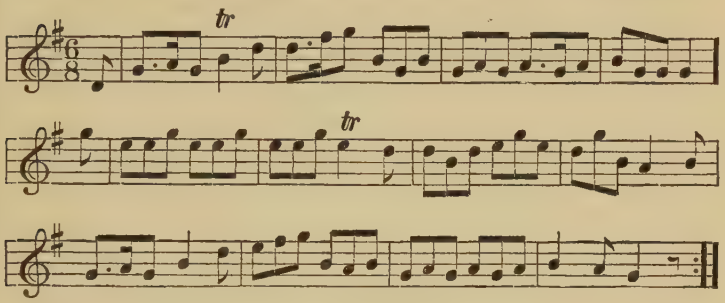
Two centuries later "Humtie Dumtie was adopted as the name for an old English drink prior to 1698," according to the interesting notes jotted down by Monsieur Sorbière in his quaint volume, *Journey to London in the year 1698*.[21]

> There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,
> Seventeen times as high as the moon;
> But where she was going, no mortal could tell,
> For under her arm she carried a broom.
> "Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
> "Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?"
> "To sweep the cobwebs from the sky!
> And I'll be with you by and by."

In the preface to a nursery chap-book of the Douce Additions in the Bodleian, written "By a very Great Writer of very Little Books," there is a most interesting account of the origin and significance of this jingle:

"This kind of composition has been employed in a satirical manner of which we have a remarkable instance so far back as the reign of Henry the fifth. When that great prince turned his arms against France, he composed the following march to lead his troops to battle, well knowing that music had often the power of inspiring courage, especially in the minds of good men:

March composed by Henry V to lead his troops to battle and sung before the battle of Agincourt by his detractors to the words of "There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket."



NOTE: Original music of above March composed by Henry V to lead his troops to battle is to be found in *Nursery Chap-Book,* Douce Adds., 36(3) Bodleian Library, Oxford.

"Of this his enemies took advantage, and, as one happy nation even at that time was never without a faction, some of the malcontents adopted the above-quoted words to the king's own march in order to ridicule his Majesty, and to show the folly and impossibility of his undertaking.

"Here the king is represented as an old woman, engaged in the most absurd and extravagant pursuit imaginable, but when he had routed the whole French Army at the battle of Agincourt, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and, with ten thousand men, had made himself master of their kingdom, the very men who had ridiculed him before began to think nothing too arduous for him to surmount. They, therefore, canceled the former sonnet, which they were now ashamed of, and substituted this instead, which, you will observe, goes to the same tune:

"'So vast is the prowess of Harry the Great,
He'll pluck a hair from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.
All princes and potentates under the Sun,
Through fear into corners and holes away run;
While nor dangers nor dread his swift progress retards,
For he deals about kingdoms as we do our cards.'

"When this was shown his Majesty, he smilingly said that folly always dealt in extravagances, and that knaves sometimes put on the garb of fools to promote in that disguise their own wicked designs. 'The flattery in the last,' says he, 'is more insulting than the impudence of the first, and to weak minds might do more mischief, but we have the old proverb in our favor: *If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will never hurt us.*'"

This identical account is to be seen in the John Newbery edition of *The Original Mother Goose* of "about A. D. 1760," as also in the reprint of 1890.

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life.
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

It has never taken long for an English populace to swing into line singing a quickly popularized jingle aimed at those in high places of their nation. So it was not to be wondered at, that scarcely were the ribald stabs of "Humpty

Dumpty" lost in their sneering at Richard III, the Usurper, before ready wits were busy upon the lines of "I love sixpence," voiced as the popular jibe at his successor, Henry VII.

This was in 1493, when Charles of France, having wrested from Maximilian, King of the Romans, the latter's fiancée, Anne of Brittany, the miserliness of Henry VII was already a matter of public jest. Only too well did the French king know of the British monarch's love of "sixpence." Therefore, he thoroughly understood the underlying motive when this romantic affair, serving him well as a pretty pretext for going to war, always delighting to extort money from his subjects with any similar subterfuge, Henry roused himself to immediate activity and, in October of that year, braved the tossing waters of the Channel to lay siege to Boulogne.

The siege was, however, but a few days old when Charles amply pacified the English king with any number of pretty little sixpences, wherewith to fill his miserly pockets by the signing of the Treaty of Etaples. In addition to the £149,000 thus procured from France, Henry retained all the money raised by Parliament in anticipation of the costly war upon which he had been bent.

Like the four winds of the earth, the jingles had four distinct places of birth: London, Bath, Bris-

tol, and Edinburgh, and in these cities are practically laid all the scenes.

Ding, dong, bell,
The cat's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

In the reading between of the lines of this jingle there lies a wide range of significance. Kerr, in his *Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes,*[22] has to say of it:

"Johnny Green, literally a swaggerer, ever with a sneer on his face, here is meant a nickname for the monk, the sturdy, impudent beggar who laughed in his sleeve at the folly of his dupes, while he bullied them with his threats, if they were backward to give. Ding, dong bell. It is the money-bearing image that brings this revenue; it is this that affords all this wealth. Who is it takes it out? That curse to us all, the sneering bully (the monk). While industry and hard work can alone avail the vassal-peasant, the idle pick-pocket career of the monk affords him abundance."

Shakespeare uses this old refrain in *The Tempest:*

"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them, ding, dong, bell."

Elsewhere he says:

"Let us all ring fancy's knell:
Ding, dong, bell,
Ding, dong, bell."

Aside from any religious significance, the jingle sounds a distinctly Bristolian thwack at the fashion of solemn bell-tolling for every matter under the sun, grave or gay, national or civic, important or of no import whatever.

When Mary of Scotland was beheaded, the bell-ringers of Scotland were given a shilling apiece for their tolling, whereas the ancient records of Bristol for August 28, 1714, show that "For tolling ye bell when Queen Anne was buried 10/ each was distributed among the City bell-ringers." The same records narrate that "the sum of 10/ was likewise paid one Robert Wells of Westminster, London, for ringing when the Parliament-house should have been blown up."

In one of these ancient records, preserved in the public library at Bristol, are entries of expense in the various leading cities of England for bell-ringing upon the Duke of Marlborough's victory. The item is thus entered in each case: "1704—Payd for ringing at ye victory at Blenheim, 10/." Another entry reads: "1687—to the Ringers a duck hunting day, 3s 6d." And again: "1688—to ye Ringers when ye Bishop of Ely and Wells came in, 4s."

A most significant entry is that of "1688—to ye Ringers when the news of the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 6s." Thus were joy bells rung over the birth of a spurious Prince of Wales who, as James Stuart, The Pretender, was to cost the country no end of valuable lives lost upon fields of battle, and many thousands of pounds sterling.

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

When you travel to Bath and venture across the threshold of St. Swithin's Church, the pepper-pot spire of which rises high above the lovely grey-toned dwellings near by, you are confronted with the ancient sign: "All persons wearing pattens will kindly refrain from walking in this Church."

Pouf! on the instant, like the distant quiver of a harpsichord, the adjuration wafts you in fancy to those far-off days when the jingle was current.

St. Swithin's Church, anciently attached to the Monastery of Bath as a then out-of-town property, paid an annual tribute of ten pounds, three shillings to the prior and monks of the Abbey, from which it was alienated by the Crown in 1542. The present edifice, rebuilt in 1780, stands upon the site of the early church concerning which the jingle commemorates the burial of the titular bishop.

St. Swithin, an English bishop of Winchester, dying in the year 862 A. D., was by his request laid to rest beneath the sod of the spacious churchyard where it was his wish to lie undisturbed until Gabriel's trumpet should, at the Great Awakening, summon together the quick and the dead. But for a brief space only were the remains of the good bishop allowed to rest in peace. Then the monks of the Abbey, deeming it a sacrilege that one so holy should lie unmarked, disinterred the remains upon one fateful fifteenth of July.

No sooner was the task begun than the heavens opened and let down such a deluge that the monks perforce desisted. The next day and the next they returned to their task, only on each occasion to be nearly drowned. And so for forty days in succession, attempting the impossible task of disinterment, the monks were finally imbued with the conviction that so directly to violate the bishop's dying request was an unholy proceeding, and that the copious drenchings during their forty days of endeavor to thwart him were a direct manifestation of disapproval sent by Heaven at the request of the Saint.

Thereupon, returning to the Abbey, St. Swithin was allowed forevermore to rest in his unmarked grass-covered bed in the churchyard at Bath.

Winchester Cathedral claims that the remains of the good old Saint were, on July 15, 971, disin-

terred from an almost forgotten grave outside the old monastery and placed in Ethelwold's new basilica. However that may be, the certain fact is that Bath and Winchester each cherishes as its own the practically identical legendary accounts of the life, death, and burial of this churchly jingle celebrity.

Chapter Three

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

MY first knowledge of Little Jack Horner as a real personage came during a three-days' storm at sea. Meeting a passenger who, a few weeks before, had visited in that section of England in which the jingle is laid, we whiled away much time talking over the life of this interesting man.

The following summer I returned to England for the express purpose of making the acquaintance of Little Jack Horner in his actual home surroundings. Right happily I succeeded, for not only was I given the fascinating story from his present-day descendants making their home at Horner Hall, but heard it under the additionally realistic environment of sitting at midday dinner in the monastic refectory of the "Plum" extracted by the nimble-fingered Jack at the time when, as the emissary of the Bishop of Glastonbury, he was supposedly speeding on his way with the "pie"

for a propitiatory audience with that august monarch, Henry VIII.

I had been informed that the journey was likely to be a roundabout one, with my eventual arrival as the delightful culmination of determined effort to surmount all obstacles in the widely divergent lines over which I had to transfer, until I felt like a decidedly nervous participant in a game of railway battledore and shuttlecock.

Starting from Bath one sunshiny morning of early July, I went zigzagging up and down the country until, finally alighting at Mells Station, I was informed that the sure way of reaching my destination was to walk diagonally across hawthorn-hedged fields which at first glance appeared to stretch interminably to the horizon. There was no sign of a human being, only sleek, grazing cattle lifting their heads in lazy inquiry at the invading stranger whose feet, with unaccustomed timidity, trod over the thick, green turf that was their birthright of possession. Turning my back upon the far-winding roadway for this alluring short cut through the fields, I mounted no end of primitive stiles and, gaining confidence as I progressed, unhesitatingly squeezed sideways through a multiplicity of those labyrinthine swinging gates beloved of rural England, until suddenly from a knoll there came unexpectedly into view the church of "The Priest all shaven and shorn"

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with its neighboring manor, "The house that Jack built." Surrounding these two, setting them apart from the outside world, stretched a sleepy length of tiny hamlet over which rose-embowered thatched roofs looked perpetually to be dreaming time away in the sunshine.

Some distance beyond the village lay Horner Hall, with, nearer at hand, the centuries-old "plum," along the primly set garden paths of which a pleasant-faced woman with white-kerchiefed bodice and broad-brimmed hat moved slowly as she cut posies to fill the flat-bottomed basket on her arm, looking for all the world as if she had stepped from a Romney gallery of quaint portraits.

The trimmest of little maids opened the front door in response to my ring, and almost as I entered the low Gothic stone-ceilinged study, my friend from the garden was greeting me and insisting that I make her and her sisters happy by waiving all ceremony and joining them at early dinner. I was nothing loth, as otherwise I must fast until my return to a late dinner at Bath. A real present-day Little Jack Horner sat at table with us and shyly, from time to time, added his mites of information to the story outlined to me by the three Misses Horner, who later set before me in the library certain family documents and such small histories as they possessed in reference to the

jingle which embodies a political skit on Sir John Horner of Mells Park, Somersetshire. The story of the famous "pie," of the mightily interesting transaction between Henry VIII and Bishop Whiting, the wealthy Abbot of Glastonbury, is jealously claimed by Bath because of its personages and settings, no less than its accredited authorship.

The legendary account runs that Jack Horner, son of a gentleman of influence in the neighborhood of Glastonbury, was, as the steward of Abbot Whiting, made the bearer to the king of the title deeds, twelve in number, of certain churchly estates. These, having been done up in the form of a pie, after the fantastic custom of the period, were entrusted to the steward.

While on his way to London, Jack Horner inadvertently, or otherwise, tore a small rent in the pie. Whereupon sticking in his thumb, he pulled out no less a plum than the title deed of the Mells Park estate, held to this day by his descendants.

Upon his return to the abbot and declaring that the "plum" had been given him by the king, Little Jack Horner backed his assertion with the indisputable fact that his Majesty had knighted him Sir John, an honor which in those days meant little else than exemption from certain taxes.

In the now rare book, *Letters Relating to the Suppression of Monasteries,* published in 1843 by

the Camden Society, there is the interesting finale to the Little Jack Horner episode:

"Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury Cathedral, having secreted from the profane touch of Henry VIII the gold sacramental cups used for ages in Holy Communion, was, after a trial, sentenced to be hanged. And a white-haired old man of eighty, tied to a hurdle in the Abbey courtyard from which he had so oft gone forth in all the pomp and power of his office, he was dragged up the hillside and hanged between two of his monks. His head was affixed to the Abbey gate and his body, quartered, was sent to Bath, Wells, Bridgewater, and Ilchester." [23]

This tale of the why and wherefore of Little Jack Horner's "eating his Christmas pie" appears to have been amply corroborated as, in *The History of Somersetshire,* by W. R. Richmond, there is interesting mention of how "One Richard Pollard, a visitor, thus wrote to Thomas Cromwell (Earl of Essex, Vicar General of Church Affairs to Henry VIII) the following account published by The Camden Society:

"Since my last letter unto your Lordship, the late Abbot of Glastonbury went from Wells to Glastonbury and was there drawn through the town upon a hurdle to the hill called the Tor, where he was put to execution. . . . The late Abbot would accuse no man but himself of any

offence against the King's highness, nor he could confess no more gold or silver nor any other thing more than he did before your Lordship in the Tower. . . . I suppose it will be near Christmas before I shall have surveyed the lands of Glastonbury, and taken the audit thereof. Other news I know none, as knoweth God, who ever preserve your Lordship." [24]

Undoubtedly, in this Christmas survey of the coveted lands of Somersetshire lies the basis for the line, "eating his Christmas pie."

Again the subject is touched upon by "A Correspondent," in *Notes and Queries,* who states:

"There is a tradition in Somersetshire that the Abbot of Glastonbury, hearing that Henry VIII had spoken with indignation of his building such a kitchen as the King could not burn down, sent up his Steward, Jack Horner, to present the King with a suitable bribe, viz., a pie containing the transfer of twelve manors. Jack, lifting up the crust, abstracted from the dish the deed of the Manor of Mells and told the Abbot that the King had given it him. Hence, the Nursery rhyme. Neither story has any foundation of truth, and in justice to the descendants of the Horner family resident at Mells, the exact facts should be given. Mells was bought at a fair price in those days from Henry VIII."

It is matter of record that in May, 1543, Thomas and John Horner preferred a request to purchase

the rectory and farm of Mells with other adjacent lands.

The Misses Horner, while placing at my disposal all the generally current versions of this ancient tale, insisted that it is a fact that Little Jack Horner not only presented his Christmas pie intact to his monarch, but that the family still preserves the original deed bearing the signature of Henry VIII and the sum paid for the Mells Manor property when he bought it direct from the king.

A further mention of this jingle and its significance is made by Lord Cork in the *Orrery Papers*[25] accompanying a letter to Mrs. Strangways Horner. A foot-note states:

"This lady resided at Mells Park, within easy distance of both Marston Biggett and the town of Frome. The majority of readers are probably unacquainted with the fact that the familiar nursery stanza, 'Little Jack Horner,' was originally a political squib. The Jack Horner of the day, being sent by the king with a grant of land to the Abbots of Glastonbury, on the way abstracted the 'plum' in question, viz.: the deed of Mells Park. The slowness of inquiry of those times delayed discovery of the fraud, so that possession proved nine points of the law to some purpose for the felonious Jack. Mrs. Strangways Horner was the heiress of Thomas Strangways of Mells Park, an estate which the marriage of her only daughter

merged into the Ilchester family and caused the name of Strangways to be added to the original patronymic of Fox."

As compared with all the preceding accounts, it would seem that Lord Cork got his account of Little Jack Horner considerably twisted.

In *The Story of Somersetshire,*[26] by W. R. Richmond, the statement is made that the jingles of Little Jack Horner, Old Mother Hubbard, and The House That Jack Built all were included in the initial appearance of the comic play, *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* written in the reign of Elizabeth by John Still, son of a Lincolnshire clergyman. Comment on this play follows:

"The rollicking fun of the piece and the coarseness of the language form a curious contrast with the dignified life of the author who was educated at Christ Church, Cambridge, and became in succession parish priest of Bocking, Canon of Westminster, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vice Chancellor of his University, and, in 1593, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, an office which he held for fifteen years.

"*Gammer Gurton's Needle* was the first English play acted at Cambridge University. Elizabeth herself attended one of the performances. Still was Master of Trinity, and made an official protest against its production in the presence of the Queen, whose ears, he thought, would be of-

fended by some of the wilder passages. In connection with the authorship of Little Jack Horner, some critics are not ready to accept Bishop Still as the author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle.* But the connection of the name Horner, both with the play and the Bishop's family, is a strong proof of Still's authorship, and it is curious that this point has not been noticed by any one who has written upon the subject."

While in nowise intending to dispute this statement, I have so far been unable to discover in any one of the half-dozen editions of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* in the Bodleian and British Museum libraries so much as a trace of these jingles. This, of course, by no means argues against their probable incorporation in the famous first-night performance of the play, for assuredly their introduction at that date could not fail to have amused the mirth-loving Elizabeth.

These jingles are, however, to be found in the Bodleian Library collection of chap-books under the title of *Gammer Gurton's Garland, or The Nursery Parnassus.*[27]

Henry VIII, it will be remembered, was formally declared Head of the Church in 1594, at which time the Little Jack Horner jingle became current. That it continued well known is evidenced by the recording in the Harleian manuscript in 1661,[28] nearly a hundred years later, the

following reference to Jack Horner and his famous achievement:

> All plums the prophets' Sons defy,
> And spice broths are too hot;
> Treasons in a December pye
> And death within a pot.

These lines are commemorative of the attempt to kill James I by serving him with poisoned broth.

Kerr's [29] interpretation of a "plum" as used in the jingle is worthy of note:

"In the sense in which the word was used a short time back, viz., that of a hundred thousand pounds, and implying a capital insuring affluence to the possessor—a sufficient fortune. A plum is as a means secured for employing the state that belongs to social existence. The French equivalent was *un million* (£40,000), and the possessor was called *un millionaire,* in the sense of one who has made a plum."

In one of the Douce collection of nursery chapbooks, it is stated that the story of Jack Horner subsequently drifted into a folk-lore tale, and is to be encountered in a number of the older chapbooks, wherein this hero is written of after the style of Jack the Giant Killer.

> Jack, be nimble,
> Jack, be quick,
> Jack, jump over
> The candlestick.

Here recurs another poignant lampooning of the unfortunate Bishop of Glastonbury as, with decidedly unecclesiastical haste, he heeds the popular jeer and gathers together the valuable documentary plums for Little Jack Horner's pie. Evidently a man of vision, his optimistic breadth of views whispered the lack of wisdom should he permit himself to be shackled by any placid ignoring of oft-told tales concerning the royal Henry's determination to appropriate for himself and his kingly coffers all the choicest monastic holdings and precious church ornaments.

One can well imagine his thoughts during the putting together of that famous pie in the determination to settle to his own grim satisfaction exactly which were half-truths and which were whole ones in the all important respect of propitiation. And right well one remembers the sorry outcome to the ecclesiastical pie-maker.

In this imperative command to be quick and jump over the candlestick, the latter is a jocular reference to the authorities at Rome as in that instance impersonated by the wealthy Abbot of Glastonbury, a call which, as results show, was not heard unheedingly by Little Jack Horner. It must also be borne in mind that, in the reign of Henry VIII, "Jacke" was the popular light term of the day for the clergy,[30] and history has most abundantly proved that Henry not only called for,

but was most insistent upon speedy recantations on the part of all opposed to his religious tenets.

In the Horner family down through all the generations since its first bestowing at the Christmas pie episode, many a man has been known at school and college as "Little Jack Horner," a nickname which has also been frequently applied to the women of the family.[31]

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden, all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man, all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest, all shaven and shorn
That married the man, all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
And waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

We laughed together, the kindly gentlewoman, Little Jack Horner's descendant, and I, as, fetch-

ing a small frilly-edged sunshade, she held out her hand. "Come now," she said, "we will see the house that Jack built, where my brother, the head of the house, makes his home." A delightful time we had walking in and about "the house that Jack built," stepping along the garden paths and over age-worn stones that had known the tread of Little Jack Horner, as she told, while I listened enthralled, the fragmentary tale of "the maiden, all forlorn."

The long delightful day gave me the impression of being actually alive in the midst of a series of enchanting fairy stories and of taking part in the Mother Goose rhymes and jingles of my nursery days; only to me, surely, it all seemed far more interesting now than then.

The clever dignitary, Bishop Still, would appear in this jingle to figure in the dual capacity of, first, "the man, all tattered and torn," and then as "the priest, all shaven and shorn," inasmuch as it was he who married "the maiden, all forlorn" in the person of lovely Joan Horner, a great-niece of Little Jack Horner. The marriage took place about the time of his appointment as Bishop of Bath and Wells,[32] and my pleasant companion assured me as we walked together that the expression "all tattered and torn" merely had reference to his mental condition when, during and after his successful courtship, he was rent and torn by en-

vious rivals who were not slow to make good use of the fact that, after so mercilessly ridiculing Sir John Horner in his jingle, he had allied himself with the family by marrying the pretty Joan whose home was at Mells Park.

Right proudly must Little Jack Horner have planned the spacious manor of Mells Park in those sunny depths of Somersetshire when his thoughts became intent upon the erection of " the house that Jack built," for it then spread proudly out in the form of the letter H, a glory that has somewhat diminished to-day when but a third of the original building remains, for the wing and gallery that then united the two main sections have long since fallen into decay and been removed.

Strips of woodland and an intermittent chain of distant hills mark the bounds of the estate which, in the near foreground, has high monastic stone walls enclosing the stateliness of the manor garden, at the far end of which, facing the house, are two ancient turf-grown archery butts.

The " malt house " of the jingle is the spacious low-ceilinged kitchen end of the " plum," wherein I dined with the Misses Horner, and which, at the period of its abstraction from the " Christmas pie," was the favorite residence of the Abbot of Glastonbury. The grey, lichen-covered stone walls rising from the roadway in front have their quaintness augmented at the rear by the garden, a very Eden

of bloom. This is the residence of the Misses Horner, sisters of Mr. J. F. Horner, the head of the house, and, as such, resident in "The house that Jack built."

Abbot Whiting, with only a few servants about him, loved nothing better than to escape from the turmoil of the world beyond these quiet precincts, whenever it was possible to do so. Carved in stone above the main entrance to "The house that Jack built" is the Horner coat of arms, but above the doorway to the "plum," the long rambling stone house by the wayside, is the ecclesiastical angel supporting the churchly arms. These heraldic bearings were those of the once mighty bishop who, when Henry VIII came to the throne, possessed the richest monastic holdings in all England, extending at that time from Glastonbury to the British Channel.

Leland, employed by Henry to make the rounds of the United Kingdom in order that he should render to his Majesty a truthfully accurate account of the value, extent, and income of every monastic holding in the royal domains, accomplished his great task between 1520 and 1530. His manuscript book, completed in 1543, three years before his death, is preserved in the Bodleian Library. In this, inscribed by his own hand, is made the following mention of the Jack Horner property:

"From Midsimer Norte—e to Mells by champagne groundes 5 miles. Mells stedith sumwhat—ad ha bene a praty towndet of — to Glesetyne—Sewood Abbate of Glegsbyre seig the welthines there of the people had thought to have reedified the townlet to mene houses of square stones to the figure of a Antonic cryse. Whereof yndeade he made but one streadlet.

"The Church is faire and buildid y tyme of mynde ex layside quarate by the hole paroche.

"One garlande a draper of London gave frely, to the building of the vestsarie a fine ad curiose piece of worke.

"There is a praty manerplace of stone herde at the west ide of the chirse. This he liklihood was partly buildid by Abbote Jewedde of Glastoenbyn. Stys it served the fermer of the lordship—Now Mr. Horner hath boute the lordship of the King.

"There cunith a broke fro the celepitte in Medepe ad striketh by south o the bottom of Melle ad this runith ite frome ryver ad so to Frome Selwood amarket town that is 3 miles fro Melle."

New Street, the short, paved space extending along one side of the "plum," stated to have been built by John Selwood, Abbot of Glastonbury, is, with its four stone cottages on either side, known to have been "new" in 1490, two years before Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery to America.

Opening out from this New Street is the church referred to by Leland as having been built by the

villagers " in tyme of mine," sometime in the fourteen hundreds. Of the perpendicular early Tudor style, it is set in an enclosed churchyard filled with monuments and grassy mounds marked by ecclesiastical crosses. Within this enclosure, protected from rough winds, there has matured, through the centuries, to immense girth a collection of yew-trees planted long ere Leland's time by the monks for archery purposes as, in those early days, it was customary for the men of each parish to gather every Sunday from April to October about the archery butts. Each man was required to make six shots, and all failing to attend were fined twopence toward filling the ale quaich, a drinking-cup with two ears or handles. This was duly emptied by those who made most skilful use of bow and arrow.

Four times a year, at Little Jack Horner's estate, there was held a Wapenschaw (weapon-show), at which there, as in every district in England and Scotland, the men assembled for an inspection of arms. Should the season be alarmingly wet or dry, contagious diseases prevalent, or a war threatened, the image of the patron saint of the Abbey was taken down and carried under a silken canopy to the music of trumpet, clarion, and tabor.

All this while, Leland, with marvelous accuracy, was under the orders of Henry VIII, making his

famous itinerary among the monastic holdings of England as, painstakingly, he gathered together the data destined eventually to form the supreme authority for future English real estate holdings.

Mightily interesting experiences he assuredly accumulated, wherewith to beguile the king at the London end of his journeyings!

The Boyd Smith *Mother Goose* says:

"'A kid, a kid . . .' The original of this hymn comes down to us from the Chaldean language through the Hebrew, the MS. of which is in possession of George Offer, Esq., of Hackney, England, and is the original of 'The House that Jack built.'"

This assertion is interesting as tending to furnish one of numerous instances of cleverness of the jingle-makers in modeling their lines upon a structural basis of folk-lore. But whether or not *The House that Jack built* was modeled more or less upon this ancient bit in nowise detracts from the fact that it is included by the present-day descendants of Little Jack Horner as containing authenticated incidents of their early history.

Chapter Four

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The King was in the counting-house,
Counting out his money,
The Queen was in the pantry,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When down flew a blackbird
And snipped off her nose.

DOWN through the centuries sound the softly insinuating whispers of Wolsey the Magnificent to his restively dissatisfied monarch in the lines:

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes.

The faintest sibilant whisper, it was a mere provocative suggestion to Henry VIII, looking amorously on at the vivacious coquetry of the maid just returned from Paris with mightily becoming outfit of gowns and frills. All worked their potent spell

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"The Maid was in the Garden."
Anne Boleyn.
1507-1536.

upon the inconstant heart of the royal onlooker. Lovely, dancing Anne Boleyn! Destined to such brief period of favor with

> The King . . . in the counting-house,
> Counting out his money.

In this jingle, light as the down of a thistle, airy nothing of sparkling wit and bubbling worth to the children of the English-speaking universe, sleep the annals of King Henry VIII. Emerging now from their distant past to newly vivid human interest in the exploitation of the times thus portrayed, they reveal curious manifestations of private and public characters in high places, for satires, caricatures, and lampoons leapt forth in rapid succession during the reign of this monarch.

"Sing a song of sixpence" cleverly portrays the history of Henry's seizure of the abbey revenues, his insistence upon a divorce from Katharine of Aragon, Wolsey's puissant whispers, the flash of love-making to Anne Boleyn, and the swift tragedy of that unhappy young woman.

Halliwell says:[33]

"A line of this nursery rhyme is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Bonduca,* Act V, Sc. 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this line in *Twelfth Night,* Act II, Sc. 3, when he says: 'Come on; there is a sixpence for you; let's have a song.'"

"Sing a song of sixpence" is really Henry's gleeful humming over the confiscated revenues; the "pocket full of rye," the rich grainfields thus ripening for the royal coffers.

Kerr states in this connection: [34]

"The song of sixpence is here unquestionably the Church dole, and the pocket full of rye, the friars' fat fields of grain all over England. Blackbirds, the friars . . . Pye, a monk's cowl, and, therefore, thus metaphorically the friar himself."

More literally rendered, the "pie," similarly constructed to that borne to the king by Jack Horner at this same time, was made up of the four-and-twenty deeds dispatched by the Abbot of Newstead to the rapacious Henry VIII.

This rich holding, Newstead Abbey, established by Henry II as a priory for the black canons of the order of St. Augustine, shared the general fate of the king's sweeping order. Before the "four-and-twenty blackbirds" (friars and monks) made up their "pie" of title deeds, melodiously to "sing" when opened by the kingly precentor, they weighted large chests with choicest treasures and sank them in the adjoining lake.

Stuffing the lectern with their most valuable charters, they hurled this after their golden treasure. This lectern, recovered a hundred years ago, disclosed these charters in perfect preservation.

From the dainty dish set before the king, Henry, picking such tidbits as he personally desired, bestowed Newstead Abbey upon Sir John Byron, forbear of the poet, who, as Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, bore the soubriquet of "Little Sir John with the great beard."

All this while Katharine of Aragon sat eating the bread of England, thickly spread with the honey of Spain's cloying assurances that the king would not be allowed to divorce her.

And out in "the garden," with maddening witchery, the maid was hanging out the clothes, daintiest of frocks from France, tossing her winsome head in smiles at the king between grimacing frowns at Wolsey. Pretty Anne Boleyn, upon whose brow was to rest the crown of Queen of England! The twenty-year-old beauty, but lately come to court from attendance in France upon the king's sister, Mary Tudor, fell at once under the bane of the king's desire.

"The garden" was that of Whitehall Palace, adjoining the tilt-yard of the great cardinal, at one of whose revels, when in the heyday of his glory Wolsey was dazzling the eyes of all Europe, Henry had his first glimpse of "the maid" whose royal love story was to be writ in blood.

The "snipping off" of Anne Boleyn's nose was accomplished by this high clerical "blackbird" when, in obedience to Henry's secret commands,

he broke her engagement to Lord Percy, one of the noble pupils of the cardinal's household.

Imperatively marrying off Lord Percy, the young maid was, says Howard in his history, *Wolsey The Cardinal,*[35] "discharged the court and sent home to her father, whereat she was much troubled and perplexed. For all this time she knew nothing of the king's intended purpose. Shortly after the marriage of Lord Percy, she was recalled to court, where she soon burst forth in all the appearance of power and splendor, a circumstance which excited scandalous reports, though certainly without foundation."

Brightly as shone the sun of happiness upon Henry's new queen, while the masons were yet busy carving to his Majesty's order his own and Anne Boleyn's initials in a heart-shaped device as the keystone to a new archway at Hampton Court, there came in woefully brief time another and grimmer "blackbird" in the person of the royal headsman. And most effectually did he "snip off her nose" when his axe was brought down upon the slender throat of which she said, with pathetic bravery, as she laid it upon the block, "'Twill give but slight trouble to the headsman."

Poor little maid indeed when, fleeing from Henry on the night before her execution, she took refuge in the chapel at Hampton Court, where tradition lingers to this day that her screams of

terror, when discovered and dragged from the sanctuary, forevermore at nightfall fill the place, a sobbing cadence to the organ's roll!

The day following this final snipping off of the little maid's nose, May 26, 1536, the royal marriage to Jane Seymour was solemnized with state and ceremony untroubled by the wailings of Anne Boleyn's infant daughter, Elizabeth, destined later to startle the world with her learning and other directly inherited traits.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig.
Then home again, home again,
Jiggety jig.

As the appellation of "the pig" had in his day been hurled at Richard III, so now it was revived and applied to Henry VIII. Not that he was by any means to have the exclusive right to such an unsavory nickname, for it was later to serve in turn for other royal personages.

The great political change in government of the Church, whereby Henry VIII wrested from the Pope of Rome the latter's arrogated supremacy in matters temporal as well as spiritual, went down in history as The Reformation.

Oddly enough, it was all unwittingly the discarded Queen Katharine of Aragon who won for Henry this nickname of the Pig. The way in which it came about was when Thomas Cranmer,

Fellow of Cambridge College, with Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Henry's chief advisers, suggested that the divorce case be referred to the universities. Henry, thereupon approving this suggestion, coarsely exclaimed that Cranmer had now "got the right sow by the ear."

It was upon this that Cromwell, following up his hint, suggested that the king declare himself head of the English Church and, as such, obtain his divorce from the courts. For this brilliant coup he rose high in the esteem of his Majesty, whose determination to secure the divorce at any cost resulted in a wholesale churchly barter, and this furnished material for the "jiggety-jig" doggerel.

Cromwell, reaching the pinnacle of royal favor through his instrumentality in the divorce from Katharine of Aragon, was destined to lose his head on Tower Hill in 1540, over the trumped-up charge of treason. The real reason for this shameless beheading of the ecclesiastic was because of his unfortunate arrangements for Henry's marriage to Anne of Cleves, whom the king at first sight characteristically dubbed "the Flanders Mare." [36]

We make no spare of
John Hunke's mare;
And now I
Think she will die.
He thought it good

To put her in the wood,
To seek where she might lie dry;
If the mare should chance to fale,
Then the crowns would for her sale.[37]

In this once popular jingle research in manuscript in the Royal Library and which is generally included in the early English editions, the coarse suggestion is made that, should Anne of Cleves, "the Flanders Mare," prove with child following Henry's summary thrusting her aside, there would result a pretty mix-up of claimants for the throne.

Here lies the sphinx, lady Jane,
Whose death a Phœnix bare.
Oh grief! two Phœnixes one time
Together never were.[38]

This jingle, appearing upon the death of Lady Jane Seymour, has mainly reference to her paternal crest, a phœnix in flames within a circle.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

It is to be noted that the five queens of Henry VIII, immortalized in the jingles, are Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katharine Howard. It is concerning the last that the needles and pins couplet was written when, following her royal marriage, she introduced pins from France and so set the English court in a flutter. Following this, pins proving an

expensive luxury, it was required of husbands that they give to their ladies a separate allowance for indulgence in the new French fandango, pins, and thus there arose the expression "pin-money." Many husbands at this time sturdily refusing to allow this pin-money, the lampoon sprang to birth.

> Robin the bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
> He ate more meat than threescore men,
> He ate the Church, he ate the steeple,
> He ate the priests and all the people,
> And yet he complained his belly wasn't full.

Never was a more graphically caustic portrait painted of Henry VIII. Standing as Holbein saw him, as reproduced in the familiar illustration, the king would almost seem to have been cognizant of the purpose for which this jingle picture of his royal self was one day to serve.

Robin the bobbin, the big-bellied Ben, was a soubriquet appropriate not merely as descriptive of the king's outward appearance, but was one which the obsequious courtiers sought to emulate by actually stuffing out their clothing to keep pace with Henry's increasing embonpoint.[39]

The jingle was current when, immediately following his divorce, while about his unheeding head crashed the thunders of excommunication, the English monarch, with utmost sangfroid burned Protestants and Roman Catholics, chopping off the heads of partners of his royal couch to-day and

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"Robin the Bobbin."
Henry VIII.
1491-1547.

wedding anew to-morrow, now bent the might and ability of his power upon complete abolition of the monasteries. That in this respect "He ate more meat than threescore men" is unquestionably true, for this man, made up of such a strange mixture of barbarity and culture, was capable, as he proved, of achieving that which neither continental kings nor prelates supposed within the bounds of possibility. And having whetted his appetite, he continued to eat more meat until

> He ate the Church, he ate the steeple,
> He ate the priests and all the people.

It is, however, to be held in mind that, while "the big-bellied Ben" was so voraciously eating this meat, the lives of many of the monks were absolutely unprintable, and that certain of the monasteries, degenerating from the original holy intent, had become, according to historians, veritable dens of iniquity.

The complaint that his "belly wasn't full" was a slap at Parliament, which, while having to fall in line in the main and countenance the royal views, could not be induced to include in the restraining measures those monasteries having an income of less than two hundred pounds per annum. Regardless, however, of this, the king succeeded in eating the church, the steeple, the priests, and all the people of three thousand two hundred

and nineteen religious houses in the United Kingdom.

Kerr [40] gives "Robin the bobbin, the big-bellied Ben" as "a then popular metaphor for a greedy priest," and it is in this significance that it applies to Henry VIII, "Defender of the Faith" and head of the Church of England.

> Little Tommy Tittlemouse lived in a little house;
> He caught fishes in other men's ditches.

The fishes thus caught were those of the Abbey ponds where, on Thursdays, the abbots and monks had for generations been wont to make merry in the delights of angling for the Friday's feast of fish. The living in a little house is a merry bit of persiflage over the king's vast possessions, for right well it was known that Little Tommy Tittlemouse, the Big Fish, was rapidly swimming toward Hampton Court greedily to devour Cardinal Wolsey and take possession of this long coveted property.

> Punch and Judy fought for a pie;
> Punch gave Judy a sad blow in the eye.

With England masquerading as Punch, and France as Judy, the pie over which they fought was Italy. This Punch-and-Judy contest began in 1513, when Henry, scarce four years upon the throne, adhering to his father's policy of always at-

tacking France, entered into a league with Pope Julius II, Ferdinand of Spain, and the Venetians against the French who, under Louis XII, were bent upon their old scheme of conquering Italy. After casting off Ferdinand because of the latter's ineffectual effort to use the British army for his private schemes against Navarre, Henry induced Parliament to grant an additional poll-tax, and sailed with his troops to Calais.

At that place, with the Emperor Maximilian serving under the Union Jack, the English and French cavalry fought for the pie at Guinegate. "The Battle of the Spurs" is the jeering appellation given this contest over the pie, because of the rapid flight of the French, when Punch, having given "Judy a sad blow in the eye," victoriously returned to England.

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all for want of a horseshoe nail.

History swings rapidly on with amazing accuracy through this jingle, in which the story of the Reformation looms pregnantly through the lines. Had it not been "for want of a horseshoe nail," in the money demanded of Parliament to carry on the king's foreign policy, the whole religious and

political history of Europe might have been different, with Wolsey autocratically continuing to sign his despatches "I and my king."

Francis I, in 1519, ignoring "The sad blow in the eye" given his predecessor, inherited with his accession Louis XII's mania for possession of Italy, "the pie." With creditable acumen, he discerned that to achieve this it was necessary to be at peace with England. Cardinal Wolsey, entering heart and soul into the French plan for establishing an alliance, threw his influence into the scales.

But the three monarchs, Henry, Francis I, and Charles V, while occupying the center of the stage of Europe, each nurtured a directly variant policy. Spain, Austria, Naples, and the Netherlands, with the boundless treasures of the new world across the waters, were held in the hollow of Charles's hand. Francis, with his compact and prosperous kingdom vitalizing the core of Maximilian's scattered domains, was a rival to be borne in mind for diplomatic consideration.

Henry, bold, daringly capable, with the wealth of far-reaching possessions at his beck and call, securely entrenched by the sea, could, when he so willed, make victorious raids upon the realm of either rival monarch. It was he, therefore, with his immense bodies of troops, who held the real key to the situation. Invited by Francis to a conference at Calais, three weeks were spent in empty

visits of state, feasts, and tournaments upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The wily Charles, adding to his previous compliment of going to call upon the English monarch on his own soil, now again meeting him at Gravelines, effectually swept from the pleasure-loving monarch's mind any friendly impressions made by Francis.

All this while the smouldering torch of the Reformation was steadily bursting into flame over the Continent, Pope Leo X, finding funds necessary for the building of St. Peter's in Rome, sent out general instructions for the sale of indulgences, which, invented in the days of the crusades by Urban II, was now destined to apply the flaring match to religious fire.

In Saxony, the Augustine monk, Martin Luther, opposing the entire scheme of indulgences, nailed upon the door of Wittenberg Church the famous Ninety-Five Propositions proclaiming the doctrine of justification by faith in Christ alone, and announcing the Bible the sole rule for religious faith. At Leipsic, his voice reaching northern Germany's great men gathered there, he cast off the last detaining hold of Rome by burning, at the gate of Wittenberg Castle, the Papal bull of excommunication. As the surging concourse watched it shrivel to blackened cinders, the echoes of its mutterings shook the shores of England.

On the Continent, this condition of affairs resulted in open war between Charles V and Francis I, Henry siding with the former. "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost" for, twice without success, the English troops, lacking "the horseshoe nail" of sufficient funds, ineffectually invaded France.

"For want of the shoe, the horse was lost," for the hoards of Henry VII, scattered long since in riotous living by Henry VIII, could no longer be drawn upon to carry "the horse" through the battle.

"For want of a rider, the battle was lost" indeed, when Henry VIII, in seven long years having called no Parliament, now took occasion to do so. Alack and alas, Wolsey, although gallantly endeavoring to prove himself "the rider" in demanding eight hundred thousand pounds for the king wherewith to fight "the battle," suffered ignominious defeat! And so

"The kingdom was lost;
And all for want of a horseshoe nail."

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather;

He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,—
"How do you do," and "How do you do,"
And "How do you do" again?

A gentleman of the period makes his bow in this jingle. Blunt and unpolished, habited in doublets of russet-brown leather, the sturdy independence of this class stands out in sharp contrast to the obsequious courtier with brilliant and constantly changeful richness of attire, and overmuch repetition of meaningless courtesies. "Stout of heart" was the old meaning for "clothed all in leather," for despite his cheery greeting, his lot was hard.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

During the reign of Henry VIII, this jingle was first published in a black-letter edition entitled *The Merry Tales of the Three Mad Men of Gotham,*[41] and is stated by old chroniclers to have resulted from a device of the Gothamites in the reign of King John.

This king, wishing to proceed on one of his royal journeys by way of Gotham, would, by thus passing over the road, make it forever thereafter a public highway. On the arrival of the king, the people, all feigning madness, engaged themselves in the most absurd occupations. Thereupon the monarch, denouncing Gotham as the habitation of Bedlamites, quickly retraced his steps and, from that time, Gotham was referred to as the headquarters of madmen and conceited jackanapes.

Highty Cock O!
To London we go;
To York we ride;
And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side;
He shall have little dog tied to the other,
And then he goes trid, trod to see his grandmother.[42]

There are but two jingles extant concerning the short reign of Edward VI, and this is noteworthy as being the first in which Elizabeth is designated a cat. Later, when she came to the throne, this epithet was frequently bestowed upon this brilliant queen.

This "pussy-cat" literally "tied" herself to Edward's side in her devotion, which extended not only to directing all studies of the young prince, but to diligently studying with her youthful half-brother.

The nation, as the "little dog," barked loudly and with decided apprehension at the newly established Episcopacy, seeing that there stood but this slender thread of delicate life between it and the reign of terror Mary was destined to inaugurate.

Somerset the Protector is "the grandmother," and one whom Edward VI, toward the last, greatly feared would make way with him after the manner employed by Richard III with the two young princes in the Tower. *The Privy Council Records of the Reign of Edward VI*[43] state so great was his fear that Somerset meant to make way with him that his spirits and health began at once

to mend after the arrival of Cranmer, Paget, and Wingfield to imprison Somerset in the Tower of London.

His affection for Elizabeth is prettily mentioned by one of the eloquent memorialists of her Court (Nainton's *Fragmenta Regalia*), who says: "She was his, and one of the darlings of fortune for, besides the considerations of blood, there was between the two princes a concurrence and sympathy in their nature and affection, together with the celestial bond, conformity in religion, which made them one and friends." [44]

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, have you any wool?"
"Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that cried in the lane."

Chief among the grievances of the working classes of this period was the tremendous demand for wool, and, because of this, the greater portion of the country was transformed into sheepwalks and, therefore, there was scant call for field labor.

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep!" arose the people's cry throughout the land. To further add to the discontent in the reign of Edward VI, the abominably low wage everywhere given was paid out in the base coin issued by the young king's father, Henry VIII, for supplying his individual needs. The price of foodstuffs rising, the result was a general revolt. At Exeter, 10,000 men formed a be-

sieging party and Ket the Tanner, seated beneath an oak-tree at Norfolk, laid down the law to the "gentry" ere his short-lived triumph culminated in his capture and hanging by the Earl of Warwick.

"My master" and "my dame" symbolized the king and the over-rich nobility, with "the little boy that cried in the lane," the common people who, thus coming out the small end of the horn in the scant thirds allotted them, only too frequently had their cries stifled by the hangman's noose.

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" sounded loudest in London about the inner court of the ancient houses still standing in High Holborn. There sheep from all over the kingdom were penned and sheared in such vast numbers as to constitute this the wool mart of England.

Chapter Five

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.

Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep!

UT of the mists and shadows at this invocation, "Come blow up your horn," emerges the stately form of Wolsey the Magnificent, that cardinal so splendid in his pomp as to outrival the king and to leave behind, in a trailing cloud of lesser glory, His Holiness, the Pope.

Already the sheep were knee-deep in the meadows of churchly holdings, and cows innumerable diligently crunched the corn of abbots and friars of England when this jocund ditty trilled from the throats of the song-venders at Pye Corner. All the while Little Boy Blue, far too busy with blowing the horn of his personal power and fame, unheedful of the danger at his doors, lay wrapped in pleasant dreams under his haycock, Hampton Court, fast asleep.

What visions are evoked of merry rout with mummings and maskings at Hampton Court, when Little Boy Blue proudly called it his home and

lived in a gorgeousness unknown even at Whitehall, where he welcomed his guests, a hundred at a time, and served them from golden dishes, with the service of ewer and basin of the same precious metal set for their ablution in each of the hundred guest-rooms.

Gay doings there were at Henry VIII's court in London, but none to touch those of Hampton Court, set in its loveliness of tree and bush and greensward beside the lapping Thames, an idle hour's rowing of the royal barge in which the king delighted to make frequent visits to his mighty prelate and take unceremonious part in those merry routs concerning which he kept himself well posted.

Looking through the gateway of those yesterdays, it is interesting to stand aside for the moment and listen to stray bits of enlightenment from Kerr, who has to say of this jingle: "Haystack represents the laboring fool, the cat's paw of the idle friar." [45] And then to bear in mind that the phrase, to "blow up the horn," is an ancient Scotch saying current to-day as signifying excommunication and outlawry.

When George Cavendish, Gentleman Usher, in 1557 wrote *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey* and made frequent mention of the Cardinal's familiar title of "The Boy Bachelor," [46] it will readily be seen that it was but a step for the wits of the day

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"Little Boy Blue."
Cardinal Wolsey.
1471-1530.

to dub the august prelate "Little Boy Blue" and set afloat the titillating jingle. This nickname, containing the double thrust of referring to his phenomenal literary attainments, and his reputed lowly origin as the son of an Ipswich butcher and grazier, engaged in minding his sheep, has the basis of fact that in his boyhood Wolsey is stated by the historical authorities to have spent much dreary time in this occupation.

"As he told me with his own mouth, he was made Batcheleur of Arts when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called the Boy Batcheleur," says George Cavendish, his Gentleman Usher at Hampton Court.

That Little Boy Blue was in truth the son of the Ipswich butcher is more than open to doubt, for never was there born of any butcher and grazier of Ipswich or elsewhere a man of such natural cultivation, such innate elegance and love of the finer qualities of life. Far more likely are the under-the-breath-whisperings that he was the natural son of a fine courtier and his noble sweetheart, brought up in early childhood by the Ipswich butcher, but never truly the son of such lowly fellow.

Sir William Cavendish in his interesting book, *Wolsey The Cardinal,* throws a flood of light upon the phrase, "The cow's in the corn," when, referring to a certain walk he had in the grounds at

Richmond following Wolsey's fall from royal favor, he says:

"My Lord being accustomed to waulke in the garden, and I being with him standing in an alley, I espied certain images of beasts counterfeited in timber, which I went nearer to take the better view of them, among whom I saw a dunne cow, whereat my Lord, then suddenly come upon me unawares and speaking to me, said . . .: 'Upon this cowe hangs a certain prophecie . . .' There is a saying:

> When the cowe doth ride the bull,
> Then priest beware thy scull!

which saying neither my Lord that declared it, nor I that heard it understood the effect, although the compasse thereof was working and then like to be brought to passe. This cowe the King gave, by reason of the earldom of Richmond, which was his inheritance. This prophecie was afterwards expounded in this manner:—'The dunne cowe, because it was the king's beast, betokens the king: and the bull betokens Mistris Anne Bulleigne, who after was Queene. Her father gave the black bull's head in his cognizance, and (it) was his beast; so that when the king marryed Queen Anne, it was thought of all men to be fulfilled; for what a number of priests, religious and secular lost their heads, for offending of those laws made to bring this matter to passe, is not known to all the world; therefore it may well be judged that this prophecie is fulfilled."

In *The Tragedy of Cardinal Wolsey,*[47] by Thomas Churchyard, occur the significant lines embodying the idea of Little Boy Blue:

> Where is the boy that minds the sheep?
> He's under the haycock fast asleep!
> O, fie on wolves that march in masking clothes
> For to devour the lambs, when shepherd sleeps,
> And woe to you that promise never keeps!

> Jack and Jill
> Went up the hill,
> To fetch a pail of water;
> Jack fell down,
> And broke his crown,
> And Jill came tumbling after.

The Jack and Jill of childish imagining and Christmas pantomime has fortunately no outwardly perceptible touch of the woeful events of Wolsey's closing career that derisively called forth this jingle utilized by, if not personally written by, Bishop Still in his first night's production of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* before the Cambridge University.

Jack and Jill are here typical terms in current use as designating priests, and in this instance are meant as a fling at Cardinal Wolsey and his coadjutor, Bishop Tarbes. These regal personages therein represented as going "up the hill to fetch a pail of water," performed this feat on the occasion of going "up the hill" to France to arrange the marriage between Mary Tudor and the

French monarch. Had this sufficed, there might have been no subsequent recording of the tumbling down hill and breaking of tonsured crowns, but Jack and Jill, with amazing shortsightedness, utilized the occasion to scatter the mustard seeds destined to develop into that mightiest growth in history—the disruption of Henry with the Church of Rome.

A drastic reference to Wolsey's attempt to override Henry VIII in his personal choice of a new wife is thus set forth in the *Harleian Miscellany:*[48]

> Our merry Pipes for Trumpets shrill,
> Our Tabors chang'd to Drums;
> Princes are brav'd by Jack and Jill
> Wat Tylers and Tom Thumbs.

The real meaning of "pail of water" is specified by Kerr as "The burial perquisite (one of the principal bonuses of the priests at that time), and water is here used in the meaning of fee, and sounds (in early Saxon) as we pronounce water."[49]

So in truth it proved but the burial perquisite collected by the king from these two worthies, for "the pail of water" was nothing less in this jingle's meaning than the holy water of the popeship then boldly intrigued for by Wolsey. This he sought to effect by that very process which had filled the king with indignation. Wolsey at this juncture, it must be borne in mind, was ostensibly

opposed to Henry's divorce from Katharine of Aragon upon purely religious grounds, and, therefore, even more opposed to the projected match with Anne Boleyn. By the latter marriage, Wolsey could have hoped for no higher honors than he at that time enjoyed. But says Sir William Cavendish, Privy Counsellor to Henry VIII: "Wolsey desired to bring about a Continental match rather than one with Anne Boleyn, in order to bring about a Continental match which would have strengthened his own interest in regard to the papal succession." [50]

John T. Pye, in his book, *Wolsey, Ipswich Boy and Cardinal,*[51] says in this connection:

"Wolsey was twice mentioned for the popedom. But he did not achieve this honour, despite the fact that while in France he actually issued a pamphlet stating that the object of his mission was to conclude two marriages, the one between the King our Sovereign and Madam Renée (sister of the French monarch), and the other between the princess then of England . . . My Lady Mary . . . and the French King's second son, the Duke of Orleans." [52]

A vivid picture of the gay doings at Amiens is given by Sir William Cavendish, who announces to us as among the dancers no less a personage than the Pope:

"As for the opinion which the people held, we may judge by the fact that they actually got up a Masque at Paris in which the Empereur (of Germany, Charles V) danced with the Pope and the King of France until he wearied them, whilst the King of England (Henry VIII) sat quietly on a bench looking on; and when it was asked why he danced not, it was answered that he sat there only to pay the minstrels their wages, as one who should say 'We pay for all men's dancing.'" [53]

There were two birds sat on a hill,
One named Jack,
One named Jill.
Fly away, Jack;
Fly away, Jill.
Come back, Jack;
Come back, Jill.

This jingle commemorates the same incident, according to Kerr,[54] with the jeering "Fly away, Jack; Fly away, Jill" indicating the journey to France and its "Come back, Jack; Come back, Jill" the return to England and Hampton Court. The return trip was made truly with broken crowns by the disgruntled and overreaching Jack and Jill, since Henry, apprised of this precipitate arrangement to ignore his fancy for Anne Boleyn and marry him offhand to Renée of France in the furtherance of "the pail of water" desired by Wolsey, went into a rage fine to behold and worked speedy vengeance upon Jack and Jill.

At no one were political satires and pasquinades

launched more freely than at Wolsey, and of no one do his biographers chronicle greater sensitiveness in this respect. His general course was to endeavor, according to Sir William Cavendish,[55] to buy up all copies, a proceeding in which he was, of course, by no means notably successful. One of these satirical plays written by Simon Fish, a student at Grey's Inn and performed at that place, so unmercifully satirized Wolsey as to result in the youth having to fly for his life to Germany.[56] An account of this is given by Edward Walford in his book, *Old and New London.*

It was while in Germany that young Fish wrote his *Supplication of Beggars* which, attacking the monastic orders of England, was read and so hugely enjoyed by Anne Boleyn that, showing it to the king, she caused him by her inimitable reading of such passages as echoed his Majesty's views relative to plundering the abbeys, to recall Fish and take him under his royal protection.[57]

At the Christmas play in 1527, the masque and goodly disguising of one John Roe, sergeant-at-arms, was chiefly remarkable for the offence it gave to Wolsey.[58]

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's to buy him some bread,
And when she came back the poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,
And when she came back the dog was a-laughing.

She went to the draper's to buy him some linen,
And when she came back the dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's to buy him some hose,
And when she came back he was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant," the dog said, "Bow-wow."

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat,
And when she came back he was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came back he was riding the goat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
And when she came back he was dancing a jig.

She went to the butcher's to buy him some tripe,
And when she came back he was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fish-shop to buy him some fish,
And when she came back he was washing the dish.

She went to the tavern for white wine and red,
And when she came back the dog stood on his head.

Here again is a shaft at Wolsey, utilized by Bishop Still. "The dog" thus downed in the fight with the determined king was none other than My Lord Cardinal of York. All the fluctuations of hope and despair in the expedients tried by the Pope, looking to the restoration of his prelate's former splendor and dignity, are grotesquely outlined in this jingle.

Evidences of its being leveled at Wolsey are abundant. Thomas Churchyard in his poem, "The Tragedy of Cardinal Wolsey," first published in *The Mirror for Magistrates,* in 1587, says:

> "Then was I led toward Court like
> Dog in string,
> And bought as beef, that Butcher-row
> Must see.
>
> So fell I sick, consumed as some
> Did think;
> So took in haste my chamber and my bed.
> To fawning dogs sometimes I gave a bone,
> And flung some scraps to such as nothing had,
> But in my hands still kept the golden gad,
> That served my turn, and laughed the rest to scorn." [59]

The "golden gad" of these lines is the fifteen hundred pounds in ready money which Wolsey, rendering no account thereof to the king, took away with him. Henry sent for it by one Master Kingston.

That the Mother Hubbard jingle was at the time well known to relate to Wolsey is evidenced by the following extract from the pen of the Gentleman Usher: "We have the later evidence of Groves that the Cardinal's father was in truth a respectable grazier in the town of Ipswich, and not a poor butcher. . . . Fuller is the first writer that mentions this now contraverted circumstance. And Fiddes further urges that this

story most probably had no other foundation than a wretched figure over one of the windows of Christ Church, directly above the Cardinal's arms, of *a dog gnawing a bone.*" [60]

In the long-ago famous Satire of William Roy which, in a 1546 edition, states that "Wolsey spared neither pains nor expense to have all bought up," [61] there are the lines upon which, undoubtedly, the present better-known Mother Hubbard jingle was constructed:

> Of the prowde Cardinall this is the shelde,
> Berne up between two angells off Sathan,
> The six bleudy axes in a bare felde.
>
> Shewethe the cruelte of the red man,
> Which hethe devoured the beautiful swan;
>
> Mortal enemy unte the whyte lien;
> Carter of Yercke! the vile butcher's soune.
>
> The six bulles heddes in a felde blacke
> Betokeneth hys sturdy furiousness;
> Whereby the godly lyght to put abacke,
> He bryngeth in his dyvlische darckness;
> The mastif curre bred in Ipswich towne,
> Gnawynge with his teth a kynges crowne.
>
> The clubbe signifieth playne his tirrany,
> Covered over with a Cardinall's hatt,
> Wherin shall be fulfill'd the prophecy—
> "Arise up, Jacke, and pu on thy salatt,
> For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt:
> The temporall chevalry thus throwne downe,
> Wherfor, Priest, take hede, and beware thy croune." [62]

The " two angells off Sathan " refer to the demi-dragons which are in the mantling round the shield; and the " swan " is supposed to mean the Duke of Buckingham, in reference to his cognizance or crest. The " whyte lion " is the Duke of Norfolk. " Salatt," used in the prophecy, is interpreted to be synonymous with helmet.

The work is sufficiently pointed to have raised Wolsey's indignation against the author, since it contains every article of charge, perhaps, that ever was brought against the Cardinal.[63]

It is to be noted that, in this satire Wolsey is directly addressed as " Jacke," as in the Jack and Jill jingle he is implied. Also, that pointed reference is made to the prophecy of " the dunne cowe " jingle, quoted by Wolsey, as applying directly to himself, in his conversation in the garden at Richmond with his Gentleman Usher.

Herein is all the material used in the Mother Hubbard jingle. *The Harleian Miscellany*[64] states, in reference to *William Roy's Satire,* that it was " a proceeding so dangerous at that period that he was afraid to print it in England, but had it done in Holland by some friend whose sentiments in this respect to the Cardinall were pretty much the same as his own."

Howard, in his work on Wolsey, remarks in this connection: " In the vignette on the title-page we have given a reproduction facsimile of Wolsey's

coat of arms from a MS. bearing the date of 1563, and now No. 1197 (p. 402) in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum. . . . A coat of the very same kind is blazoned by Edmonson in his two *Volumes of Heraldry* and attributed to Wolsey, Suffolk: sable on a cross engrailed argent, a lion puissant gardant gules, crowned or, between four leopards faces azure. On a chief of the second, a rose of the third, between two Cornish choughs proper. Crest—a naked arm embowed, grasping a shin-bone, all proper. This sets at rest a silly coat engraved on wood, in the first edition of *Roy's Satire,* which professes in direct opposition to all good heraldry to be: quarterly, 1 & 4 sable, three bulls' heads, 2 & 3 bloody axes, in a bloody field; over all in a 'scutcheon, a ban dog collared and muzzled.—Crest a Cardinal's hat."

Agnes Strickland, in her *Life of Queen Mary,* comments on this great prelate:

"Wolsey was hated furiously throughout England because he was supposed to be the originator of the divorce, and one of the popular rhymes of the day thus sets forth public indignation at the wrongs of the people's darling (Princess Mary)."

Of this rhyme, I give the closing lines as the only ones pertaining to Wolsey:

> "The *carter* of York is meddling
> For to divorce them asunder."

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A foot-note comments: "Wolsey was Archbishop of York. The lines are by a Protestant, John Roy."

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for to sell;
She went to the market all on a holiday,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

By came a pedler whose name it was Stout,
And he cut off her petticoats just around about;
He cut off her petticoats just above her knees,
Which caused the little woman to shiver and to freeze.

Now when the old woman first did awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk-a-mercy on me, this can't be I!

"But if it be I, as I suppose it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

So home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up jumped the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, and she began to cry,
"Lauk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I!"

With the cardinal tottering toward his downfall, "going to market eggs for to sell" in indulgences and pardons, Henry appropriately plays the rôle of the "pedler whose name it was Stout." This thrust at the king is apropos of his dickerings with churchly authorities over his divorce,

while the falling asleep on the king's highway is an adversion to the palace of Whitehall which, under Wolsey's supremacy, knew its most splendid days.

It follows that, when the pedler found the little old woman thus asleep, the cutting off of the petticoats "just above her knees" was the moment of dispossessing the Cardinal of Whitehall and turning him literally out "to shiver and to freeze."

The expression, "Lauk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I," is the almost verbatim repetition of Cardinal Wolsey's own words to Master Kingston when the king despatched the latter after the prelate with a demand for an accounting and return of the fifteen hundred pounds.[65]

George Cavendish in *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey* says:

"Henry having discovered, after Wolsey's dismissal from favour, an item that my lord of Northumberland hath found a book at Cawood that reporteth how ye had but late fifteen hundred pounds in ready money and one penny thereof will not be found. . . . Whereof the King hath written unto me (Master Kingston) to demand it of you do know where it is become; for it were pity that it should be embezzled from you both. . . . Wolsey thereupon made reply 'And for this money that ye demand of me I assure you *it is none of mine,* for I borrowed it of divers of my friends to *bury me* and to bestow among my servants.'"

Little Tom Tucker
Sang for his supper.
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter.
How shall he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry,
Without e'er a wife?

Here the cardinal's Christian name, Thomas, is given a derisively pet diminutive, while being dubbed "Tom Tucker" is merely that the jingle-maker has applied to him an exceedingly old English and Scotch phrase, Tucker meaning a person who grasped all, or one who stuffed himself at the expense of others. This interpretation is confirmed by Kerr.[66]

How shall he marry,
Without e'er a wife?

George Howard, in *Wolsey The Cardinal,*[67] throws an illumination upon this couplet when he states of Wolsey:

"Amidst all this revelry, possessed of a handsome person and engaging manners, and not perhaps very scrupulous in regard to amorous intrigues, like all clerical brethren at that period, it may naturally be inferred that Wolsey's intercourse with the fair was not kept within very strict bounds. . . . The charge may at first seem a severe one, but it is not the less true; in proof of which we insert the following copy of a

letter to Secretary Cromwell (Original in British Museum, Ays. Col. No. 4160 Art 11.), said to be in relation to a bastard daughter of Cardinal Wolsey in the nunnery at Shaftesbury.

"'My Lorde Cardinall causyd me to put a yong gentyll homan to the monastery an un ry of Shayffttysbyry, and ther to be posseddyd and wold hur to be namyd my dogthter, and the tretythe ye shee was his dowther.'

"Letter from John Clusey 'To the rygthe hen ful and his most especiall good Master Cromwell Secretary to owre Sov and Lord the Kyng.'"

Again this same authority relates: [68]

"Yet his (Wolsey's) moral conduct was far from being so circumspect or so irreproachable as it ought to have been, for at this very period (whilst resident at Lymington about 1500) he must have been engaged in that intrigue which gave birth to an illegitimate son, known afterwards by the name of Thomas Winter, upon whom he heaped ecclesiastical preferments, even so far as an archdeaconry, to the great scandal and complaint of the more rigid, or more hypercritical part of the priesthood. But in a religion which professes to enforce celibacy upon its clergymen and clergywomen, too, as Corporal Trim called them, little better can be expected."

> Gentle Paule laie doune thy swoard,
> For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy beard.[69]

Thus wrote Skelton the poet when Wolsey, in

the proud distinction of his legatine powers and his all too vaulting ambitions for the supremacy of St. Peter's at Rome, dissolved Archbishop Warham's convocation at St. Paul's, and forced him and all the clergy of his diocese to attend the cardinal's own convocation at Westminster.

Alas that Little Boy Blue, blowing his horn in happy cadences to an all-admiring world, should so soon have allowed himself the fatal indulgence of laying him down "under the haycock fast asleep!"

Chapter Six

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a good fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
While he went to fetch her the Drake, Drake, Drake.

PHILIP II of Spain, reluctantly enough, after many an elusive attempt to thwart the quest, appears in this jingle as one of the real personages of Mother Goose. For Philip II it was who, as the first proud possessor in England of firearms, then just superseding the prowess of bow and hawking, is "The little man who had a little gun, whose bullets were made of lead, lead, lead."

His caustic admonition to Queen Mary I of England, "a good fire to make, make, make," was one he knew right well she would only too willingly obey, since the fires of Smithfield, kept alive by her with awful steadiness, burned, within a

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"THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN."
Philip II of Spain.
1527-1598.

period of three years, two hundred and eighty men, women, and children.

The roasting of little ducks was the predominant trait of this gruesome couple, the trait shared in common as the outward and visible sign of their Spanish Inquisitorial blood.

Henry VIII set a dastardly example of brutal executions, and his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, followed his example. This blood-thirstiness, inherited in an accentuated degree by his eldest daughter, won for her the deathless name of Bloody Mary.

Agnes Strickland in her *Lives of the Queens of England*[70] has to say in this respect:

"Upon the death of Edward VI, the local traditions of Suffolk affirm that Queen Mary came to Framlingham on the 10 and 11 of July and remained there until the 31, and many circumstances prove their correctness. . . . From the steeple of Framlingham Church the seaport of Aldborough may be seen. The castle stands at a much greater elevation, and its highest watch-tower, when entire, commanded a view of the German ocean, and all that passed near the coast. Mary meant to retreat in case of danger, by the nearest road to the sea, and to this day a lane about a mile and a half from the castle, leading to the coast, is called 'Bloody Mary's Lane,' because it is reported that she used to walk there—that, like a prudent general, she surveyed the roads by which retreat was to be made if needed. The

close and winding lanes which led through the forest surrounding Framlingham castle were rendered impassable by trees felled and thrown across them. (An Italian authority, quoted by Sharon Turner, *Reign of Mary,* p. 360.)"

The little man's old wife Joan, bigoted to an abnormal degree, enveloped her reign with a cloak of sanguinary brutality. She was an intellectual woman for whom few chroniclers, contemporary or later, have aught good to record or kindly plea of extenuation legitimately to offer, other than that she allowed herself to be dominated by her cruel husband.

Ascending the throne of England at the age of thirty-seven, feared and detested in private, she was necessarily in public accorded such meed of sycophancy as ever falls to a ruler. Saturated with venom by her mother's fate, lacking the power to inspire genuine love in any human breast, Mary went her way, a sinister figure in whose train runs the blood of thousands of innocent victims put to death by all manner of religious frenzy of torture.

A typical verse current of this queen, incorporated in one of the Bodleian Library chapbooks under the title *A New History of England,*[71] runs:

> When Bloody Mary fill'd the English throne,
> The good her brother did was soon undone;
> Thro' her short reign, tho' much too long, is seen
> A wretched bigot, and a cruel Queen.

That quaint old chronicler, Sir Richard Baker, says of Mary:

"Of her personage we can make no particular description, only we may say, she was none of the most amiable." [72]

The "Drake, Drake, Drake" which the little man vauntingly assured his consort he'd go and fetch instanter, proved no such easy bird of capture. It was one which, in fact, he was not destined to sight upon the high seas until the "old wife Joan" had pillowed her head beneath the dust and Philip was come a-wooing her sister Elizabeth. Not even then was it, until, the latter refusing him, none too civilly, it must be confessed, he sought to subdue her by force of the Spanish Armada. Then indeed did the little man encounter the "Drake, Drake, Drake" on that sunshiny afternoon when Francis Lord Drake, playing at bowls with his fellow officers on *The Hoe* at Plymouth, sighted the Spanish fleet. Calmly finishing his game ere he sauntered down the green slopes to his ship, out sailed the "Drake" to meet the Armada with such passionate force as, for the time, to wipe Spain from the high seas.

Long ere the Armada, the name of Sir Francis Drake was held in deadly enmity by Philip because of his conquests from Spain, and there is a Cornish song, still current in that section of Eng-

land, decidedly suggestive of the "There was a little man" jingle:

> Oh, where be those gay Spaniards,
> Which make so great a boast-o?
> Oh, they shall eat the grey-goose feather
> And we shall eat the roast-o!

This was written when Admiral Drake, but lately returned from girdling the globe in his good ship, *The Pelican,* wore the feathers in his cap of Santo Domingo, the West Indies, and various Spanish possessions along the shores of South America.[73]

Indications are that the phrase, "little man," was in general and decidedly contemptuous use at this era. Certain it is that when Elizabeth lay dying, propped on multitudinous cushions on the floor of her bedchamber at Richmond, and was told by Lord Cecil that "to content the people, she *must* go to bed," she turned on him, remarking: "The word *must* is not to be used to princes," adding, says Agnes Strickland, in quoting from the autobiography of Carey, Earl of Monmouth: "Little man, little man, if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much, but ye know I must die and that makes ye so presumptuous."

> Flour of England and fruit of Spain
> Met together in a shower of rain,
> Put in a bag and tied with a string.
> If you'll tell me this riddle,
> I'll give a gold ring.

Under the guise of a recipe for a Christmas pudding is epitomized the courtship and marriage of the "little man" and his "old wife Joan." Their being put in a bag and tied with a string, indicative of the pompous wedding festivities, has for the promised "gold ring," that one then placed by Philip II, King of Naples and Sicily, and presently King of Spain, upon the finger of Mary I, Queen of England.

In Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*[74] is the following pertinent bit in this connection:

"The wedding ring was laid on the book to be hallowed. Some discussion had previously taken place in council, regarding this ring, which the Queen decided by declaring she would not have it adorned with gems, 'for she chose to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold, like any other maiden.'"

The promise of the jingle:

> "If you tell me this riddle,
> I'll give a gold ring,"

is likewise a sly echo of laughter at the proceedings incident to the arrival of Count Egmont, when, prior to the marriage, he came as Philip's special envoy extraordinary to bear the betrothal ring to Queen Mary. Escorted by the Earl of Pembroke and Lord-Admiral Howard into the presence of the queen, Strickland states:

"Count Egmont then presented Queen Mary with the ring, which Your Majesty sent, which she showed to all the company; and assuredly, sire, the jewel is a precious one and well worth looking at.

"Following this presentation, 'Your Majesty understands,' he writes to the emperor, 'that at the coming of his Highness, some little presents of rings or such small gear must be made to the queen's ladies; particularly to three who have always spoken a good word for the marriage—these were Mistresses Clarencieux, Jane Russell, and Mistress Shirley.'" [75]

It is by no means unlikely that this jingle, which has survived, had at the time of its making many a companion of even more caustic import, and, in consequence, a head or two dropped into the guillotine basket or formed a living torch at Smithfield, for Watts' rebellion in Kent and later his battle with the Queen's forces in London was on account of the extreme repugnance of the people to the then-projected marriage of Mary with Philip.

The widespread excitement which everywhere pervaded England over this approaching union of the "Flour of England and fruit of Spain" is in no way better shown than by the following note of Strickland: [76]

"Three hundred children assembled in a meadow near London, divided themselves into two

parties to play at the 'game of the Queen against Wyatt,' these little creatures must have been violent partisans on both sides, for they fought so heartily that several were seriously wounded; and the urchin that played Prince Philip, the queen's intended spouse, being taken prisoner and hanged by the rest, was nearly throttled in good earnest, before some people, alarmed by the proceedings of the small destructives, could break in and cut him down. Noailles, the French Ambassador who relates the story (and being a detected conspirator against the queen, maligns her on every occasion) affirms 'that she wished the life of one at least to be sacrificed for the good of the public.' The truth is, the queen requested 'that a few salutary whippings might be dispensed, and that the most pugnacious of this band of infantry might be shut up for some days.' And this was all the notice she took of the matter."

Truly to the letter the

> "Flour of England and fruit of Spain
> Met together in a shower of rain."

Illuminatively interesting, as directly pertinent to the trite jingle summing up the royal marriage, is the following account from Agnes Strickland's *Life of Queen Mary:*

"The Queen was at Windsor Castle when the tidings arrived, that Don Philip, and the combined fleets of England and Spain, amounting to one

hundred and sixty sail, had made the port of Southampton, Friday, July 20th, after a favourable voyage from Corunna of but seven days. The queen and her bridal retinue the next day set out for Winchester, where she was resolved her nuptials should be celebrated, not by the unfortunate Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, whose right it was to perform the ceremony, but by her prime minister, Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. She made her public entry into Winchester on Monday, July 23rd, in the midst of a furious storm of rain and wind, and took up her abode in the Episcopal palace, which had been prepared for her reception. . . .

"When the prince ascended the stairs leading to the mole at Southampton, he found a deputation from the queen, and a great concourse of nobles and gentry waiting to receive him. He was immediately presented with the Order of the Garter, which was buckled below his knee, by the Earl of Arundel, when he first set foot on English ground. He was likewise invested with a mantle of blue velvet, fringed with gold and pearl. The queen had sent him by her master of horse, a beautiful genet for the prince's use, who immediately mounted it, and rode to the church of the Holy Rood, at Southampton, where he returned thanks for his safe voyage. . . .

"In the midst of a cruel wind and downpouring rain on the Monday morning, the royal bridegroom and his suite mounted their steeds, and set out in grand state and solemn cavalcade to Winchester where the queen and court waited for

them. The Earl of Pembroke had arrived the same morning as their escort, with two hundred and fifty cavaliers, superbly mounted, dressed in black velvet, and wearing heavy gold chains. A party of a hundred archers, with their bows ready, came on horseback, dressed in yellow cloth striped with red velvet, and wearing cordons of white and crimson silk, being the colors of the prince. Four thousand spectators, variously mounted, whom curiosity had brought together, closed the procession.

"Don Philip was, as usual, dressed in black velvet, but, on account of the heavy rain, he wore over all a red felt cloak, and a large black hat. When the cavalcade had progressed about two miles from Southampton, the prince met a gentleman, riding post, who presented him with a small ring, as a token from the queen and prayed him, in her name, to advance no further.

"The prince, failing to understand this message, feared that what was meant was a warning from his royal fiancée that he was in danger from England's loudly voiced general opposition to this match. However, his apprehension was allayed when an English lord courteously stated in French 'Sire, our queen lovingly greets your highness, and has merely sent to say she hopes you will not commence your journey to Winchester in such dreadful weather.'

"When the prince rightly comprehended the queen's message, he gallantly resolved to persevere in his journey; and his line of march again moved forward on the Winchester road, but did not pro-

ceed far, before another cavalier was encountered, bearing a long white wand in his hand, and addressing the prince in Latin, informed him that 'he had the command of the county' and entrusted his leave to perform his office. This being granted, the gentleman turned his horse, and raising his wand on high, and taking off his cap, preceded the cavalcade, the rain pouring on his bare head all the way, though the prince repeatedly entreated him to be covered. . . . Although Southampton is but ten miles from Winchester, this cavalcade moved with such Spanish gravity and deliberation it was between six and seven o'clock before Don Philip arrived at the City gate." [77]

It was in pursuance of her plan to Romanize England that Mary entered into wedlock with the "little man," because she regarded such a Spanish marriage as a fine counterpoint to the then projected alliance of Mary Queen of Scots with the Dauphin.

With this all-predominant idea, the "old wife Joan" in July, 1554, placing her hand in that of the "little man," eleven years her junior, son of Emperor Charles V and heir to the throne of Spain, became his wife. All authorities seem agreed that this marriage on the part of Mary was a love-match, but was consummated by Philip merely for reasons of state, and that, as the weeks went by, his royal wife became more and more

odious to him because of her jealousy, ill temper, and hardened zeal of dogmatism.

The "flour of England and fruit of Spain," having been formally "put in a bag and tied with a string" of meaningless oaths of devotion and fidelity, the royal pair went to Hampton Court, there to extract such wee bit of honey as was contained in their nuptial moon. It was upon their second stay at this palace that the "old wife Joan," reveling in her brief ecstatic expectation of giving to the throne of England a child of her own blood, caused the public proclamation to be issued: "From our house at Hampton Court" where it was stated that there was to come to the queen "the happy deliverance of a prince." This child, fortunately for posterity, was destined never to have existence other than in the mother's fancy.

Still later, when the giver of the "gold ring" had effectually escaped across the Channel from his hated position of being "tied with a string," it was at Hampton Court that, shortly before her death, the "old wife Joan" is accredited with having become reconciled to Elizabeth.

> Sing, sing what shall I sing?
> The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string.
> Do, do, what shall I do?
> The cat has bit it quite in two.

Elizabeth (the cat) in her refusal of Philip, his cries for vengeance in "Do, do, what shall I do?",

his attempt at punishment with the Armada, and then "The cat has bit it quite in two," resounds from end to end of England in the smashing victory of the all too elusive Admiral Drake. A pretty kettle of fish truly bubbled up and out from this innocent-sounding jingle.

My little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what it was all about;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the trouble begun.

Briefly and most significantly are summed up in this jingle the marital broils of Philip and Mary, the "little man's" ever-demanding impecuniosity, and the all too well-known tight-fistedness of the wealthy and unhappy queen.

I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum.
I bought a little horse that
Galloped up and down;
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town;
I gave him little garters to garter up his hose,
And a pretty little handkerchief, to wipe his little nose.

Philip's physical insignificance disappears far into the background in this jingle before the deeper underlying flout at his smallness in the estimation of the British nation. Motley[78] gives this description of Philip, as recorded in the *Michele MS.* and *Badovaro MS.:*

"Philip the Second was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the timid shrinking air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his Aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men of Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical.

"In face he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline but better-proportioned nose. In the lower part of his countenance the remarkable Burgundian was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with the vast mouth and monstrously protruding jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in his stomach occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry."

Kerr[79] agrees in the explanation of this jingle as bearing strong religious significance. The simile of putting her husband in "a pint pot" is a thrust at Mary's religion, since "pint pot" was at that

day a common expression "for the fine-fund of money accruing from the penalties imposed by the confessors," and in the enumeration of various gifts bestowed upon the "little man," or in this case the little husband, Mary's unreciprocated love for her Spanish husband is flippantly held up to ridicule. Only too eagerly did the queen buy with English gold "a little horse that galloped up and down," for this alliance, made the subject of such frequent jingling comedy by her heavily oppressed subjects, who seem at no time to have had any sympathy with the queen in her infatuation for the cordially detested Philip, was to Mary tragedy pure and simple.

Strickland [80] says, as already quoted:

"Upon Philip's arrival in England, the Queen had sent him, by her master of the horse, a beautiful genet for the prince's use."

So pleased was the "little husband" with this "little horse that galloped up and down" that he demanded a large number of them as part of the queen's long list of presents upon his departure from England.

This time finally arrived, when Philip, utterly wearied with his royal spouse, only too eagerly urged upon her to "bridle him and saddle him, and send him out of town." Cold and cruel, to the full as bloodthirsty as his queen, so far from

this similarity of tastes serving to bind them closer together, their very kinship of ignoble traits served to engender in the Spaniard the only warmth of feeling he ever displayed toward Mary—a whirlwind of dislike. Knowing himself despised by the English nation, and returning the feeling in kind, unable to brave out even the first twelvemonth of married life, the "little husband, no bigger than my thumb" left the country.

The putting of this "little husband" "in a pint pot" and there bidding him drum was the next act of Mary's devotion following upon Philip's departure when, hiding with the best grace possible her deep chagrin at his departure, Mary did not hesitate to lend him her aid in his war with France. And to such effect did the English soldiery listen to Philip's "drumming" that, following their landing in Flanders, they seized for Spain the fortress of St. Quentin. In commemoration of this successful "drumming," the "little husband, no bigger than my thumb" built, at Madrid, the Palace of the Escurial in the form of a gridiron as a token of gratitude to St. Lawrence for the defeat of the French.

Notwithstanding the liberal sums raised by Mary in her "pint-pot"[81] levies upon her people, the "little husband" was not destined for further success, as suddenly, in midwinter, the Duke of Guise appeared before the weakly garrisoned town

of Calais, and, after an eight-day siege, wrested from him this key to France held by the English since 1347.

"I gave him little garters to garter up his hose" is a particularly significant line, as the presentation of these "Garters" was, at the time, one of the bitterest measures to the English nation in connection with the queen's marriage.[82]

Mary, having been compelled by Renaud, Philip's ambassador, to yield precedence of rank to the "little man," desired to have him given the distinction of a kingly coronation. Says Agnes Strickland:[83]

"On this point Gardiner and her council were resolute. She had, they said, been crowned and received their oaths, with all the ceremony pertaining to the kings, her ancestors, and what more could be needed? Mary then expressed her wish that her wedded lord might be crowned with the diadem of the queen-consorts by providing for him a collar and mantle of the Garter, worth £2,000, with which he was to be invested the moment he touched English ground."

To this investiture of the Garter "to garter up his hose" the council acceded,[84] and when the prince ascended the stairs leading to the mole at Southampton, he found a deputation from the queen and a great concourse of nobles waiting to receive him. He was immediately presented with

the Order of the Garter, which was buckled below his knee by the Earl of Arundel, when he first set foot on English ground.

The hose of the "little man" has been deemed not only worthy of jingle perpetuation but worthy of historic preservation as, according to Strickland: "At the dean of Westminster's house, Philip sojourned till after his marriage. There the Prince altered his dress; he wore hose and nether stocks of white and silver, and a superb black velvet robe bordered with diamonds." [85]

The hose of the "little husband" were of finest silk comprising one of the features of his wedding outfit. From Spain, in fact, came all the silk stockings worn at that time in England. The old writer, Stowe,[86] says: "Henry VIII had his silken hose from Spain, as did his daughter Mary. Edward VI had a pair of silk stockings sent him as a great present from Spain." And Strickland relates: "The silk hose knit for Elizabeth first and given her for a New Year's gift by Mistress Montague—Her Majesty's Silk Woman—were imitations of some which had been previously sent from Spain, perhaps manufactured by the Moors." [87]

One smiles broadly at the more than likely possibility that Philip at his later period of wooing the crafty Elizabeth may have sought to find favor in her eyes by a presentation of this very first pair thus mentioned.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, states Agnes Strickland:[88]

"She found herself in a novel position as regarded the Order of the Garter, for her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, had, in consequence of his marriage with her late sister, Queen Mary, been constituted by the authority of Parliament, joint sovereign of the Order with his royal consort.

"Elizabeth, having no wish to hold any dignity in partnership with him, yet desiring to do all things with proper courtesy, caused his banner to be removed to the second stall on the prince's side, in intimation that he continued a knight companion of the Order, though he had, by the death of the Queen, his wife, lost the joint sovereignty. Philip, however, returned the garter by the hands of the Queen's Ambassador, Lord Montague, who had been sent to negotiate a peace; but Elizabeth did not accept his resignation and he continued a companion of the order to his death, notwithstanding the hostile character of his subsequent proceedings toward England."

"The pretty little handkerchief, to wipe his little nose" is construed by Kerr[89] as the early Anglo-Saxon "Heyend keur kijf, venturous law strife, sounds handkerchief." This may or may not be correct. It is, however, indisputable that, in all matters connected with Philip of Spain, there was an abundance of "venturous law strife."

The line would seem appropriately to express the then prevalent contempt throughout England for certain Spanish accessories of the toilet as included in Philip's wedding outfit, a contempt which held them so essentially foreign as to be unmanly for adoption by the sturdy Britisher.

Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again.[90]

The derisively lusty shout of the British nation echoes herein bon voyagé to the departing Philip, and this jingle may fittingly be regarded as closing the chapter of Queen Mary's brief and unsatisfactory love story.

Motley,[91] writing of the reign of Philip II, makes frequent mention of the prevalence and sharpness of the nursery jingle style of political and religious lampooning.

"The Rhetoric Chambers," he writes, "tho popular clubs for the manufacture of homespun poetry and street farces out of the raw material of public sentiment, occupied the place which has been effectively filled in succeeding ages and in free countries by the daily press. Before the invention of that most tremendous weapon which liberty has ever wielded against tyranny, those humble but influential associations shared with the pulpit the only power which existed of moving the passions or directing the opinions of the people. They were eminently liberal in their tendencies.

The authors and actors of their comedies, poems, and pasquils were mostly artisans or tradesmen, belonging to the class out of which preceded the early victims and later the soldiers of the Reformation. Their bold farces and truculent satire had already effected much in spreading among the people a detestation of Church abuses. They were particularly severe upon monastic licentiousnesses. . . . Upon the newly appointed Bishops they poured out an endless succession of rhymes and rebuses, epigrams, caricatures, and extravagances. Poems were pasted upon the walls of every house and passed from hand to hand."

On this subject Agnes Strickland makes the following interesting comment:

"Of all things, the Queen most resented the libellous attacks on her character which abounded on all sides. She had annulled the cruel law instituted by her father, which punished libels with death; but to her anguish and astonishment the country was soon after flooded with them, both written and printed; one she showed the Spanish Ambassador which was thrown on her kitchen table. She could not suffer these anonymous accusations to go unanswered. She said with passionate sorrow that she had always lived a chaste and honest life and she would not bear imputations to the contrary silently, and accordingly had a proclamation made in every county exhorting her loving subjects not to listen to the slanders that her enemies were actively distributing. (Tyler's *Ed-*

ward & Mary, Vol. II, p. 377.) This only proved that the poisoned arrows gave pain but did not abate the nuisance."

> Three blind mice, see how they run!
> They all ran after the farmer's wife,
> Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife.
> Did you ever see such a thing in your life,
> As three blind mice?

The " farmer's wife " is a bit of ribaldry thrown at Queen Mary because of the general assertion that she was wedded to Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, in the endeavor to effect in England a reunion with the Papal See.

Sir Richard Baker[92] affirms in his *Chronicles* that "The Queen restored a great part of the Abbey lands that were in her possession." Here is the farmer's wife, the woman of large landed properties, the value of which lay in their prosperous farms. In thus redistributing the priory and abbey lands among her cardinals and priests, Mary is the typical " farmer's wife," with the then universally contemptuous epithet of "mice"[93] applied to the clergy.

Very truly " three blind mice " did Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer prove themselves in consistently running " after the farmer's wife " in the endeavor to frustrate her wholesale plans for the Romanization of her kingdom at the cost of annihilation of the Church of England.

The cutting off of their tails with a carving-knife was figuratively accomplished in the burning at the stake upon the sixteenth of October, 1555, of Ridley, Bishop of London, and Latimer, Bishop of Worcester. By this act "the farmer's wife" was destined to fulfil Latimer's prophetic cry to his fellow martyr: "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." [94]

Cranmer, the last of the "three blind mice," on March 21st of the following year was led to the stake at Oxford, and heroically held out "That unworthy hand," as he termed it, that had signed the six recantations which, in the hour of death, he repudiated as the flames licked the blackened member to ashes.

In presenting the following jingles exactly as given by John Bellender Kerr,[95] it is appropriate to quote as well from his preface concerning them:

"To me they seem popular pasquinades, illicited by the soreness felt by the population at the intrusion of a foreign and onerous church-sway bringing with it a ministry, to which a goaded people imputed fraud and exaction. As such, these compositions gained the popularity which is now continued to them only as traditionary unmeaning jingles."

There was an old woman, and what do you think;
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.

"The old woman is a corruption of Saxon Onwel-wije, the wafer consecrator, i. e., the host-maker or priest. The lines are meant to imply that the same voice which conjures the bread out of the mouths of the industrious, is equally employed in mocking them for the folly of their pains." [96]

> There was an old woman who lived under a hill,
> And if she's not gone, she lives there still.

"The point of this distich seems to be a reproach to the friars with their mass, chanting, and other solemnities as carried on for the means of filling their bellies, and implies, if they are not well paid, they would not be at the trouble of performing merely for religious or conscientious motives." [97]

> Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
> Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
> Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
> And put it in the oven for Baby and me.

"Beker's-man is old Saxon for the mass man or priest, so designated from an assumption of the Catholic priest, by which he deems the partaking of the cup in the ceremony of the communion to be competent to himself alone and to the exclusion of the layman to whom he doles out the bread or wafer without the wine, in giving the sacrament. Mark to make the form of T with the finger and thus to cross or bless in the Catholic form.[98]

"Pat-a-cakes are small cakes with currants, and are still popular in the baker shops at Oxford.

"Put in the oven-Baken heeven, farm houses.

Baby and me Billigh just mie miede . . . reward, meed." [99]

> Here we go up, up, up.
> And here we go down, down, downy.
> And here we go backwards and forwards,
> And here we go round, round, roundy.

"In this place the holy sly-boots (Father) hoards up, hoards up, and is always hoarding up; he is in every house at home, every house is his home at all times. Here he is the controller of every man's provisions and the provender for his cattle. And here the holy one treats them all like dogs, and is forever treating them as dogs in return for this.

"The priest is overheard muttering like a spoilt child complaints against his indulgent benefactor. He is interrupted and reminded of his unconscionable ingratitude. The rest is the interlocutor's description of the complete control of the Churchman over the peasantry and the way this is abused by him. The pasquinade is in the form of a prosopopeia, 'Holy sly-fox' (sly-boots) sounds 'As we go'—Ancient Saxon." [100]

> Dickory, dickory, dock! the mouse ran up the clock;
> The clock struck one, and down the mouse ran;
> Dickory, dickory, dock!

"Dickory, blockhead, eternal dolt (incorrigible fool) designates the foolish peasant who is the dupe of the Churchman's arrogance and gives up to it that which he has earned by the sweat of his brow. The object of this pasquinade is its re-

proach to the husbandman or peasant with his gullibility, and the Churchman with his barefaced impudence in demanding that which has been acquired by another's toil." [101]

"To bed, to bed,"
Says Sleepy-Head;
"Tarry a while," says Slow;
"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy-Gut,
"We'll sup before we go."

"This pasquinade seems aimed at the three branches of the tonsured profession, viz.; the friar, the lawyer, and the regular clergyman, and refers to the share that each takes in the pillage of the countryman's property. At the end the regular clergyman is made to say he thinks he is quite rogue enough to be entitled to the whole of the booty, and not to share with such inferiors as the other two are in his eyes." [102]

Eggs, cheese, butter, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead.
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

"Old man, (Saxon, 'Onwel-man,'), always travestied in these lampoons by od-man, seems to have been the well-known name for the priests as the one by whom the monopoly of host-making was held. The 'stick, stock, stone dead' indicates fraud and bad actions. Crown, (Saxon 'Grouewen'), is the plural for grouw, horror, detestable act, infamous conduct. The introductory common-

place of this lampoon seems merely as a vehicle to the concluding slap at the priest." [103]

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

"Bee-beschaft is an old Saxon word, literally accomplished messenger or scout, and is here the popular soubriquet for the limiteur or friar to whom the duty of begging provisions for the convent was entrusted. Limiteur is met with in our old writers. Sterne's begging monk of Calais was one of the Bee-beschafts. The lines are a sneer at the sly, lazy monks for the use they make of the penitent dupes. The ritornelle is an ironical excitement for them to persevere in their holy swindlings. . . . One smooth-tongued Limiteur is gone to her who is never tired of seeing his silver locks and who is easily duped by any idle tale he can trump up. Cant on forever, you fluent scout! The smooth-tongued Limiteur wheedles out what he wants with such adroitness, slyly slipping in here and there 'Oh, ever-glorious Lord of Hosts! For it is He that is ever uppermost in my thoughts. Why don't you join with me, my dear Mother, in gloryfying him?' Oh, nay, cant on forever, you fluent clever scout!" [104]

The fox had a hole,
He didn't know where;
He looked in his tail,
And he found it there.

This jingle appears in several of the earliest collections of similar political lampoons and had reference to Cardinal Granvelle, who figured prominently in the earlier portion of Philip's reign. Motley (Vol. I, pages 337–338) says:

"Nearly all of the nobles continue to regard the Cardinal with suspicion and aversion. Many of the ruder and more reckless class vied with the rhetoricians and popular caricaturists in the practical jests which they played off daily against the common foe. Especially Count Broderode, 'a madman if ever there was one' as a contemporary expressed himself, was most untiring in his efforts to make Granvelle ridiculous. He went almost nightly to masquerades, dressed as a cardinal or monk, and as he was rarely known to be sober on those or any other occasions, the wildness of his demonstrations may easily be imagined. He was seconded on all these occasions by his cousin, Robert de la Marck, Seigneur de Lumey, a worthy descendant of the famous 'Wild Boar of Ardennes'; a man brave to temerity, but utterly depraved, licentious, and sanguinary. These two men, both to be widely notorious from their prominence in many of the most striking scenes by which the great revolt was ushered in, had vowed the most determined animosity to the Cardinal, which was manifested in the reckless buffooning way which belonged to their characters. Besides the ecclesiastical costumes in which they always attired themselves at their frequent festivities, they also wore fox-tails in their hats in-

stead of plumes. They decked their servants also with the same ornaments, openly stating by these symbols they meant to signify the old fox Granvelle, and his cubs, Viglius, Berlaymont, and the rest, should soon be hunted down by them, and the brush placed in their hats as a trophy."

The fox-hole was Granvelle's country house La Fontaine, a little way outside the gates of Brussels. This place was called by the Cardinal's enemies "The Smithy" in derision of his supposed ancestry. Motley records that a certain satire "especially excited Granvelle's anger. It was a rhymed satire of a general nature, like the rest, but so delicate and stinging that the Cardinal ascribed it to his old friend and present enemy, Simon Renard."

Somewhat later on in his account of this prelate, Motley pertinently states:

"The prelate (Cardinal Granvelle) had already become the constant butt of 'The Rhetoric Chambers.' These popular clubs for the manufacture of homespun poetry and street farces out of the raw material of public sentiment, occupied the place which has been effectually filled in succeeding ages and in free countries by the daily press. Before the invention of that most tremendous weapon which liberty has ever wielded against tyranny, those humble but influential associations shared with the pulpit the only power which existed of

moving the passions or directing the opinions of the people. They were eminently liberal in their tendencies. The authors and actors of their comedies, poems and pasquils were mostly artisans or tradesmen, belonging to the class out of which preceded the early victims and later the soldiers of the Reformation. Their bold farces and truculent satire had already affected much in spreading among the people a detestation of Church abuses. They were particularly severe upon monastic licentiousness.

"These rhetoricians were particularly inflamed against Granvelle. They were personally inflamed against him because he had procured the suppression of their religious dramas. 'These rhetoricians who make farces and street plays,' wrote the Cardinal to Philip, 'are particularly angry with me, because two years ago I prevented them from ridiculing the holy Scriptures.' Nevertheless these institutions continued to pursue their opposition to the course of the Government. Their uncouth gambols, their awkward but stunning blows, rendered daily service to the cause of religious freedom. Upon the newly appointed bishops they poured out an endless succession of rhymes, epigrams, caricatures and extravaganzas. Poems were pasted upon the walls of every house and passed from hand to hand."

Chapter Seven

Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumpt over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

HERE'S laughter for us! Elizabeth of England makes a sweeping bow in right merrie mood as, her shrewd eyes a-sparkle with merriment, she meets our laughter with her own over this jingle which, truth to tell, must have pleased her mightily. Peal upon peal of royal jollity, reverberating down through the halls of time, give us the picture of those early echoes that, infectiously wafted over the palace walls, found response in the finely titillating mirth that swept over the British nation.

Hey diddle, diddle, as an exceedingly ancient refrain, ushers in this Elizabethan jingle which, in its half-dozen lines, covers the wide scope of the mummings, tilts, and merrymakings at Whitehall palace. That it was a favorite jingle is evidenced by the number of Cat and Fiddle inns of the Elizabethan era, the most famous of which now existent are those of Bristol and Buxton.

Halliwell recounts that "A dance called Hey, diddle, diddle is mentioned in a play of Cambyses written about 1561." [105]

Queen Elizabeth, thus gaily dancing into the limelight of to-day, was familiarly dubbed "the Cat," and fairly earned this title from the manner in which she played with her cabinet as if the ministers had been so many mice. Extending her power beyond this august circle, she delighted during the fifty years of her phenomenally brilliant reign to hoodwink every statesman of Europe.

Agnes Strickland remarks of her:

"She reminds one of the *cat* in the fable, who was turned into a lady, but never could restrain her native penchant for *catching mice.*" [106] In the use of this simile, Miss Strickland but followed the practice of Elizabethan days, when many of the old state papers prove that the queen was frequently so denominated, with Parliament and her subjects generally referred to as "mice" or "the dog," according to the fancy of the hour.

In this particular jingle, Elizabeth fills a dual rôle for she is as well "the cow that jumpt over the moon," her designation as a "cow" being identical with the calling of Henry VIII "the dunne cowe," recorded in *Wolsey The Cardinal* by Sir William Cavendish,[107] because of the heraldic bearings from the earldom of Richmond.

Her father's own daughter, Elizabeth was as like

him as two peas in a pod in many respects. Yet, in other essential traits that made for England's greatness in her reign, she was happily wholly unlike her royal sire.

At the supposedly sedate age of forty-eight, "the Cat" was frequently to be caught sight of in her apartments spiritedly dancing to the music of her beloved fiddle. Edward Walford in *Old and New London*[108] thus records this fact:

"Queen Elizabeth, as every reader of history knows, was passionately fond of dancing; in this sport she would occupy herself on rainy days in her palace dancing to the scraping of a tiny fiddle; and it is impossible not to admire her humor whenever a messenger came from her cousin, James VI of Scotland, for Sir Roger Aston assures us that, as often as he had to deliver any letters to her from his master, on lifting up the hangings he was sure to find her dancing, in order that he might be able to tell James from his own observation how little chance there was of his early accession to the throne."

Historical records have left us in no manner of doubt as to exactly who "the moon" of the jingle was, for most specifically has Elizabeth herself written this in a command to Burleigh and Walsingham in relation to their journey of October 8, 1586, from London to Fotheringay Castle, wherein Mary of Scotland was confined, under-

taken for the ostensible purpose of making inquiry into an alleged new mysterious plot of Mary against the life of Elizabeth:

"In conclusion Davison[109] informs Burleigh and Walsingham that he is especially commanded by her Majesty to signify to them both 'how greatly she doth long to hear how her Spirit and her Moon do find themselves after so foul and wearisome a journey.'"

This letter, incorporated by Agnes Strickland in her *Life of Queen Elizabeth,* bears evidence of "the nicknames by which Elizabeth in moments of playfulness was wont to designate those grave and unbending statesmen, Burleigh and Walsingham."[110]

The cow jumping over the moon, like other lines of the jingle, holds a dual import as a bit of pleasantry aimed at the elaborate charades for which Elizabeth, following the lead of her father and "Little Boy Blue," made the headquarters at Whitehall and Hampton Court famous.

The Earl of Leicester was evidently jeered at in the line wherein "the little dog laughed to see such sport" as, during one of the queen's periods of transient coolness to her favorite, he, with a vast show of sullenness, desired to leave the court and be sent to France on a diplomatic mission. His royal mistress thereupon characteristically replied

that it would be no great honor to the King of France were she to send a groom to so great a prince, and then she laughingly observed to her ambassador (De Foys):

"I cannot live without seeing him every day; he is like my lap-dog, so soon as he is seen anywhere, they say I am at hand, and wherever I am seen, it may be said that he is here also." [111]

Elizabeth herself, on the occasion of attending the burial services of her sister Mary, being by the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Whit, dubbed "A living dog and so better than a dead lion" (the late queen), was moved to such immediate wrath that, as the bishop descended the pulpit stairs, she ordered him under arrest.[112]

The sports at which "the little dog laughed" were, in addition to the political ones, the gorgeous tournaments held in the tilt-yard of Whitehall when the frolicsomeness of the court convulsed the nation over the antics thus performed with grotesque gravity.

"The dish ran away with the spoon" gives an amusing glimpse into the elaborateness with which Queen Elizabeth insisted upon having her meals served, and incidentally into certain flirtations invariably connected therewith, for "the Spoon," always a beautiful young woman of the court, was the designation for that one selected as taster of the royal meals. This office unquestionably arose

from the necessity for taking stringent precautions against any attempt to poison the sovereign. "The Dish" was the formal title of the courtier detailed to carry certain golden dishes into the state dining-room, as gravely detailed by Stowe,[113] the historian.

The particular Dish and Spoon whose running away has been thus forever commemorated were undoubtedly Edward Earl of Hertford, eldest son of the Protector Somerset, and Lady Katherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane Grey. This couple, having contracted a secret marriage, were, so soon as it was discovered by Elizabeth, confined to the Tower, where two children were born to them and where they existed for the seven years that remained to them of life.[114]

That it was customary to dub those in and about the court with ridiculous nicknames, generally of animals, is evident from the writings of the times, even prior to the reign of Henry VIII. During Elizabeth's reign a violent epidemic of nicknaming seems to have swept over the court as the following excerpt from Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth* amply proves:[115]

"Lord Henry Howard wrote a quaint and witty letter to Essex on the anniversary of the Queen's accession to the crown, Nov. 17, 1597, in which he gives a sarcastic glance at the leading powers of the court who were intriguing against his friends. 'Your Lordship,' says he, 'by your last purchase

hath almost enraged the dromedary, that would have won the Queen of Sheba's favour by bringing pearls. If you could once be as fortunate in dragging old Leviathan (Burleigh) and his cub (Robert Cecil), *tortuosum colubru,* as the prophet termeth them, out of this den of mischievious device, the better part of the world would prefer your virtue to that of Hercules.' "

This excerpt, quoted in Strickland's *Life of Elizabeth, Queen of England,*[116] is thus interpreted:

" It is amusing to trace how the private letters of the court of Queen Elizabeth elucidate each other. This dromedary who sought to propitiate her Majesty's favour by an offering of jewels, would appear to the reader of the present century a very mysterious animal, were it not for a letter in the Shrewsbury collection from Michael Stanhope (one of the grooms of the chamber, and a gentleman of great importance) in which he informs Sir Robert Cecil 'that the lord-keeper, Egerton, had sent him with a present of pearls to the queen, as a small token of his thankfulness for her gracious care in maintaining his credit.' "

While with hey diddle, diddle, the Cat was dancing to the music of her tiny fiddle, inciting rhymesters to a bombardment of pasquinades and lampoons, William Shakespeare at the Globe Theatre was producing his marvelous plays, his mummers delighting as well to perform before the

wealthy Burghers of Bristol. The fame of England was in all minds for achievements of intellectual supremacy. Henry Howard was introducing the sonnet into Italy; Spenser was writing *The Faerie Queen;* the wits of Bacon, Sidney, Marlowe, and Lord Buckhurst were tilting even as John Fox and Thomas Cranmer were astonishing the soberer element with their theological writings.

The great men of Devon played with the Fates for the prizes of the world, as Elizabeth, sparkling, caustic, learned, witty, amorous, and hard, a very marvel of opposites, dominating all things, was the spur and incentive of her age. Above all things, it was this royal "Cat's" love of home, of peace, and the conciliatory spirit of her foreign policy that tended most directly to make her adored and implicitly believed in by her subjects.

There is strong reason to believe that in many of the jingles there is to be detected the accomplished hand of Elizabeth, for it will be borne in mind that it was this queen's ready wit at rhyming that once saved her head, and on another equally famous occasion, saved her heart.

The first was when, confined at Woodstock by Mary, she was pressed by Gardiner concerning her views on the Actual Presence as contained in the words of Christ: "This is my body."

Quick as thought Elizabeth wrote these lines and handed them to Gardiner:

"Christ was the word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it.
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it." [117]

No sooner was she once more alone in her room (that same in which Edward the Black Prince was born) than, with a diamond, she scratched upon a window-pane:

"All things suspected are of me,
Nothing proven can be,
Quoth Elizabeth,
Prisoner."

The second occasion of her quickness in rhyming was when the Earl of Leicester as some historians have it, and Sir Walter Raleigh [118] according to other chroniclers, while wooing his royal mistress wrote upon a window-pane:

Fain would I climb,
But that I fear to fall,

whereupon Elizabeth, taking from his hand the diamond, wrote beneath this couplet:

If thy heart fail thee,
Do not climb at all.

History is rather silent as to the devotion of Raleigh to his queen other than the cloak laid upon the muddy roadway for her to step upon, and later

the naming of Virginia, that far-off land in the new world, in her honor.

But the splendid cloak so gallantly flung in the mud by this cavalier for the feet of his queen to tread upon, faded and tarnished with the changeful years. Forgotten by her was the incident, dead the evanescent love once lavished upon this man of knightly deed. No longer did the star of the new province charm with its glory. With sombre folds the curtain falls upon this poetic love tale at the breaking of the proud heart of the soldier of fortune, with his release from prison, humiliating recapture, confinement, and death upon the block.

The rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess, our noble Queen!
Kitty the spinner
Will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog.
All good people
Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

A flash of sunshine shining down the ages, Elizabeth, as the famous royal coquette, smiles joyously forth in this jingle as, with her court, she sits in the tilt-yard of Whitehall enjoying the gay scene enacted for her entertainment.

Hollingshead, in his *Chronicles,* says:

"The most sumptuous tournament ever held in the Tilt-yard of Whitehall was that of January 1,

1581, in honour of the commissioners sent from France to propose the alliance of the Duke of Anjou, whom the Queen received with every species of coquetry. On that occasion the gallerie adjoining Her Majestie's house at Whitehall, whereat her person should be placed, was called, and not without cause, the Castell or fortress of perfect Beautie. The Queen was at that time eight-and-forty years of age.

"Two cannons were fired off, one with sweet powder and the other with sweet water, after which scaling ladders were set against the Queen's gallerie and gorgeously apparelled footmen threw floures and such fancies against the wall, with such devices as might seem fit shot for desire." [119]

Kitty the spinner is the noble Queen Bess as a political intrigante daintily sitting down to feast off the leg of a frog, the French duke, whom for so long she kept dangling with the idea that she really contemplated marriage with him. The looking over the steeple and seeing the cat play with the dog has to do with her manipulation of parliament, both upon this particular instance of eating the leg of a frog and certain other similar episodes with the Earl of Leicester, and sundry other suitors.

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Roly!
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

So off he set in his coat and hat,
Heigho, says Roly!
And on his way he met a Rat,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Good Mrs. Mousie, for to see?"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

When they came to the door of Mousie's hole,
Heigho, says Roly!
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mrs. Mousie, are you within?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Oh, yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin,"
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mrs. Mousie, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"But let it be something that's not very long,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But while they were making a terrible din,
Heigho, says Roly!
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

The cat she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Roly!
The kittens they pulled Mrs. Mousie down,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Roly!
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Roly!
A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

Here, step by step, is amusingly satirized the dramatic wooing of the elderly Elizabeth by the youthful Duke of Anjou, the queen at that time forty-nine years of age, with the French prince telling off his youthful age at twenty-three.

This Frog's intent to woo, whether his mother would let him or no, is a poignant thrust at the wild ardor with which his mother, Catherine de' Medici, from first to last insisted upon this endeavor to win the heart and hand of the wealthy English queen.

Agnes Strickland[120] in this connection comments:

"Elizabeth was guilty of a few tender follies on his account. In one of her wardrobe books we find the following quaint entry of a toy, evidently devised at this period: 'Item, one little flower of

gold, with a frog thereon and therein mounseer, his phisnomye, and a little pearl pendant.' Query, was this whimsical conceit a love token from the duke of Alencon to his royal *bel ami,* and the frog designed not as a ridiculous, but a sentimental allusion to his country?"

Enlightenment as to the personality of Mr. Rat, appealed to in the jingle to assist in the wooing of Mrs. Mousie, is given in Volume II of Ellis's *Royal Letters:*[121]

"Soon after Elizabeth's return from her eastern progress (1577), the Duke of Anjou sent his favourite, Monsieur Simiers, to plead his suit to her (Elizabeth). The greatest jealousy was excited among her ministers at the favour manifested by their royal mistress to the insinuating foreigner.

"On the 16th of June, Simiers demanded a definite answer from the Queen on the subject of his master's suit for her hand, and she replied as she had done many times before, that she could not decide on marrying a man whom she had never seen.

"At this declaration, the mounseer, as the French Prince was styled in England, acted for once in his life like a man of spirit, and to deprive the royal spinster of her last excuse for either deferring his happiness or disappointing his ambition, crossed the seas in disguise, attended only by two servants, and unexpectedly presenting himself at the gate of Greenwich palace, demanded

permission to throw himself at Her Majesty's feet."

Thus the Frog, having come to the door of Mrs. Mousie's hole and given his loud call, proceeded to ask her, not, as in the jingle, for some beer, but instead endeavored to make himself fascinating. To do this, he had to make every effort to overcome a few personal defects, for, says Strickland: [122]

"His ugly nose and marred complexion were regarded even by her dainty eye as trivial defects, so greatly was she captivated by his sprightliness, his attention, his flattery. She had been accustomed, from hearing his personal disadvantages exaggerated by the people who were adverse to the marriage, to think of him as a ridiculous, ill-favored, misshapen urchin, and she found him a very bold, insinuating young man and vastly agreeable, in spite of his ugliness."

The adjuration, "Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song, but let it be something that's not very long," was evidently not needed in his frogship's wooing, as before he departed a few days later he had extracted from Mrs. Mousie the promise to become his bride in six weeks. Long before that time, however, Elizabeth not only faltered in her resolution but attempted so unmistakably to evade her engagement that, bold wooer as

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he was, Mr. Frog again crossed the seas and tried the effect of a personal pleading. The French king and his people were openly rejoicing at the prospect of a marriage of a prince of their country with the powerful English queen.

At this juncture, remarks Strickland:[123]

"Her own people took the matter differently. Leicester, Walsingham, and Hatton were determined to prevent the marriage, and laid their plans accordingly. They were among the commissioners whom the queen had commanded to prepare the articles and also a paper prescribing the rites for the celebration of the nuptials (*Memoirs de Nevers*). This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed, but the same evening, as soon as she returned to her chamber, all her ladies who had received their lesson from the anti-matrimonial cabal, got up a concert of weeping and wailing, they surrounded their royal mistress, and throwing themselves at her feet, implored her to pause ere she took so fatal a step as contracting marriage at her time of life with a youthful husband by whom she would probably be despised and forsaken. They represented all her sister had suffered from her joyless union with Philip of Spain."

Thus it was "while they were making a terrible din" of entertaining for Mr. Frog, that "the cat and her kittens came tumbling in." The Cat (Elizabeth's commissioners in this instance) seized Mr. Rat by the crown, and most effectually the

kittens, in the guise of the weeping ladies, pulled Mrs. Mousie down.

The following morning, Elizabeth formally, in the presence of her commissioners, gave Mr. Frog his congé, and he "crossed the brook" to Holland from where, says Strickland:[124] "He decamped from his Brabant dukedom and fled to France, where he died at his chateau Thierry, June 10, 1584, some say by poison."

> Elizabeth, Lizzie, Betsy, and Bess,
> They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
> They found the bird's nest with two eggs in it;
> They each took one, and left one in it.

The lovely face of the pitilessly murdered Amy Robsart looks appealingly out at us from between the lines of this jingle. History records that, in the year 1560, Dame Dudley, the wife of Lord Robert Dudley, better known by the name of Amy Robsart, was found dead at the foot of the staircase in Cumnor Place.

It was the finding of the "nest with two eggs in it" by Elizabeth, Lizzie, Betsy, and Bess (the queen), and her frantic jealousy and upbraiding of Leicester that resulted in but one egg being left in the nest at Cumnor Place, a short distance from Oxford.

But whether it was Robert Dudley (Earl of Leicester) who snatched out and destroyed that

other egg, Amy Robsart, his beautiful young wife, whose existence he had vainly sought to hide from his jealous queen, or whether it was Elizabeth, Lizzie, Betsy, and Bess herself who deliberately ordered this murder, is an historically disputed fact. Both have been accused of the crime. The fact on which all are agreed is that, following the discovery by Elizabeth of the duplicity of the Earl of Leicester who, while representing himself to his queen as a widower and thus free to sue for her royal hand, was all the while secretly living at Cumnor Place with his beautiful young wife, Amy Robsart. The latter was foully murdered, and that with all speed.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Basking in the fire of Leicester's treacherous eyes proved a costly warming indeed for poor Amy Robsart's pretty little toes, and her short life dances to its tragic close in these jingle lines. A costly indulgence, that warming of herself among the cinders of the secret marriage, for which she paid forfeit with her life. To the elderly Elizabeth, the mother who "came and caught her," the peach-bloom youth and loveliness

of her rival must have proved a thorn most horribly imbedded in her frail flesh.

> Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
> A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
> If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
> Where's the peck of pickled peppers
> Peter Piper picked? [125]

The gay Earl of Leicester did indeed pick a peck of pickled peppers when, rid by murder of one wife, he contracted another secret marriage in 1562 with Lady Douglas Howard, daughter of William Lord Howard, the queen's uncle.

It is most interesting to note the following in Howard's *Memorials:* [126]

"The scandalous chronicles of the day declare Leicester had attempted the life of his second wife by poison, about the time of the Queen's visit to Kenilworth, because he had fallen in love with Lettice Knollys, another cousin of the Queen, wife of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, and mother of the young Earl of Essex, afterwards Elizabeth's favourite. This lady he married during the life of his second wife, Lady Dudley Howard, and the court used to call her and the rival Countess Lettice, Leicester's Old and New Testament."

Here in truth is such a peck of pickled peppers as might have daunted any ordinary man, and with truth the jingle-maker might put the pertinent

query, "Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
What will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He will sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

"My sweet Robin" was the queen's favorite name for the Earl of Leicester. Strickland comments in this connection:

"A person who well knew the temper of Elizabeth, notwithstanding the undisguised predilection she evinced for the company of her master of the horse (Dudley-Leicester), predicted 'that the Queen would surely never give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley, noble only in two descents and in both of them stained with the block.'" [127]

Very felicitously, in view of this general knowledge as to the true quarter in which the wind blew, there sounds through this jingle the mocking sympathy of the court. When now and again the north wind of the queen's displeasure blew upon "poor Robin," he only too gladly retired to one of his several "barns," one of which, it is to

be remembered, was Kenilworth, and there, hid with his head, for the time being, under his wing rather than on the threatened headsman's block, "poor Robin" remained away from his royal mistress until blue and sunny skies were once more his portion.

When, following the death of the Duke of Anjou, the title of Sovereign of Flanders was tendered to Elizabeth, she astutely declined that honor, but despatched to the aid of the people a large military force under command of the Earl of Leicester, with whom she had been for some time mightily displeased.

Strickland [128] says in this connection:

"This appointment was intended by Elizabeth and the predominant party in her cabinet as a sort of honorable banishment for Leicester, whom they were all desirous of getting out of the way. . . . It was told of Her Majesty, writes one of Leicester's kinsmen to his absent patron, 'that my lady was prepared to come over presently with such a train of ladies and gentlemen, and such rich coaches, litters, and side-saddles, that Her Majesty had none such, and that there should be such a court of ladies and gentlemen as should far surpass Her Majesty's court here.' This information did not a little stir Her Majesty to extra choler, at all the vain doings there, saying with great oaths 'she would have no more courts under her obeisance but her own, and would revoke yours from thence

with great speed.' This letter confirms the report of Mauvissiere (*Hardwick State Papers* [129]) who in one of his intercepted confidential communications to the captive Queen of Scots, observes the Earl of Leicester, 'takes great authority in Flanders, not without exciting the jealousy of the Queen. She will neither allow him supplies of money, nor permit his wife to come out to him.'

"'But I will let the upstart know,' [130] exclaimed the last and proudest of the Tudor sovereigns, in the first fierce explosion of her jealousy and disdain, 'how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust.'"

Thus with a vengeance did the north wind blow upon "poor Robin," but not for long, it would appear, for, continues Strickland: [131]

"Soon after this reconciliation was effected, Elizabeth began to speak of Leicester in her wonted terms of partial regard, so much so that even his hated rival, Sir Walter Raleigh, in a postscript in a letter addressed by him to the absent favourite says, 'The Queen is in very good temper with you, and, thanks be to God, well pacified, and you are again her sweet Robin.'

"Bitterly jealous, however, was sweet Robin of the graceful and adroit young courtier whom he suspected of having superseded him in the favour of his royal mistress, by whom indeed Raleigh appears at that time to have been very partially regarded."

All of which being as it was, it would seem from the true state of affairs to have given rise to the jingle that Sweet Robin hid his head under his wing as much in rank jealousy as in mortal fear of the blasting effects of the north winds of the royal displeasure.

> I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
> And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
> So I won't pull her tail, nor drive her away,
> And Pussy and I together will play.

It is very evident from this jingle that when unfavorable meteoric weather conditions prevailed, Leicester or his friends were fully capable of defending themselves by the retort discourteous. A ripple of satiric laughter evidences itself in the discarding of the usual title of Her Royal Highness, "the Cat," for the even more flippant one of "Pussy whose coat is so warm."

The Boyd Smith *Mother Goose* states, p. 21:

"There is an old proverb which says that 'a cat may look at a king.' Whether the same adage applies equally to a female sovereign and is referred to in the following nursery rhyme: 'Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?' or whether it alludes to the glorious Queen Bess is now an uncertainty."

Presumably this jingle was built upon the clos-

ing scenes of the uprising planned by Essex and the rapidly approaching finale of that fateful royal favorite's career. Strickland's *Life of Queen Elizabeth* says:

"Essex publicly discussed his injuries, and was at last guilty of the folly and ingratitude of speaking of the queen as an 'old woman, crooked both in body and mind' (Camden). . . .

"The daughter of Henry VIII was not likely to endure such treatment from the ungrateful subject of her fierce and jealous fondness. She delayed her vengeance, but it was with the feline malice of tantalizing her victim with the visions of life and liberty. She knew that the mouse was within reach of her talons, and that with one blow it was in her power to crush him." . . .

Quoting from Sir John Harrington's letters dated October, 1601, he says of Elizabeth, at this crisis of having effectually frightened the little mouse under the chair:

"The strong mind of Elizabeth was evidently shaken by the conflicting passions that assailed her. She walks much in her privy-chamber, and stamps her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword, at times, into the arras, in great rage. My Lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few also, since the City's business, but the dangers are over, and yet she always keeps a sword by her table."

Little Betty Blue
Has lost her holiday shoe.
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she can walk in two.

Alas, poor queen to be thus satirized, upon the execution of Essex, a "holiday shoe," she would not, truth to tell, have lost at any price had it not been for the treachery of the Countess of Effingham. Little Betty Blue, the blue-stocking Majesty of her age, was at no time of life to heed the jocular suggestion that some one "give her another."

This simile of a shoe attacks a pet vanity of Elizabeth, who was pardonably proud of her slim, well-shaped feet. This well-recognized vanity has been perpetuated by the naming of an ancient inn "Queen Elizabeth's Shoes" where, on the public green near the old Norman Church at Northam, Elizabeth, dining at the village during one of the royal Progresses, August 11, 1573, openly and unashamedly changed her shoes.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Such a gay jingling of bells as there was when, in the year 1558, "the fine lady" mounted her white horse to some purpose in that series of

superb royal progresses instigated for the purpose of restoring confidence to her beloved subjects, and reviving the trade so well-nigh paralyzed by her recently deceased sister, Queen Mary.[132]

Nichols,[133] the faithful writer of her day, in his preface to *The Progresses & Publick Processions of Queen Elizabeth,* says:

"The plan of popularity laid down from the beginning of her reign is marked by no trait so strongly as her practice of making Progresses about her dominions. Her passage through the City of London to Westminster the day before her coronation in 1558, to which her magnificent Progress from Hatfield to Charter-House had been a prelude, was the rising of a brilliant sun to cheer the nation chilled with the horror of a more than inquisitorial cruelty."

That the royal progress to Banbury Cross was a most splendid one is attested not only because of its having been selected for the jingle, but because it served as well for an historic painting, the reproduction of which is now used in illustration. Upon this painting was modeled the grand pageant of "The Fine Lady Upon the White Horse" that was the feature of Banbury's participation in the jubilee celebration of the late Queen Victoria.

In some renderings of this jingle, it will be remembered that the expression, "The fine lady," is

changed, and the line runs, "To see an old woman upon a white horse." This, so far from an intended discourtesy, was the adoption by the rhymester of the queen's own phrasing as, so state both Bacon and Nichols, "For some years before her death she would facetiously call herself 'The old woman.'" [134]

That Elizabeth was inordinately fond of finger-rings and proud of her beautiful hands is a point on which historians are agreed. Right well was she warranted in this vanity, for daringly clever hands they were as well. Hands of steel, for all they could so softly flutter at times in love's holding. Hands of power, which, having securely settled the crown upon her head, she extended with an imperiousness that would not be gainsaid, and demanded of the French king the return of Calais.

Cause indeed had "the fine lady upon the white horse" to feel pride in the "rings on her fingers," and honor to her for all that her subjects elected to laugh at this vanity and to immortalize it in the gay lilt of the old jingle.

"'As faithful as I find,'" says Strickland,[135] "was the deliciously Elizabethan inscription she caused to be engraved within a ring bestowed upon a favorite.

As to the "bells on her toes," Stowe relates that these royal progresses were a very caliph's dream.

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"The Fine Lady upon the White Horse."

Near the priory of St. Mary's Spittle in London lived Sir Horatio Pallivincini, an Italian merchant who acted as ambassador to Elizabeth. When, in 1559, the queen went to visit the ambassador, she was attended by one thousand men in harness, with ten immense guns with drums, flutes, and trumpets sounding. Verily thus did she "have music" wherever she went, and the royal pageant was brought up with Morris-dancers in a cart with two white bears.

We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps,
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's.
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are made without walls.

This jingle concerns that one of Elizabeth's royal progresses, of which Nichols [136] has to say:

"Elizabeth's visit to London, Nov. 24, 1588, was of another kind. The Queen attended by her privy council, nobility, and other honorable persons, as well spiritual as temporal in great numbers, the French Ambassador and Judges, heralds and trumpets, came in a chariot supported by four pillars, and drawn by two white horses, to St. Paul's Church, where alighting at the west door, she fell on her knees and audibly praised God for her own and the nation's deliverance from the Spanish Armada."

Diamonds verily were trumps on that occasion,

when "the kittens" one and all turned out in such magnificence to go to St. Paul's and there give public thanks for the nation's sweeping victory. A splendid picture it must have been, and well worthy to hand down an accounting for all generations to come.

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little Maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded."

The little maid replied,
Some say, a little sighed;
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love you are so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

Across the dial of these lines falls the tracery of the Spanish Armada with Philip II again looming up as "the little man," proposing this time for another queen of England, that coy "little maid" Elizabeth, whose taunting reply shows that she comprehends perfectly that it is covetousness for her nation's gold that prompts this wooing by "the little man" of this particular "little maid."

The devouring years now all too swiftly hastened the epoch-making queen toward that first of May, 1602, wherein she is recorded in Nichol's progress:

"On the 1st of May, Elizabeth honoured the sylvan customs of England in the olden time, by going a-maying with her court in the green glades of Lewisham, two or three miles from her palace of Greenwich."

But this apparent fresh lease of life was short-lived, even though it enabled her, according to Weldon, to entertain the lady ambassadresses of France at her palace at Greenwich, where, says her godson, Sir John Harrington, "Her excellency gave away fans, purses, and masks very bountifully." The Earl of Worcester in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury citing these July gay doings of the queen says:

"We are frolic here at court; much dancing in the privy-chamber of country dances before the queen's majesty who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most liked, but in winter, Lullaby, an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be more in request I think."

Under all this outward gaiety the heart of Elizabeth, note all of her chroniclers, was heavy with grief over the death of Essex, a grief of which she made mention to Lord Howard a few hours before her death, March 4, 1603.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.

William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, flits for an instant across the stage in this bit of flippancy. Entering Gray's Inn in 1541, ostensibly for the purpose of studying law, he was enticed by mad companions to play cards to such an extent as on one notable occasion to emerge with the loss of all moneys, books, and bedding, and thus for the time was he actually reduced to the extremity of "lying upon straw."

Margery Daw is an old English and Scotch term for idle vanity. This jingle is identical with the less well-known one:

> Tommy Trot was a man of law,
> Sold his bed and lay upon straw;
> Sold the straw and lay upon grass
> To buy his wife a looking-glass.

In this latter the applicability to Lord Burleigh is more pointed by the opening line, "Tommy Trot was a man of law." Halliwell quotes this version, and Kerr gives to it virtually the same indication, interpreting "Margery Daw" and "Tommy Trot" as identical in meaning one without landed estates for the maintenance of their labors. An impecunious lawyer is the general idea of the rather involved matter in this connection.

> Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
> She lays eggs for gentlemen;
> Gentlemen come every day
> To see what my good hen doth lay.

Francis Lord Bacon following his downfall, having parted with York House, resumed his old quarters at Gray's Inn. Edward Walford in *Old and New London* says:

"In pursuance of his daily custom, he walked one fine winter's day of the year 1626 with his physician toward Highgate, to take the air. When, as was usual with him, he stopped for a chat with the worthy dame whose cottage stood at the foot of Highgate Hill, he stood thoughtfully regarding the fowls running about the garden.

"As he thus stood there, there came into the philosopher's mind the thought that there was no reason why salt should not be used to preserve flesh. Thereupon purchasing a good fat hen of the interested dame, he plucked and drew it, standing all the while in the snow, handfuls of which he stuffed into the empty carcass."

This discovery, revolutionizing such matters for the universe, naturally caused such a run upon the dame's "black hens," that most truthfully could she thereafter aver "Gentlemen come every day to see what my good hen doth lay," and the good hen diligently laying, she drove a thriving trade. But in the meanwhile Lord Bacon, taken with a chill from the undue exposure in the snow, was removed to the near-by house of the Earl of Arundel, where he died within the year.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold,
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The Captain was a Duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The Captain said "Quack! Quack!"

Again Sir Francis Drake, this time represented as melodiously saying "Quack! Quack!" upon his return from America bringing in his vessel's hold a cargo of potatoes which he thriftily caused to be planted in Lancashire. Sir Walter Raleigh, home about the same time from Tobago, astonished England with its first invoice of tobacco.

The "comfits in the cabin," and "apples in the hold" touch upon the new foodstuffs which were introduced in Elizabeth's reign, mainly through the instrumentality of "the Captain's" trips to America. Hops were now first used and grown; plums, cherries, apricots, grapes, and gooseberries took up their habitation in English gardens. Barley and rye having up to this time been mainly

the food of the poor, this diet was now varied by the introduction of wheaten bread which, up to that period, was a comparatively rare luxury even for wealthy nobles.

The "four-and-twenty sailors" that stood between the decks were slaves, the trade in which at that time was one of England's leading industries. From the shipping port of Bristol, many of these "white mice" with "chains about their necks" were sent to America.

English ships of English build ploughing the ocean in all directions enabled Sir John Hawkins to earn a halo in the Temple of Fame by tracing the coast of Guinea; and added a galaxy of stars to the crown of Sir Martin Frobisher over his repeated visits to the Arctic Ocean. "The Captain" who said "Quack! Quack!", doubling Cape Horn and crossing the Pacific to the shores of India, sailed home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus won the laurels of the first English commander to achieve this feat.

These men, exploring the strange countries beyond the seas, brought back to England such marvelous things, and dazzling gleams of riches as well warranted the old jingle's assertion of the ships a-sailing on the sea that "The sails were made of silk, and the masts were made of gold."

Chapter Eight

Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

FAIR, sweet, and enticingly human, Mary Queen of Scots with her royal Maids of Honor, Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingston, disporting themselves in "the garden" of Holyrood Palace, suddenly, at the crooning of this jingle, cease to be mere characters moving through the shadowy pages of history and glow to startlingly vivid life.

Of the myriad verses leveled at Mary, this one, containing no hint of tragedy, bubbles over with the joyousness of her life's springtime. A charming garden it was, set in the Scottish hills in those early days when the girl queen, with "silver bells" of flashing jewels, and lovely gowns from Paris, dazzled the eyes of the stern Covenanters, bent upon forcing conformity to their obnoxiously dull, psalm-singing ethics.

There is a true Jacobite swing marking this witty irony of Mary's love of tinkling cymbals and joy bells, with her epicurean tastes acquired at the

French court epitomized in the "cockle shells" with which she tickled her palate to forgetfulness of the hated Scotch breakfasts of oatmeal porridge.

So long as the "pretty maids all in a row" remained to lend enchantment to the grim barrenness, she danced, a bewitchingly contrary Mistress Mary, before John Knox when he demanded instant recantation from the beautiful woman who, recognizing no law but that of her queenly moods and passions, made of life such brilliant failure.

Right merrily in those days the long hall at Holyrood resounded with taber, lute, and the scraping of fiddles as Mary, held close to the breast of Chastelard, scandalized the soberer element of Edinburgh by thus taking part in "The Purpose or Talking Dance" accentuated as it was by the frequent interchange of kisses with the French poet.

> When cockle shells turn silver bells,
> And muscles grow on every tree,
> When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
> Then shall my love prove true.

Here is an old Scotch song containing the identical matter of the jingle, but with the flaunting sting at Mary's fickle nature with its many loves, and faithfulness to none, as only too sadly was borne out in history. Halliwell [137] holds it to be identical with the jingle, while Kerr [138] asserts that in this instance the designation of Mary as "quite

contrary," which "in original Anglo-Saxon means literally 'rascal-hatched misery,' was evidently aimed at the undue practices of the confessors in those days in relation to their addle-headed penitents." If this explanation of the jingle is taken, the epithet is a fling at Mary's refusal to identify herself with the doctrines of John Knox, and her unvarying upholding of her own doctrinal belief throughout her troubled career.

That "pretty maids all in a row" was the popular expression of the day is amply proved in old manuscripts. Across the border, Sir John Harrington,[138a] as related by Strickland, had written and dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth, early in Bloody Mary's reign, a complimentary poem upon the six maids of honor in her household at Hatfield:

> The great Diana chaste,
> In forest late I met,
> Did me command in haste
> To Hatfield for to get;
> And for you *six-a-row*
> Her pleasure to declare.

There follows a eulogy of each of these six-a-row: the Lady Grey is praised for obedience to her lord, Lady Isabella Markham (afterwards the wife of Sir John Harrington) for her modesty and beauty, Mrs. Norwich for goodness and gravity, Lady Saint Lowe for stability, Lady Willoughby

for being a laurel instead of a willow, Mrs. Skipwith for prudence, and Elizabeth herself impersonates Diane or Pallas. Truly, from this description, Queen Elizabeth's "pretty maids all in a row" made a noble array prior to her accession to the throne.

Webbe in his *Discourses of English Poetrie,*[139] as quoted by Nichols in his book, *Royal Progresses,* 1586, writing of various metrical measures, gives in a stanza of Spenser's "Sweet Song of Eliza" an example of this then-popular phrasing of queens and their royal maids of honor:

Ranged all *thus fine in a rowe* together
They be ladies all i' the take behight fee they together all gee.

Again there occurs a similar line in Hobbinell's *Dittie In Prayse of Eliza, Queen of the Sheepheards:*[140]

And whether runnes this beni beuie of ladies bright
Rang'd in a roe?

From all of which it would appear a by no means remote probability that the authorship of some of the jingles aimed at Mary Queen of Scots may be laid at the door of Elizabeth, who, ever taking keen delight in jingle-making, was scarcely likely to have refused rein to the winged steed when opportunity occurred to hold up her rival to the laughter or contumely of their world.

Hector Protector was dressed all in green,
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen;
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

Chronologically this jingle stands first, and gives in its way a delightful glimpse into the daisy-strewn garden of Stirling Castle wherein the little Scotch princess, watched over by the queen regent and the argus-eyed Earls of Arran and Beaton, prattled to her nurse, unconscious of the machinations of Henry VIII.

That monarch, furious at the refusal of the Scotch to entertain his project for a marriage between the youthful Edward VI and the little princess, determined to lash the land of heather with the whip of fire. To this end Hector Protector (the Earl of Hertford) was dispatched upon the invasion characterized as "too much for a wooing and too little for a conquest," when, following the sacking of Leith, he set fire to everything between Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh and the Border. Hector Protector, making his second invasion in September, having burned seven monasteries, two hundred and forty-three villages, sixteen castles, five market towns, thirteen mills, three hospitals, and destroyed the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Holyrood, was "sent back again" in hot haste upon receipt of news of plots against him in London.

The queen regent "did not like him," because of his conduct in her realm, and "no more did the King" of England, because he had fallen so far short of the intended conquest.

The child princess, immediately conveyed for safety to France, against further possible designs of "Hector Protector" and his royal master, to be raised to womanhood by Catherine de' Medici, married the Dauphin in 1558. And the following year, upon the death of Henry II, she wore the crown of Queen of France.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

"Little Miss Muffet" at eighteen years of age, in June, 1560, upon the death of Francis II, returned to her native land, to sit on the tuffet in Holyrood Palace. Young as she was, hers was a nature knowing neither repentance nor physical fear. She was a firm friend, an even firmer enemy. Loyal, grateful, implacable, full of fierce revenge and gentle remembrance, she was a woman swayed by all passions of vehemence, a woman to win love at every turn, and to meet with basest treachery from those she most deeply loved.

"Eating her curds and whey," she laughed and

chatted right merrily through the long days with her four beloved "pretty maids all in a row." Yet all the while in "the garden" there was steadily springing to colossal magnitude a growth of rank sentimental weeds that eventually were to perfume all Scotland with terror. Strongest and rankest was their breath to blow about the lonely house on the marshes where Darnley, convalescing from the smallpox, lay until that night when Holyrood's passion-flower attaining its deadliest noxious perfume, from Calton Hill to the Cowgate, Edinburgh trembled at its efflorescence.

This happily was a future undreamed of when "Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet," with excellent digestion and undisturbed appetite "eating her curds and whey" as John Knox, the "big spider" hastened to sit beside her in, for the time, a futile effort to frighten Miss Muffet away.

The "big spider," spinning his web unceasingly about the dancing feet of "Little Miss Muffet," cast his venom upon the "little maids all in a row." Furthermore, in frightening her away, he caused "Little Miss Muffet" tears of such bitterness as none but him was ever able to extract from the wayward beauty.

Denouncing the frivolous "Little Miss Muffet" from the pulpit of St. Giles until the ecclesiastical atmosphere was blue and sulphurous, the "big spider" with angry brow and darkling mien strode

STEPHENS COLLEGE,
COLUMBIA, MO.

H. fecit.
IOANNES CNOXVS, SCOTVS.
Scotorum primum te Ecclesia, CNOXe, docentem
Audyt; auspicys es tque reduc ta tuis
Nam te cales tis pietas super omnia traxit,
Atque reformáta Relligionis amor.
Cum privil

"THE BIG SPIDER."
John Knox,
1505-1572.

down the Cannongate. Turning sharply to the right, he quickened his pace to enter Holyrood and, sitting beside her, demanded her recantation. All in vain. Although he could frighten little Miss Muffet away from her tuffet, as he did eventually, never by expostulation, threat, or entreaty could the "big spider" induce the French-bred Scotch beauty to recant.

Little Miss Muffet, changefully capricious in all else, held with her life's one adamant strength to her faith, in a manner worthy of John Knox himself, fine, strong, old bigot that he was.

Little Miss Muffet, with all her dalliance along the broad and flowery road she traveled to destruction, had truly no easy time of it, for never, following that first visit of the "big spider," could she eliminate him from her reckoning. By sheer force of her beauty and charm, she could blind her subjects to the fact that it was downright hatred of their incessant bagpipe serenading which had caused her distractingly to change her apartments to a distant portion of the palace where this shrill national music could no longer offend her ears, attuned to lute and cymbal of the French court. But do what she might, she could never get away from the "big spider" whose house on the High street, after each sitting beside her on "the tuffet," seemed to move in terrifying neighborliness to Holyrood Palace.

John Knox was apparently a favorite shaft at which to launch timely appropriate appellations. In the *Harleian Miscellany* [141] there is to be seen *The Life and Meretorious Transactions of John Knox the Great Scottish Reformer,* wherein is related:

"Knox's situation became very critical. . . . The Governor of the Castle forbade the forming of a guard for Knox's protection day and night and offered to send Melvil, one of his officers, to conduct him to and from the Church. He wold 'gif the woulf the wedder (sheep) to keip,' says Bannatyne."

Knox here poses as "the sheep," while at another time Lang, in his *Life of John Knox,* declares the air to be filled with "the rouping of Covenanted ravens." From this it is plain that, as has already been frequently shown, a notable man or woman generally stood for any number of jingle designations. It is, therefore, in nowise remarkable that John Knox should in turn have been nicknamed a sheep, a Covenanted raven, and a big spider. The latter designation in the literature of his day was very generally leveled at any pestiferous person.

It is pertinent at this juncture to regard the eminently Scotch version of Little Miss Muffet as given by Halliwell: [142]

Little Miss Mopsie
Sat in the shopsey,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Mopsey away!

Here the name Mopsey is essentially Scotch, indicating a little person, and is a term of endearment. Also, a "shopsey" is a Scotch term generally understood and especially in this connection as a little dairy, which would seem an entirely appropriate place from which to secure a supply of curds and whey, certainly so in Scotland.

I had a little Moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay;
There came a proud beggar,
And swore he would wed her,
And stole little Moppet away.[143]

Nothing more unmistakably aimed at Mary of Scotland could be found than this ancient jingle which, coming as it does from her native land, applies the name Moppet, as an old Scotch term for a pretty plaything, to the beautiful and fondly loved plaything-upon-the-throne, which proved such a costly and terrible one to her adoring subjects. They truly fed her "with corn and hay" in the wealth and best that the land afforded, but, in Bothwell, there came most truly the proud beggar who stole little Moppet away.

Goosey, Goosey Gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the right leg,
And threw him down the stairs.

O gifted pen of long-dead genius, which thus inscribed this jingle whose brevity graphically sums up an intensely dramatic situation!

In a manner undreamed of at the time of first sitting beside Little Miss Muffet, the Big Spider was to "purge priest-ridden Holyrood of its smell of papacy" as that same Big Spider himself expressed the situation in his *History,* in which he further frequently writes concerning the doings of Miss Muffet: "Satan stirreth his terrible tail." [144]

As the Covenanters were figuratively wandering upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber, and finding the premises pervaded with cardinals and priests of high degree, it fell about that George Wishart, having, by the boldness with which he preached the reformed doctrines, offended the queen's cousin and favorite confessor, Cardinal Beaton, was seized near Haddington. Standing at a window of his Castle of St. Andrews, the cardinal gloatingly looked on while Wishart was burned to death. Alack and alas! Three months later, a band of the reforming party breaking into St. Andrews, the "old man who wouldn't say his

prayers," in accordance with the Covenanters' doctrines, was thrown "down the stairs." Then, stabbed to death on reaching the foot, the cardinal's bleeding body was hung from the castle ramparts.

That the words and phrasings of the jingles were selected at no idle random has long since become evident, and the idea of Kerr, in extracting a certain primal explanation of many of them by reference to the original early Anglo-Saxon significance, is in the majority of cases a decidedly illuminative process.

Direct churchly significance is given by this authority[145] to the opening line, "Goosey, goosey Gander," as meaning "the plunderer of the farm or husbandsman, and thus the priest Gander (gae aen deer) signifies 'goes on there,' and taking him by the hind leg and throwing him down the stairs refers to some church rates assessed but evidently not collected." Any one cognizant, even in a slight degree, with Scotch history of this period must be familiar with the imperious and domineering sway of Mary's favorite Cardinal Beaton, dear to her alike by relationship and religious views, a fondness in which the queen's subjects do not seem to have shared even remotely, according to the histories current of that era.

Dr. Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then,
When he whipped them, he made them dance

Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again.

Once more the Big Spider. This time John Knox gets a sharp rap over his scholarly knuckles for his achievement in "whipping" his native heath of Roman Catholic priests whom he thus forced to flee in large numbers to France and Spain. The expression "The Devil and Doctor Faustus" was a common one in the reign of Edward VI, and the origin is, as is well known, of a much earlier period.

The application of this name to John Knox held a special appropriateness by reason of the open accusations against the great Presbyterian reformer of having practised sorcery and the black arts in the courtship of his sixteen-year-old wife, Margery Bowles.

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow!

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd always sit,
To hear her own canary.

The queen, having in 1565 given vast offence to her cousin Elizabeth of England by refusing the

proffered Earl of Leicester, and wedding her relative, Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, became shortly thereafter mightily taken up with her Italian secretary, David Rizzio.

In the tuneful throat of this "pretty bird" trilled the sweet, impassioned songs of Italy, which he rendered to the accompaniment of mandolin and guitar. Also the repertoire of this pretty bird included those chansons in which Mary had delighted while Queen of France. The mental graces and polished manners of the pretty bird showed out vividly, like "feathers bright and yellow," in sharp contrast to the drab roughness prevalent at the Scottish Court, and thus not only for Mary, but for the "pretty maids all in a row," he had served to brighten many a gloomy day far more than did Chastelard, with all the latter's charming verse and personal attractions.

But alas! When Mary, "near the cage," sat to "hear her own canary" plot for the obnoxious treaty with France and Spain, she, by so listening in sympathetic mood, was the undoing of "her own canary," for, dragged from "the cage" while supping with Mary in her apartments, the canary's throat was quickly slit by Darnley and Lord Ruthven. With no less than forty wounds in his poor, mangled body, they buried him at the foot of the stairway leading from the queen's private apartments.

Vowing vengeance, Mary escaped to Dunbar, to return ten days later at the head of eight thousand men, to drive the conspirators from Edinburgh, a feat scarce accomplished by this intrepid "Mistress Mary quite contrary" before the birth of her son James gave to England and Scotland a king who from thenceforth firmly united the thrones of the two countries.

Rock-a-Bye, Baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, Mother's a Queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.

With the Queen of Scotland for his mother and Lord Darnley as his father, the infant James is thus sung his lullaby, which the jingle-maker felt would be incomplete without a passing reference to Elizabeth's insatiable love of rings. John Knox as Johnny, the drummer, in setting his face irrevocably against Mary's loyalty to the papacy, literally "drummed" for the future King of England.

Dingle, dingle doosey,
The cat's in the well;
The dog's away to Bellingen,
To buy the bairn a bell.

This ancient Scotch jingle invokes the phantom of that legendary transaction of Mary's, whereby she insured for her infant a Roman Catholic bap-

tism to precede that splendid state christening which gathered together nobles from far and near, and for which "Betty" the lady who wore the gold ring, sent by her ambassador the splendid gift of a golden font.

When you go to-day to Edinburgh Castle, you are told this tale as you stand in the tiny room in which Mary gave birth to the heir to the throne. According to this, when the child was but two days old, by Mary's instructions, he was placed in a padded basket, and, while she watched the hazardous performance, her child was slowly lowered by stout ropes down the sheer declivity of the castle wall to those who waited far below. Taken by swift horse to Stirling, he was secretly baptized and hurried back to Edinburgh Castle with no one in the city aught the wiser for the transaction.

Having this well in mind, the "Dingle, dingle doosey" (ring softly) holds an amazing relevancy. "The dog's away to Bellingen to buy the bairn a bell" has reference to Bellinger, the Roman Catholic authority upon matters ecclesiastical at that period, and buying the bairn a bell indicates the paying for his church's ceremony, and thus enrolling the bairn thenceforth one of the elect.

Kerr, it will be remembered, gave to the earlier jingle, "Ding, dong bell, the cat's in the well," the entirely religious significance of being a scoff at priests and their unceasing demands for money.

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapply-Grey;
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire,
I would not lend my pony more,
For all the lady's hire.

Smilingly Mary went her way as the Fates, with determined fingers, shaped woeful destiny. By the Cross of Greenside, while jousts and tournaments were in swing, there dashed down from Calton Hill "a glorious, rash, and hazardous young man," a fearless knight in gleaming armor who leapt lightly into the ring.

Scotland's queen looked up and the world went by a crimson blur. Never so long as she lived was it to whiten again for her, as, a torch in high wind, passion flamed in her heart.

What mattered it that anger and disappointment, wrath and discontent, surged over the land! What cared she that clans, slowly rising in the Highlands, called their slogan to listening ears in the Lowlands! Forgetful of all queenly dignity and duties, Mary from that time had eyes and ears only for James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, "as naughty a man as liveth and one given over to detestable vices, yet outwardly of easy, elegant manners," writes an old chronicler.

The weeks and months vanished like a dream. From lowliest moorland fen to highest mountain

peak, the scream of the pibroch sounded war against the queen, within whose heart raged that fury of love for Bothwell that was to sweep her from the throne and send her in exile as a prisoner for eighteen years, ere, a tragically dramatic figure, she bowed beneath the headsman's axe.

The Earl of Bothwell, receiving a hurt in an affray with the wild Elliots of Liddesdale, Mary was secretly informed of the fact while holding a Justice Aire at Jedburgh. Her infatuation for Hepburn was now as notorious as was her hatred for her husband, so that no one was astonished when she at once set off for the ride of twenty miles through a rough country where "Dapply-Grey," at one place sinking into a bog, caused the spot to be known ever after as "The Queen's Moss."

As will later be noted in the pasquinades on Queen Anne, the name Dapply-Grey[146] held the deeper significance of emblematizing Scotland, with the queen mercilessly whipping and lashing the best interests of her native land in her pell-mell ride to destruction, following her first meeting with Bothwell.

On her arrival at the Border stronghold, the castle of the Hermitage where Bothwell lay, the "lady" to whom the "little pony" had been loaned "to ride a mile away" discovered that the injury was nothing more important than a slight wound on one hand. Thereupon, undaunted by

the fatigue of her hard ride, up she got again on "Dapply-Grey" and returned the same evening to Jedburgh, where, apparently fresh even then after all this riding "through the mire," she sat up into the small hours writing to the man she had so lately left.

George Buchanan, poet and historian of Mary's reign, says of this episode that, when informed of Bothwell's hurt: "She flingeth away like a mad woman by great journeys in post in the sharp time of the winter; despising all incommodities of the way, weather, and all dangers of thieves, she betook herself headlong to her journey."

The solemn notes of tragedy swelled now in prophetic tones about the ears of wayward Mistress Mary as the Jacobites, with light jest and laughter, sent forth the jingles destined to be handed down for all generations to come.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they will come home,
A-wagging their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

The first far cries of "little Bo-Peep" were hurtling none too softly through Scotland, who shall say whether or not blown by "Cousin Elizabeth," whose clever brain is not likely at this crisis to have been slow in attaching to Mary of Scotland the epithet of "Bo-peep," whereby to knock the feet from under her moral standing.

Mistress Mary was proving herself more than ordinarily "contrary" and "the garden," wherein at first had been so joyously ranged the "pretty maids all in a row," was now overgrown with poisonous weeds of plots and intrigue.

Afar on the Highland hills "the sheep" of "little Bo-peep," silently assembling, listened to the dour reports from Edinburgh. Steadily clan after clan was rising, as dagger and sword, claymore and hackbut, prepared for their bloody work.

One of the earliest hints of the "Little Bo-peep" jingle is to be found in the *Harleian Miscellany*,[147] wherein a general reference to the situation at this time in Scotland runs: "The citizens like silly sheep must fast and be content."

Shakespeare uses the term in the sense of a hide-and-seek person, in the lines:

> Then they for sudden joy did weep,
> And I for sorrow sung,
> That such a King should play Bo-peep,
> And go the fools among.

Queen Elizabeth, in a letter to Sir Henry Sidney

upon his appointment to the government of Ireland, says: [148] "I pray God your old straying sheep, late, as you say, returned into fold, wore not her woolly garment upon her wolfy back."

Halliwell,[149] quoting from an old ballad in the time of Elizabeth, as obtained from a manuscript in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, gives the following:

> "Halfe Englande ys nowgt now but shepe;
> In everye corner the play bee-pepe;
> Lord them confownde by twenty and ten,
> And fill their places with Cristen men."

Kerr [150] interprets the line, "Let them alone," as "a truce to all abuse." This admonition is assuredly one which Mary had to steel herself to observe in the comprehension that her "sheep" had been tried to the uttermost already by their wayward queen. According to the ancient Saxon, "Bo-peep" is here the limiteur, as the friar employed in begging about for support was formerly called. "Bee" is the contraction of "bode," a messenger, and the limiteur was he who introduced himself into every man's home to procure provisions for his convent and to pick up all the idle gossip he could besides. From which it is plain that the jingle thrust at Mary was a double one. Not only as "Bo-peep" was her moral character impugned, but the ever-ready popular jeer at her religious bias sounds through the lines.

The title " Bo-peep " was at this time in general use as signifying a pretty young woman by no means circumspect, as evidenced by a ballad in the British Museum, " Bo-peep, or the Jerking Parson Catching his Maid."

With Ben Jonson it signified an expression of utter contempt. Edward Walford, in *Old and New London,* says:

" ' John Bo-peep, come in! ' he shouted from the Devil Tavern in Temple Bar when, glancing up one night, he beheld, peeping in, the pale face of Randolph, the threadbare poet.

" The company, upon the instant uproariously laughing at the newcomer's poor appearance, instantly set their wits to such mean work as each in turn to rhyme upon Randolph's apparel, and then threw him a challenge. If, upon the instant, he should not be able to give them, line for line, as good verse as their own, he must stand for a quart of sack. Randolph, thus upon his mettle, knowing he had not a penny and feeling the impetus of the minds leveled at him, burst forth:

" I, Jack Bo-peep,
And you foure sheep,
Let every one yield his fleece;
Here's five shillings,
If you are willinge
That will be fifteen pence a-piece.

" Thereupon, with open arms, he was received into Ben Jonson's circle."

"Little Bo-peep's" first alarming loss of her sheep, which should have warned her of the existent feeling, was when, following the murder of Darnley, she was taken prisoner and, "with a face all soiled and wet with tears," rode a captive into Edinburgh, making her way through a crowd so dense that the army conveying their royal prisoner had to walk in single file. Above her head, relentlessly held aloft by the guards, floated a banner on which the young prince was depicted kneeling beside his murdered sire, exclaiming, "Judge and avenge my cause, O God!"

"Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep" following this display, in the fancied security of a sudden change in her favor. She "dreamt she heard them bleating" to such purpose that, the farce of a trial having terminated with the acquittal of Bothwell, "Bo-peep" laid her down to rest. Tranquilly she slept on, unheeding the fact that, in Paris, Catherine de' Medici bestirred herself to write a lengthy expostulation. The Scotch Ambassador at Glasgow, and the archbishop of that city added their missives to the rain of correspondence pouring in on "Little Bo-peep" from every quarter. The dictatorial Elizabeth penned scathing lines in the effort to waken Mary and induce her to bring Darnley's murderer to justice. The Earl of Lennox, raving over his son's death, pierced the air with cries of vengeance. The whole Church of

Scotland protested in vain. "Bo-peep," drunk with the intoxication of passion for her "little lamb," saw all things but as he bade her.

In Strickland's *Queens of Scotland* is this statement concerning Mary:

"The painful and dangerous illness which attacked Queen Mary yearly in February, being exactly nine months from the period of her compulsory abode in Dunbar Castle has given a delusive color to the tradition which, nearly a century later, was mentioned by Laboreur in his notes and additions to Castelnau (Jebbs Collection) 'that she was brought to bed of a daughter at Lochleven, who, being privately transported to France, became a nun in the convent of Soissons.'"

This illness Strickland considers to have been due entirely to "an attack of her constitutional maladies, liver and heart complaints, aggravated by want of exercise, the dampness of the situation, so little suited for the midwinter abode of a delicately organized Princess; and more than all, the mental sufferings she had gone through the last dreadful year."

Claude Nau,[151] Mary's private secretary, states that Mary was delivered of still-born twin sons by Bothwell. This extract from the Claude Nau manuscript is noted by Andrew Lang in his interesting book, *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.*

In a short-lived, blinding daze of three months'

guilty happiness, "Bo-peep" went her way undismayed by jingles about her "sheep" or the blood-curdling Tolbooth placards, until the 15th of May, 1567, in the Presence Chamber at Holyrood, when, with "that jovial scoundrel, the Bishop of Orkney" [152] as the celebrant, for the third time in her eventful career, she became a bride.

The ring, then placed upon her finger by the Earl of Bothwell, was still warm from snatching off the hand of the little lamb's wife, the lovely Lady Jane Gordon. Only eight days were required for the divorce to be hurled through the courts, and Mary's "little lamb" was declared a free man. This was a far speedier process than was possible to Henry VIII with all that monarch's power.

Then indeed "Bo-peep" awoke, and most truly did she find it "a joke, for still they all were fleeting." At the time of awakening, "Bo-peep" and the "little lamb" were having their stormy honeymoon at Berthwick Castle. The furious knocking of the Border Chiefs, sternly come for vengeance, sounded long and loud. The "little lamb," keenly awake to his personal danger, escaped by the postern gate to Dunbar, under cover of the night, and on the following day he was joined there by the daring rider of "Dapply-Grey" in male attire, who, with customary bravery, unhesitatingly faced danger, and so made good her escape.

Now in deadly earnest, "Up she took her little crook, determined for to find them." Her fighting blood was roused, and rallying, as best she might, her "sheep" she went forth to battle, taking her stand on Carberry Hill. Right craftily had the Border Lords selected their position, so that "Bo-peep" and her "sheep" should face them with the sun full in their eyes.

The "little lamb," undaunted, rode out accompanied by a herald, to prove his innocence by single combat. Alas for the follow-my-leadership of sheep! While this parley was going on, Bo-peep's sheep were deserting by the score. Only too well could the holder of "the crook" hear them "bleating," as, under the pretext of quenching their thirst on that intensely hot day at Pinkie Burn, repenting their agreement to fight for a murderer, they disappeared in all directions, leaving but their former fervid tales of allegiance "behind them."

Well might such a sight make the "heart bleed" as "Bo-peep," storming at the leaders for traitors and cowards, vainly rode up and down, loudly weeping as the surcharged air resounded with invectives and reproaches. The reward of all this was to see a soldier ride quickly forward and cast down his spear in token of defeat before the Border Lords.

"She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed"[153] are the actual words of Mary, as con-

tained in Letter Number 2 of the disputed Casket Letters of that unfortunate queen.

With the dying echo of the far-off bleating sheep, the figures of Mary, Queen of Scots, and James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, stand for a moment sharply silhouetted against the sky on Carberry Hill. With no time for a farewell kiss, no straining to the heart by the man for whom she had risked her life, murdered her husband, and imperiled her country, with but a brief, hurried whisper and close hand-clasp, "Bo-peep" and her "little lamb" parted forever.

The grand passion of their lives, rending itself to tatters, whistled down the wind as Bothwell rode at breakneck speed toward Dunbar, and Mary galloped for shelter to her kinsman in the lonely abbey at Dundrennan.[154]

> The man in the moon came tumbling down,
> And asked the way to Norwich;
> He went by the south, and burnt his mouth,
> With supping cold pease-porridge.

Here rings a telling thrust at Bothwell's flight, a genuine Scotch lampoon upon the starvation plight in which the "little lamb" found himself, following his proclamation of outlawry by the Privy Council. Very frequently did "The man in the moon" have occasion to ask his way to Norwich when, following the brief stay among the caterans and reavers, associates of his lawless

youth, he, who had been Lord High Admiral of Scotland, betook himself to Orkney, there to enter upon his desperate career of sea rover and pirate. And many times would he but too gladly have "burnt his mouth with supping cold pease-porridge," as infinitely preferable to some of the fare that fell to his portion, ere, in April, 1578, he passed away at the Castle of Dragsholm on the north shore of Zealand.

On the parish register recording his death there runs a comment to the effect that he was a "wasted, sallow, shaking form clad in rich velvet dress, . . . given over to wild fits of trembling delirium which shook his frame and harrowed his soul with ghastly terrors." Thus came death at last to Mary's "little lamb." The dashing knight, whose magnificent appearance had so captivated the Queen of Scotland, became at the end of his career "a dismal, bloated object."

Few travelers go to the place, but those who do may look upon a simple slab in a narrow aisle of the Church of Faareville beneath which lies to-day the dust of Mary's "little lamb."

"Bo-peep," eleven months after her flight from Carberry Hill, escaping by the aid of a little page who stole a key to the postern door, looked her last upon "her sheep." Rowing herself across the water to Lord Setoun and his waiting band of men,

"Bo-peep" arrived at Hamilton, and in an incredibly short space of time six thousand of her "sheep" were in camp.

But short-lived was the joy of again taking up her crook. The Regent muster, holding a Justice Aire at Glasgow, rallied four thousand men, and marching on "Bo-peep," forced her to break camp and move on toward Dumbarton where Lord Fleming held the fortress in her name.

At the village of Langside, "Bo-peep" and "her sheep" must pass through a narrow lane to the face of the hill where stood the main portion of the dwellings. Taking her station half a mile distant, "Bo-peep" saw the Regent's close and deadly fire from his hackbut men among cottages and hedges. She saw her six thousand sheep reeling under the might of the strategy of the Regent's army. Then, she saw the Macfarlands, like so many mad devils, leap with flashing claymores to hew a living way through her disordered and fleeing sheep.

Upon "Bo-peep" was fallen the blackness of desolation in eighteen dreary years of exile, capture, and imprisonment until, with a tired sigh, she laid her head upon the block, with only her pet dog to stand beside her in that last agony, the faithful dog, found after her beheading, his poor eyes dazed with the awfulness, hid in the folds of his mistress' gown.

Chapter Nine

Simple Simon met a pie-man,
  Going to the Fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
  "Let me taste your ware."

Said the pie-man to Simple Simon,
  "Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
  "Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
  For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got,
  Was in his Mother's pail.

UPON a spring night in the year 1603 a travel-stained horseman dashed to Holyrood Palace, spurring his steed the long way from London by relay, that he might be first to bear the great tidings. Announcing himself as Sir Robert Carey, he knelt beside the couch of James VI of Scotland, to kiss his hand and salute him as King James I of England.[155]

An interesting account of this ride, undertaken at the instant of Elizabeth's death, is to be read in the *Memoirs Relating to the Queen of Bohemia, By One of Her Ladies* (The Lady Frances Erskine),[156] who says, "He (Sir Robert Carey) was soon followed by Sir Thomas Somerset and Sir

Charles Piercy, sent by the Queen's Council to acquaint the King (James) with her (Elizabeth's) death."

James the First, thereupon proclaimed from the pulpits "King by Divine Right," proceeding to take advantage of this announcement to fill his depleted treasury, is the pie-man of this pasquinade, and England is "the Fair" to which he went. The royal pie-man's wares, of which there were, happily for him, only too many eagerly desirous to taste, were the glittering titles of nobility for which history records a marvelously quick and plentiful sale. The increase of Star Chamber fines, and the insistence upon his kingly right to exact, for himself and his court, the maintenance from the people in whatever portion of the kingdom he pleased to travel, went to swell further the list of this "pie-man."

With these bold doings of the canny Scotchman, the Commons were met in their stern decree of "No supplies until grievances are redressed," but, there being no rival "pie-man" to force the consideration of this royal one, his exorbitant prices, placed upon commodities, continued without abatement, and it fell about that many a Simple Simon, going to the Fair, was peremptorily held up by the "pie-man," selling his royal monopolies, with the genuinely stern Scotch demand, "Show me first your penny."

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"THE PIE-MAN."
James I.
1566-1625.

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Parliament figures in the last verse as the particular "Simple Simon" who "went a-fishing for to catch a whale" when, outraged by the king's behavior, that body quite as peremptorily demanded of the "pie-man" that he forthwith abandon his illegal taxations.

"All the water" they "had got" was truly in their "Mother's pail," for James, dissolving Parliament, sent four of the leading members to the Tower. Having thus disposed of "Simple Simon," the royal "pie-man" went his way, demanding a generous showing of pennies for tastes of his wares, throughout the next seven years.

"Let me taste your ware," the insulting jest flaunted in this jingle, was identical with that leveled at his mother not many years before. Randolph, the English Ambassador at Holyrood during Mary's reign, writing October 27, 1561, says:

"The trade is now clean cut off from me. I have to traffic now with other merchants than before. They know the value of their wares, and in all places how the market goeth; whatsoever policy is in all the chief and best practised heads of France; whatsoever craft, falsehood, or deceit is in all the subtle brains of Scotland, is either fresh in this woman's memory (Mary Queen of Scots), or she can bring it out with a wet finger." [157]

Andrew Lang in his book of *John Knox and the Reformation* states in this connection:

"Mary in fact was in the hands of Lethington (a pensioner of Elizabeth) and of Lord James's subtle brains enough. She was the 'merchandise,' and Lethington and Lord James wished to make Elizabeth acknowledge the Scottish queen as her successor, the alternative being to seek her price as a wife for a European prince." [158]

In *The Great Beebee* (Roxburgh Ballads) [159] occur the lines:

> "Next day I through Pye Corner passed;
> The roast meat on the stall
> Invited me to take a taste;
> My money was but small." [160]

The modeling of the two jingles may or may not have been purely chance work, but that the "pie-man" was not destined to travel forever under the smiles of cloudless skies is abruptly emphasized in that well-known jingle:

> Please to remember the Fifth of November,
> Gunpowder treason and plot;
> I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason
> Should ever be forgot.

The memorable conference at Hampton Court, having met to settle the differences between Episcopalians and Puritans, the "pie-man" interspersed his more serious duties of presiding over this court with the mummings and masques of his special company of actors, in which William

Shakespeare did not disdain to number himself among the performers.

Certain of the Roman Catholics of the realm, busily studying the complexion of the conference and discovering that the "pie-man" had no intention, as up to this time they had vainly hoped, of reëstablishing the faith of his mother ("the water" holy "in his Mother's pail"), formed, in the Gunpowder Plot, the fanatical design to blow up the king and both Houses of Parliament. The capture of Guido, or, as he is more generally known, Guy Fawkes, resulted in the enactment of penal laws of the severest kind against Roman Catholics in England, not one of whom was permitted to reside in London, or anywhere in the United Kingdom, to practise law or medicine.[161]

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a Grocer's shop,
Then out he came, hop, hop, hop!

Spain is here the "plum cake" dearly loved by James, the royal "pie-man," and the sugared flattery, of which he was so inordinately fond, is the "sugar candy" of this jingle. The story of the king's new soubriquet is thus told in *The King and Commonwealth:*[162]

"In the Palatinate, the Protestant worship was suppressed. . . . The Puritan pulpits rang

against the Spanish marriage" (that of James's son Charles, afterwards Charles I of England) "to the Infanta of Spain. . . . In vain James told the bishops to prevent the clergy from preaching on such topics; in vain he issued proclamations forbidding the people to talk. Their voices could no more be restrained than a mountain torrent. Pamphlets were written and published which risked the ears if not the lives of their authors. Most malignant of all, Tom Tell-Truth attacked the King and his government on every side.[163] 'I, a poor unknown subject,' says the pamphleteer, 'who hear the people talk will undertake that discontinued but noble office of telling your Majesty the truth. . . . The Spaniards and Duke of Bavaria play with your Majesty, as men do with little children, at *handy-dandy!*'

"Which hand will you have? and give them nothing. The very losers at cards fall a-cursing and swearing at the loss of the Palatinate; and when told of your Majesty's proclamation not to talk about State affairs, answer in a chafe, 'You must give losers leave to speak.' You sent by my Lord Doncaster into France to mediate peace. It would have been better had the money spent on that embassage been given to the poor Huguenots; they may well call England 'The Land of Promise.' The princes that serve the Pope send arms; you that should fight the battles of the Lord-ambassadors . . . His minions (those of the unfaithful James), a pack of ravenous curs, think all other subjects beasts, and only made for them to prey upon; they may revel and laugh when all the kingdom mourns."

Decidedly tame after this fierce and well-merited denunciation of the royal "pie-man," the jingles aimed at James I wind up with:

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking his pipe one sunshiny day;
When a bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

The "bird called a snipe" was King James, the royal "pie-man," who, in the year 1612, waked up to the fact that the nations of Europe were enjoying a monopoly of trade with Bombay, and so doing were waxing fat. The "bird called a snipe" thereupon effectually broke up this continental monopoly, and "flew away with his pipe" by planting English interests at the very seat of commercial war. This was accomplished by seriously vexing "the fat man of Bombay," in establishing the first English factory in India.

And here, so far as the jingles are concerned, the royal "pie-man" and the "bird called a snipe" walk off the stage together into the mists of well-deserved obscurity.

Chapter Ten

I had a little nut-tree; nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg, and a golden pear.
The King of Spain's daughter came a-courting me,
And all because of my little nut-tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds of the air couldn't catch me.

CHARLES I, proud possessor of "a little nut-tree" bearing the "silver nutmeg and a golden pear" of the future King of England, was, as such, diligently sought in marriage by Spain for the youthful Infanta. The wary young prince, understanding that all this clamor for him was because of the "little nut-tree" with its "golden pear," refused to lend himself to the Spanish overtures until he should have had a private view of the lady to judge for himself as to her personal desirability. Wild disturbances arising in the House of Commons lest such a marriage should undo the whole work of the Reformation,[164] James I wrote irritatingly to the Speaker. In the meanwhile, the young prince, with the Duke of Buckingham, started in disguise, and, skipping over water, and dancing over sea, arrived incognito in Spain.

"Dear Dad" was ever the pet name of the

young prince for his father who, in turn, generally spoke of and to him as "Baby Charles," and of his wild companion, the Duke of Buckingham, as "Steenie." [165]

"The secret expedition to Spain of Baby Charles and Steenie," writes Trevelyan, in *England Under the Stuarts,* "was undertaken with the full knowledge of James, who regarded this desire of Charles, first to look upon the Infanta before engaging himself to marry her, as an interesting bit of romance." For some time after their departure, James delighted himself with the thoughts of Steenie and Baby Charles sallying forth like "dear adventurous knights worthy to be put in a new romance."

"He sent after them," continues Trevelyan, "the robes proper to be worn on the feast of St. George, 'if they come in time, which I pray God they may, for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my boys dine in them.'

"But, as the months wore on, he began to feel uneasy. The 'romance' rivaled Amadis de Gaul for tediousness and Don Quixote for realism; the presence of the Fairy Prince had failed to release the lady, and the Magician was quarreling with the Dragons. Opinion at home was divided also as to whether Charles would be murdered or converted. Meanwhile, James was separated from the two beings without whom he could not accustom himself to live. At last, still hoping to complete the treaty over here, he called them back to England. What an England it was to welcome

home men who had had more than enough of foreign ways! When it was known that the Prince had come back from Spain (Oct., 1623) a live man, a Protestant, and a bachelor, London broke out into rejoicings that could have been scarcely more hearty if he had been bringing the whole Spanish fleet up the Thames as a prize of war. Debtors were released, thieves were set free from the Tyburn death cart, each steeple vied with its neighbor in that city of bells, mobs roared round the Prince's coach, and at night the bonfires made one continuous line down the middle of the winding streets. The outburst was a monster demonstration against the Spanish policy. Yet in a form that could not fail to please the Prince and the favourite."

Steenie and Baby Charles having thus lightly "skipped over water" and "danced over sea" back to England, Trevelyan states that "Buckingham, . . . imparting the change of his own feelings to the silent and sullen boy whom he could always carry with him on every flood of short-lived passion," immediately laid plans for the marriage of Henrietta Maria of France. This marriage was destined to work woeful destiny to Baby Charles and cast its venomous shadow upon all the Stuart dynasty.

Parliament, hailing this new match with joy, unhesitatingly voted £300,000 to be expended in the marriage preparations of the young prince.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

The resplendent figure of Charles I going his heedless, obstinate way, with Henrietta Maria of France pursuing her equally tactless career of spoil and plunder of the English people, arises herein to confront us, and throw light upon the queen's ruthless hand grasping at "fat" bits.

The marriage of Jack Spratt and his wife brought anything but happiness to the country in its train. The Spanish war, begun by the royal "pie-man," was continued by his despotic son. To meet the cost of the war, "Jack Spratt" demanded large supplies from his first Parliament. The majority of the Commons, as Puritans, looked with jealous eyes upon the Roman Catholic queen and could be induced to appropriate only £140,000. To this, however, they added, for the space of one year, import duties on every tun of wine and pound of certain specified commodities introduced into England. Thus, under the name of tonnage and poundage, was originated the customs duties.

"Jack Spratt," after a fortnight's vain endeavor to "lick the platter clean," in a rage dissolved Parliament, and proceeded to secure in his own way such platters of food as he desired, by a re-

vival of the hateful abuses of benevolences, and the quartering of soldiery in private houses.

"His wife," cordially hating the Puritans and believing with "Jack Spratt" that a king should have absolute authority, continued throughout her life to ply him with "fat" and "lean" tidbits of advice, only too well-calculated to work against his best interests and those of his country.

In a quaint pamphlet collection of *Ballads And Songs,*[166] in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is one entitled "Dr. Wild's Humble Thanks For His Majestie's Gracious Declaration for Liberty of Conscience," which contains pointed reference to the Jack Spratt jingle leveled at the sovereign:

> "And with such force the winged arrow flew,
> Instead of one Church-stag, he killed two;
> Gloucester and Durham whom he espy'd,
> Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd."

A sneer at Henrietta Maria is voiced in later lines of this pasquinade, and the popular understanding of the strong hand she is showing in matters ecclesiastical is unmistakable:

> "Let but the Blackbirds sing in bushes cold,
> And may the Jack-Dawes still the steeples hold.
> We'll be the Feet, the Back, and Hands, and they
> Shall be the Belly, and devour the Prey.
> The Tythe-pigg shall be theirs, we'll turn the spit;
> We'll bear the cross, they only *sign* with it."

Herein, if one read observingly, is the whole

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"Jack Spratt."
Charles I.
1600-1649.

matter of the Jack Spratt jingle. "The Jack-Dawes still the steeples hold" indicates the priest-craft of the queen. "Let but the Blackbirds sing in bushes cold" is identical in meaning with the thrusting forth of the priesthood in all things by the queen, just as, a century and more earlier, the clergy was typified in the time of Henry VIII by the "Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie."

Halliwell states that this pasquinade of Jack Spratt and his wife was parodied and adapted to Archdeacon Pratt: [167]

> Archdeacon Pratt would eat no fat,
> His wife would eat no lean;
> 'Twixt Archdeacon Pratt and Jean his wife,
> The meat was eat up clean.

It is not to be wondered at that the jingle launched at the king and queen should later on in their reign have been parodied against Archdeacon Pratt as, during the reign of Charles I, stinging lampoons aimed at various eminent bishops were turned out in abundance.

> Three children sliding on the ice,
> Upon a summer's day,
> As it fell out, they all fell in,
> The rest they ran away.
>
> Now had these children been at home,
> Or sliding on dry ground,
> Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
> They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

This pasquinade, printed in London in 1640, and preserved in one of the original handbills in the British Museum Library, refers to the convening of the Long Parliament by "Jack Spratt" on the 30th of November, 1640.

Hampden, Stafford, and Laud are the "three children," with their sliding on the ice and falling in a flippant announcement of the tragedy of their death in the Tower. The rest who ran away realized only too well by this time upon what exceedingly thin ice any one skated who put faith in the promises of "Jack Spratt."

There was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

"The little old crooked man with the keen eyes" was the popular name recorded in the history of his country for General Sir Alexander Leslie of Scotland.[168] The little, bent old warrior had taken part in many a battle of the giants, serving Holland against Spain, fighting ever for England, and again fighting by the side of Gustavus against the Imperialists of Germany.

Chief among the Covenanters, the keen old

man's sharp eyes seemed everywhere at once. The "crooked sixpence" he found was Charles I, the "crooked stile" the border-line between England and Scotland, crossed by that wily king for the purpose of conferring with "the little old crooked man" for the desired terms of peace with Scotland.

Perfectly understanding the "crooked sixpence," General Sir Alexander Leslie, true to his compact, having burned the ridge of huts, the "little crooked house" in which he lived with his "crooked cat," and about which his soldiers had been encamped at the top of Dunse Hill, removed the forty cannon, that bristling fringe of terror to the "crooked sixpence."

But in disbanding his army, "the little old crooked man" discreetly kept the best of his officers on half pay. The wisdom of this was seen when, in 1640, the "crooked sixpence," reassembling his own army, was met by the counter stroke of "the little old crooked man" crossing the "crooked stile" like a whirlwind and seizing Newcastle.

The harvest of dragons' teeth was quickly ripening, for the "crooked sixpence," looking over the fields, realized that at this juncture his rupture with Parliament was assuming such serious nature as to cost him the friendship of his Scottish subjects. Thereupon he dispatched commissioners to

treat with "the little old crooked man" and secured a more permanent treaty. After the signing of this document, the "crooked sixpence," again crossing the "crooked stile," visited Scotland and endeavored by showering favors upon the Covenanters to secure their lasting adherence.

> Two legs sat upon three legs.
> Up jumps two legs, picks up three legs,
> And throws it after four legs.

In 1637 the order had gone forth for the reading throughout all churches in Scotland of Archbishop Laud's Church Service Book.[169] Thereupon at St. Giles Cathedral at Edinburgh, the dean of that city read the liturgy.

"Two legs," in the person of an irate old Scotch woman, Jenny Giles, rose in her Presbyterian wrath. Seizing "three legs," the little stool upon which she always sat at home and in church, she hurled "it after four legs." The "three legs," so unceremoniously thrown at the head of the dean, was in reality hurled after the "four legs" of the Four Tables of the separate committees of nobles, gentry, burghers, and clergymen quickly formed. This decisive step of the Four Tables was taken following the general riots and wild excitement which this ardor for the reading of the Service Book created in all sections of Scotland.

The work of the Four Tables quickly enough

resulted in the drawing up of the National Covenant which was eagerly signed by thousands only too glad to pledge themselves in defence of their liberty of religion and conscience.

"The stool of Edinburgh" was a name long bestowed by John Knox upon the Abbey of St. Andrews, an expression arising from the distribution of ecclesiastical revenues from this abbey. In his history, *John Knox and the Reformation,* Andrew Lang writes:[170] "In the stool of Edinburgh two parts were being given to the devil, and the third must be divided between God and the devil," which being properly interpreted meant the queen, the Earl of Moray, and a number of other worthies not directly named in the jingles.

> A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar,
> What makes you come so soon?
> You used to come at ten o'clock,
> But now you come at noon.

Archbishop Laud is the "dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar" when, by every form of patronage and encouragement, he brought to the fore a small school of ritualists. . . . Trevelyan says:[171]

"The new Laudian clergy. . . . This autocratic Archbishop was unmercifully lampooned about the time of the St. Giles Cathedral outburst, as evidenced in 'The Time's New Churchman,' who is thus described by a Puritan parodist of the year 1635:[172]

A ceremonious light timbred scholler,
With a little dam-mee peeping over his collar,
With a Cardinal's cap broad as a cart wheele,
With a long coat and a cassock down to his heele.
See a newe Churchman of the times,
O the times, the time's newe Churchman!

His gravity rides up and downe,
In a long coat or a short gowne;
And swears by the half football on his pate,
That no man is predestinate.
See a newe Churchman of the times,
O the times, the time's newe Churchman!

His divinity is thrust up with five points,
He dops, ducks, bowes as made of all joints;
He fears neither God nor beast.
See a newe Churchman of the times,
O the times, the time's newe Churchman!

"'Dam-mee' is from the soldiers' band, who usually swear 'God dam-mee.'"

"In a long coat or a short gowne," while referring to copes, chasubles, and vestments, brings with it an unmistakable whiff of

Daffy-down-Dilly
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

As I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man on a black horse;
They told me it was Charles the First;
And O dear! my heart was ready to burst.

Mocking laughter and deep grief sound in this jingle of derision at the bronze statue of Charles

I standing at Charing Cross, commemorative of this king executed January 30, 1649, in front of the banquet hall of Whitehall Palace.

> King Charles walked and talked,
> Half an hour after his head was cut off.

The terrible grief and expressions of horrified sympathy, wildly given voice by the crowd assembled to witness this murder of their sovereign, of a truth "walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off," as history plainly records.

> Purple, yellow, red, and green,
> The King cannot reach it, nor the queen;
>
> Nor can old Nol whose pow'r so great,
> Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

"The allusion to Oliver Cromwell," [173] says Halliwell of this riddle, "satisfactorily fixes the date of this riddle to belong to the seventeenth century." With purple as the color of royalty, and yellow as that of Henrietta Maria's papacy, the pasquinade aims at Charles I in his inability to effect that union of church and state in which "Old Nol" (Oliver Cromwell), beheading him for his failure, in turn as utterly failed to achieve.

In a chap-book of the 18th century, in the Library of Congress collection, occurs the comment on this jingle: "Purple, yellow, red, and

green. As this refers to Oliver Cromwell, it undoubtedly belongs to the 17th century."

A B C
Tumble-down D.

Halliwell, commenting upon this long-ago popular jeer, has to say:

"More than a year and a half passed between the death of Oliver Cromwell and the Restoration of Charles II (May, 1660). It did not take them long to dispose of the new Protector, 'Tumble-down Dick,' as he was called. One constitution after another was set up and overthrown by the soldiers." [174]

The *Harleian Miscellany* [175] of this period, now in the Bodleian Library, contains several copies of literal rhymes, "not very unlike A B C Tumble-down D," as Halliwell notes.

A sorry picture indeed is cut in history by "Tumble-down Dick," who, as the son of the Protector, succeeded him, but utterly failed to hold for any length of time the reins of government.

Chapter Eleven

The Queen of Hearts,
  She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
  The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
  And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
  Called for those tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
  The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those tarts,
  And vowed he'd steal no more.

LIZABETH, titular Queen of Bohemia, only daughter of James I of England, granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, and eventually herself grandmother to George I, was born in Scotland, August 19, 1596.

Married at the age of sixteen to Frederick V, Prince of the Palatinate, one of the states of the empire lying along the Upper Rhine, she was known throughout the United Kingdom and in Bohemia as "The Queen of Hearts," a nickname bestowed because of her unusual graces of mind no less than for her unusual beauty.

Eva Scott, late Scholar of Somerville College, Oxford, in her delightful book, *Rupert Prince*

Palatinate,[176] says, regarding the origin of this soubriquet:

"In trouble, anxiety, and poverty passed the early years of the Palatinate children. In the first years of the exile only Henry and Rupert shared their parents' home at the Hague; Charles and Elizabeth had been left in care of their grandmother, Juliana, who, when Heidelberg became no longer a safe place of residence, carried them off to Berlin where Maurice had been left with his Aunts. . . .

"Having thus successfully disposed of her family, Elizabeth was able to live at the Hague with considerable satisfaction surrounded by the beloved monkeys and dogs of which she had about seventeen in all. Nor was she without congenial society. At the Court of Orange there were no ladies, for both the princes were unmarried; but very speedily a Court gathered itself about the lively Queen of Bohemia. English ladies flocked to the Hague to show their respect and sympathy for their dear Princess. Nobles and diplomats, more especially Sir Thomas Roe and Sir Dudley Carrington, the last of whom was English Ambassador at the Hague, vied with one another in evincing their friendship for the Queen; and hundreds of adventurous young gentlemen came to offer their swords to her husband and their hearts to herself. 'I am never destitute of a fool to laugh at; when one goes another comes,' wrote Elizabeth apropos of these eager volunteers, who had dubbed her 'The Queen of Hearts.'"

February 14, 1613, Shrove Tuesday and St. Valentine's day, was the date of the young princess's wedding, an event commemorated by Master John Donne LL.D.[177] in an elaborate epithalamium.

Dr. Donne was a close friend of Izaak Walton who, in one of his copious notes in *The Compleat Angler,* refers to the Queen of Bohemia as "The Queen of Hearts."[178] This is repeated in Walton's *Life of Dr. Donne*[179] upon the occasion of the reverend scholar going to Bohemia to visit the Prince Palatinate and his royal wife.

"The virgin Queen of England," says Green in *The Princesses of England,* "the far-famed Elizabeth, was godmother to the royal child (the Queen of Hearts), and Bowes, her ambassador at the Scottish Court, took the princess in his arms at the font and on behalf of her English Majesty named her 'Lady Elizabeth, first daughter of Scotland.'

"Upon her marriage, the Scotch sent an express request that Elizabeth might be entitled 'Princess and eldest daughter of Scotland,' and not merely 'Princess of Great Britain.'"

"The summer's day" whereon the Queen of Hearts busied herself making tarts lasted for the seven years following her departure from England on the 10th of April after her marriage, until March 20, 1619, when the death of the Emperor Matthias brought about lively complications.

The Knave of Hearts who "stole those tarts and

took them clean away" was Ferdinand II, cousin and adopted son of the dead Emperor, and the cause for this theft of the "tarts" was that, feasting upon them, he might be proclaimed legal successor to the dead man.

But "The Queen of Hearts,"[180] everywhere adoringly loved, was the choice of the people who, rejecting utterly "The Knave of Hearts," thereupon formally offered the great "tart," the throne, to Frederick the Palatinate. It followed that the latter, having been formally crowned king, became thereafter, by the Jacobite faction, known as "The King of Hearts."

In this long-continued struggle for the crown, "The King of Hearts," calling for the stolen tarts, "beat the Knave full sore," and the Knave, having at the sword's point been compelled to return the tarts, "vowed he'd steal no more."

Vain swearing it was, however, for the beating full sore, which he had received at the hands of "The King of Hearts," was one which so rankled in his soul, that when, the following August, he was selected Emperor of Germany, "The Knave of Hearts" successfully turned the tables. Marching upon "The King of Hearts" and snatching from him his Palatinate, he forced him to fly into the Low Countries.

The title "King of Hearts" would seem to have been a popular one as applied to various dandies

of the Court of the Restoration as it is recorded of the young Earl of Shrewsbury, son of the infamous "Wanton Shrewsbury," by W. R. H. Trowbridge in *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall:*

"The reputation of being a 'King of Hearts,' a title satirically applied to him at this period, he never quite lost." [181]

An illuminative reference to those stolen tarts is made by Lord Doncaster [182] when, writing to Buckingham from Frankfort, September 27, 1619, he says: "I am after Holyrood-day, sent to hunt an Emperor, stolen, God knows whither, in frost, whom I fear I shall find terribly discomposed, because, before I can congratulate him, the Prince Palatinate will be crowned King of Bohemia."

The stealing of the tarts so jocularly referred to in this jingle has the tremendous importance of having been the cause of the Thirty Years' War, as stated in *The Somers Collection of Tracts* (State Papers) in the Bodleian Library.[183]

This jingle, moreover, must have been widely known and is undoubtedly one of the number got up about "The Queen of Hearts" by the Jesuits, for, says the Holland State Correspondence in the *Harleian Miscellany:*[184]

"Prince Christian of Brunswick, godfather of Louise, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, led a brave attack on Munster, because that town had, among its other iniquities, protected certain Jesuits

guilty of pasquinades against them (Elizabeth and Frederick the Palatinate)."

This matter is made the subject of one of the State papers in this same *Somers Collection of Tracts,* which contains an " Extract from a speech, delivered in the House of Commons July 17, 1641 (being resolved into a Committeé so near as it could be collected together) in the Palatinate cause, by Sir Simonds D'Ewes " :

" I have, in the few spare houres that I could borrow yesterday from the publike service of the house, recollected some particulars which may conduce to the clearing of this great cause, being drawn out of the autographs themselves, or out of our own records at home, or out of the writings of our very adversaries and others abroad. . . . I shall, therefore, beginne at the originall itself of the never enough to be lamented losse of the Prince Palatinate's dominions and electorall dignity. . . . It is, therefore, very manifest to all that are but meanly verst in the Cabinet Affaires of Christendom that the Jesuits have consulted for many years past, as well before as since the furious warres of Germany, by what meanes to ruine the Evangelical princes and partie there. The old Emperor Matthias begins now to act his part and the Jesuits spurre on their ready scholler, Ferdinand of Gratz, to ascend the bloody theatre they had so long designed him.

"The Jesuits and the Spaniard did not onely want a faire occasion to begin a warre in Germany. The Emperor Matthias labours with the Protestant princes to dissolve their union, which not taking effect, the Bishop of Spiers is encouraged underhand to pick a quarrel with the prince Elector-Palatinate and to build a strong fortress upon his enemies' territories. By this means and the advancing of Spinola with the Spanish armie out of the Nether-Lands, was not only the kingdom of Bohemia lost in a few months, but the Palatinate also, excepting some few places of strength infested by the enemie, and that poor people left to slaughter, calamatie, and desolation."

The King of Hearts, having finally died of a fever at Mentz, Nov. 29, 1632, but a few months after the restoration of the Palatinate, the Queen of Hearts resided at The Hague until after the Restoration. Returning then with William, first Earl of Craven, whom she is reputed to have secretly married, she finally died Feb. 13, 1661, at Leicester House, London.

Upon the death of the King of Hearts at the age of thirty-six, his widow was left penniless with six sons and four daughters, two of their children having died in infancy and the oldest, Prince Henry, having been drowned at sea when returning with his father in a packet-boat from Amsterdam.[185]

My nose is red,
Yours is blue;
Sister has got a red one,
What's that to you?

This jingle, as cited by Eva Scott in *Rupert Prince Palatinate,* was the work of Sophia, one of the young daughters of the King and Queen of Hearts. On one occasion she urged that a more studious sister go with her to see company, but the latter refused because her nose was discolored from the extreme cold of the room in which the Palatinate children pursued their studies.

Thereupon the sprightly Sophia [186] penned the jingle which has an added interest from the fact that, eventually marrying the Elector of Germany, she gave to the throne of England, in her son George, the first of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Chapter Twelve

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

ERY delightfully this invitation sounded in the ears of Charles II who, having introduced the peruke in which he is always pictured, won from the wags of his day the appropriate name of "Curly Locks."

When sitting on the shores of Holland, this melodious invitation extended its alluring promise that hereafter he should "not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine." Royal exile that he was, he was only too well versed in both these accomplishments, from the further performance of which he was now promised immunity.

Following the disasters to the Cavaliers and the execution of his father, Charles II was, as the guest, for more than a month, of humble cottagers, detailed to "feed the swine," and not only then but many times afterwards was he pressed into duty to "wash dishes" for his humble entertainers. Just before his escape across the water, came that lofty perching among the tree-tops of which Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicles,* has given a vivid picture: [187]

"There he found Colonel Careless, who had also betaken himself thither for shelter; and by his direction the King that Saturday went into the Wood (Boscobel) from the pleasantness whereof the house took its name. And ascended into the top of that most celebrated Oak, which, being thick with branches stretching and shadowy fore-right, was altogether impervious to the sight. And there the Colonel bore him company while he laid his head and slept upon a pillow in his lap. At night they both descended and came into the house and refreshed themselves."

With the redcoats in hot pursuit passing many times beneath this very tree, and all the while the devoted Colonel Careless glancing agonizingly down, "Curly Locks" slept undisturbed, his tired boyish head held in his companion's lap. From Boscobel, making his way to Bristol in the guise of a servant a-horse to Mistress Lady Jane, "Curly Locks" reached that city and from there went to the Continent in a coal-boat.

At last came the joyous cry of the Jacobites to welcome him home again, and, eighteen years of age, says Edward Walford in *Old and New London:* "A tall swarthy lad with falseness and treachery to his heart's core," he flung himself into the arms of the Commissioners sent to Holland to bear him back in triumph. "Tumble-down Dick" was gone and the continual convening and dispersing of the various soldier Parliaments weary-

STEPHENS COLLEGE,
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"Curly Locks."
Charles II.
1630-1685.

ing the people, their hearts went out in a vast cry of longing for this Stuart Prince exiled across the water. No sooner was the news come that Charles had accepted and signed the Covenant, than the midnight skies of Edinburgh flamed to sudden crimson with bonfires at every turn. From the steeples rang joy bells, as, trumpets sounding, people danced the long night through in a delirium of joy that "Curly Locks" was come into his own again.

High diddle diddle,
Did you hear the bells ring?
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King;
Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
To see the Parliament soldiers pass by.

High ding-a-ding and ho ding-a-ding,
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King;
Some with new beavers, some with new bands,
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King![188]

In these lines throbs all that world of tragedy, that clanging monotone of sadness enveloping the execution of Charles I, the unsatisfactory Protectorate, the mutinous year and a half of parliamentary soldiering, which followed General Monk's swift march from Scotland to London, the calling of the new Parliament, his mighty soldier's voice ringing its demand for the return of the royal exile, the slow dropping of his brave comrade's tears, the embarkation of the envoy to Holland to extend the thrice-welcome invitation. Then Lon-

don was garlanded, magnificently en fête, all England shouted in mad joy as "The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King." And "Curly Locks," splendidly appareled, in the early noonday of youth and promise, rode to his coronation as on every hand sounded mellifluously in his ears the old refrain "High ding-a-ding, and Ho ding-a-ding."

Little General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal,
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now little General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire:
If it catch your attire,
You, too, like Monk will be dead.[189]

"There were several reasons why the happy 'Restoration' took place without war," states Trevelyan in *England Under the Stuarts.* "One part of the soldiers, Gen'l Monk's army of occupation in Scotland, joined the party of the civilians; the troops quartered in England were divided into different chieftains and into different factions; many of Lambert's section of the Army shrank from plunging the country into blood to establish they knew not what. The officers had lost the love and confidence of their men by trading on their financial necessities, while, last but not least, Monk was a strong, patriotic, and unselfish man.

"He occupied London and declared for a free Parliament, and the assembly, freely elected under

his protection, called back Charles II. Though their own disbandment was certain to follow on a Restoration, the veterans yielded at the last moment to the general voice, and consented to take part in the reception of Charles into London. For soldiers, they were the very pick of Englishmen."

> Monk under a hood, not well understood,
> The City pull in its horns;
> The Speaker is out, and sick of the gout,
> And the Parliament sit upon thorns.

When, on the 20th of January, 1659, General Monk had been summoned to London as the man whose sagacity, the British nation believed, alone could bring order out of the lamentable chaos existent under the rule of Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver, the head of the army had conferred upon him a stupendous power by Parliament. This was done by naming him general of all the forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For the time being, he was named also to command the sea forces.

Samuel Pepys in his *Diary,*[190] under date of Jan. 20, 1659, in quoting this jingle, gives the explanation:

"This day three citizens went to meet Monk from the Common Council. Jan. 21: Because the Speaker was sick and Lord General Monk so near London and everybody thought the City would

suffer for their affronts to the soldiery, and because they had sent the sword-bearer to the General without the Parliament's consent, and the three Aldermen were gone to give their welcome to the town, these four lines were in almost everybody's mouth."

Upon the 29th of May, 1660, "Curly Locks," sailing from Holland, landed in England to be proclaimed king at the gate of Westminster Hall. The date marked his birthday, and never was London more magnificently en fête than for this reception to its returned royal exile. Those sweets of power typified by the "strawberries, sugar, and cream" of the jingle were literally made good. Over roadways strewn with flowers, under garlands of roses looped from side to side of the streets, "Curly Locks" made his triumphant way to "sit on a cushion" of the throne of England.

With Bow bells and St. Martin's, Old Bailey, Shoreditch, and Stepney sounding peal upon peal of welcome to London, with old cavaliers who had fought under their king at Naseby and Edgehill weeping for very joy as the throat of the populace rent itself in loyal shouts, "Curly Locks," his face beaming, bowing right and left, entered the capital to be by one vast voice proclaimed King of England. A "fine seam" was this indeed to sew, and most ruefully did he later accomplish the task.

In *The Nursery Rhymes of England,* James

O. Halliwell has given this jingle on Little General Monk as preserved to us by Samuel Pepys:

Some mice went into a barn to spin;
Puss came by and popped his head in.
"Shall I come in and cut off your threads?"
"Oh, no, Mr. Puss, you will snap off our heads!"

The three little mice that went into a barn to spin counted one royal head among their number, that of the young Prince Charles, fleeing at that time for his life from that commonwealth faction that had beheaded his father.

Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicles,*[191] replete with so much unusual historical data, here again are wonderfully enlightening as to the episode of the three mice seeking refuge in a barn and lying there a-tremble as Mr. Puss passed by:

"Betwixt three and four o'clock the King reached this place (White ladies) and Master Giffard after some knocking at the door called up one George Pendril, a Servant of the House, who, hearing and knowing his voice, ran down and opened the door, and the King and his retinue entred, wher after a little debate about the security of his person, the said Earl, having called thither William Pendril the House-keeper of Boscobel, was dispatched, another toward Tong to see if the coast was clear.

"His Majesty meanwhile had his hair cut off—'Poor Curly Locks!'—and his Buff-doublet an Linnen breeches buried, and he was disguised in

Country habit with adjuration of fidelity of the Pendrils . . . which they most solemnly promised. Then the Earl and the rest of the Lords, viz., the Duke of Buckingham and that Train with tears took their leave. (Derby would have staid but there was no probability of secrecy for the two.)

"As soon as the King was thus left by his company, with a Wood-bill in his hand, he was conducted into a Wood, or coppice near adjoining taking the name of William Jones, a wood-cutter, newly come from work and was accordingly instructed in the Tongue and Behavior. . . . And at nightfall against his coming home (where the Mother of the Pendrils most joyfully welcom'd him) and provided an ordinary supper; which ended the King with Richard his guide resolved for Wales, and went to one Master Wolfe of Madely, where for fear of search he was fain to take up his quarters in a Barn where Master Wolfe and his wife attended on him."

This narration proceeds at great length to explain in detail the insecurity of the young king's hiding in this barn, as all the woods thereabouts were filled with commonwealth soldiers, the "Mr. Puss" of the jingle. Finally, after many adventures, the king, in disguise, was able to effect his escape.

> To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
> Home again, home again, market is done.[192]

Madam Carwell, the handsome Frenchwoman

taken under the protection of the King of England and made Duchess of Portsmouth, having been dispatched by Louis XIV "to market," succeeded in inducing "Curly Locks" to "buy a plum bun." This was the French monarch's promised pension of £200,000 a year for the secret friendship of "Curly Locks," at the very time when England, with Sweden and Holland, had already entered into the Triple Alliance against France.

With hideous, characteristic duplicity, "Curly Locks," at the first sign of this coveted golden coin, hastened "To market, to market, to buy a plum bun," and having so secured this shameful "plum bun" whereby he was later to profane his coronation oath in announcing himself a Romanist, "Curly Locks" rode "home again" pledged to fight for Louis against the Dutch Republic and to support the claims of the French King in Spain. So far as he was concerned, the market was done, for in his breast pocket was the legal compact of Louis to provide him with abundance of money and an army to quell such British subjects as should dare to rise in rebellion at his villainy.

Charles II, it will be remembered, was by no means the first English monarch to be termed "a fat pig," as that distinction had long before fallen to Richard III, and some generations later to

Henry VIII, but in the reign of Charles II these "pig" jingles were more frequent than at any other period.

A Long-tailed Pig, or a Short-tail'd Pig,
Or a Pig without ever a tail.
A sow Pig, or a Boar Pig,
Or a Pig with a curly tail.

Oh, that each honest tradesman ne'er may fail
To tag his business with a golden tail!

The Cavalier and the Roundhead come in for respective raps in the first three lines of this jingle, while the "pig with a curly tail" is a shaft aimed directly at "Curly Locks." The "Sow Pig, or a Boar Pig" is likewise a thrust at this monarch, but this time indicates those flagrant episodes with which he so plentifully marked his reign.

This pig went to market,
That pig stayed at home,
This pig had roast beef,
That pig had none.
This pig went to the barn door,
And cried "week, week" for more.

This pig-jingle rendered in the nursery chapbook, *Mother Goose Melodies* of the Douce Collection at the Bodleian Library, is accompanied by the maxim, "If we do not govern our passions, our passions will govern us," a rather enigmatic maxim in this connection until one has found the key in the previous pig-jingles.

The special interest attaching to these lines arises from the importance of the historic transactions therein signified. Charles II, the pig that went to market, has, in his baleful sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the pig that stayed at home.

Trevelyan, in *England Under the Stuarts,*[193] has the significant record:

"In 1669 and 1670 the sister Henrietta (Duchess of Orleans) certainly carried to completion a work for which the influence of the son (this refers to Charles's illegitimate son born to him when, at sixteen years of age, he had as a favourite a Cavalier lady during his exile in the Isle of Jersey. This son, named by the Prince, James Stuart, afterwards became a Jesuit priest and came in close touch with his father in many important matters of State) had prepared the way. Her work was the secret Treaty of Dover (May 22, 1670) by which England and France joined to partition Holland, and Louis promised money and soldiers to Charles to enable him to establish the Catholic religion in England apparently on much the same terms as those proposed by the Pope in 1662–3.

"This was the lady, of whom nothing but what was gentle was ever reported, obedient to the training of confessors who had made her think such deeds to be the works of mercy, set on parties, Churches, and Nations to slay each other and be slain, and then herself passed suddenly into the court of death. (June, 1670.)

"There her mild ghost was followed by the cries of drowning Holland, of the burning Palatinate, of the Huguenots in their last agony, and the answering roar of England awaking in brutal wrath."

Herein indeed is "roast beef" in sickening abundance, and very plainly those who read will understand what followed the insatiate crying for "more" by that Pig which "went to the barn door" for this fanatical purpose.

> Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
> Kitty Fisher found it;
> But the devil a penny was there in it,
> Except the binding round it.

This old song, which is incorporated in the English editions of Mother Goose jingles, was written concerning two famous courtesans in favor with Charles II, as stated by Halliwell. The plain conclusion is that "Lucy Locket," having been supplanted in the royal affections, neither ultimately gained in worldly possessions from their royal lover, and that the king, as was so often the case with him, proved but a glittering binding of miserliness.

> Three sights to be seen:
> Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queene.

This jingle, Trevelyan states,[194] was pasted against the king's door by the mob that broke his

windows when the Dutch were in the Medway, and is incorporated in *The Secret History of the Calves' Head Club*,[195] and appears in many of the English editions of the nursery jingles.

Samuel Pepys in his Diary under date of June 14, 1667, says:

"Mr. Hater tells me at noon that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these words writ: 'Three sights to be seen—Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'"

At that date the unpopularity of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Clarendon, father-in-law of the Duke of York, the future James II) was second only to that of Charles II, who, with his court, amused himself chasing moths evening after evening in and about the palace grounds, while England's sovereignty upon the high seas faded out of sight.

The keen shaft at the queen for her inability to provide an heir to the throne was but one of many during the pitiful misrule of "Curly Locks."

The lampoon at the infamous sale of Dunkirk to Louis XIV by "Curly Locks," and his connivance at the Court graft over the victualing of the troops at Tangier, holds him up forever to the contempt of his people.

Chapter Thirteen

"You owe me five farthings,"
Said the bells of St. Martin's.

NEVER was cleverer fling aimed at a crowned head than is contained in these lines, which must have set the Court and big-wigs of England into merriest shouts of laughter as majors, bob-majors, and triple bob-majors, ringing from belfry and steeple, were thus made to sound the ecclesiastical history of a quarter of a century.

With flying clefs and quavers, "the bells of St. Martin's" rang through fog and sunshine in the proud distinction of the Court Church under the favor of Charles II.

At the time this jingle was penned, St. Martin's was literally "in the fields," with its lovely, wide-spreading, green fields across which the king, in his gilded coach, rode often enough with the enchanting young Orange Girl of Drury Lane, in the first flush of her beauty, seated beside him.

What a picture! What a fascinating glimpse into a bit of love in the life of the merrie monarch and the low-born, winsome mistress, whose bones lie to-day, a handful of forgotten ashes, in the churchyard crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields!

When, strong in his coronation oath of episcopacy, "the bells of St. Martin's" summoned Charles II to service, there were but four houses in Piccadilly, and along the royal route were blossoming hedgerows, as the coach rolled over a carpet of primroses and daffodils.

The bells of St. Martin's were selected to make the demand for "five farthings" as a delightfully jocular titillation of England's open secret that, while attendant upon that place of worship, Charles II and Nell Gwynne in private life flamboyantly dispensed with all churchly ceremony.

"Among the strange phenomena that were witnessed in this period of chaos, not the least curious was that of Nell Gwynne, posing as the head of the Protestants," states W. H. R. Trowbridge in *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall.* "It is perhaps too much to say that the part she played in this religious convulsion of the English people explains the leniency, closely resembling popularity, with which she alone of Charles's mistresses is regarded by posterity. Of all the volumes that have been written on the Restoration, no light has ever been shed so clearly on the character of the times as the fact that Protestant England could hail with acclaim a king's mistress as its champion." [198]

In the jingle's peremptory demand for "five farthings" the bells of St. Martin's, by a double-

barbed thrust, were given the direct personality of the king; first, because it was this monarch who, in 1672, brought the farthing into use as a coin of the realm, and denominated it "King's Money." Up to that date its place had been taken by "tokens," rude species of farthing adopted by tradesmen for convenience in making change. Second, because it was the royal hand always stretched out, demanding literally to the uttermost whatsoever he considered was owed him. So grasping did he become in this respect as not to hesitate to imprison when every farthing was not promptly forthcoming to fill the coffers for his riotous living.

The fact that Charles was still ostensibly a Church of England man did not deter him from making inordinate demands for money from every Protestant Church in his realm. An especially heavy hand was laid upon the churches mentioned in this jingle, so that an additional fillip is given the lines through this monarch's custom of imposing fines upon all who refused to attend Episcopal worship. These fines were actually levied by military force, with the soldiers quartered upon the unhappy subjects, states Walford, "until there was paid the uttermost farthing." [197]

As early as 1222, there was a church upon the site of St. Martin's, named for the Hungarian who, in the fourth century, was Bishop of Tours.

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields of the Charles II jingle was built in the reign of Henry VIII to the order of that king, who designed to have it stand out of his way that the funerals of his subjects should not continue to offend him by passing before the palace.

The designation of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was bestowed because, like its sister church, St. Giles, it was outside of London proper.

St. Martin's Lane, so christened in the reign of Charles I, was bounded on the east side by the wall of Covent Garden and from thence opened into the Cock-and-Pie Fields. This was a rookery at the foot of the Lane to which various slang names were given. Porridge Island, The Bermudas, and the Straits of the Strand were among the soubriquets destined to become famous in the comedies of Ben Jonson, who, born in this locality, received his early education at a private school in St. Martin's Court.

Ben Jonson and his fellow writers make frequent mention of this district as occupied by "a low lot of inhabitants who indulged in gin, ale, and cock-fighting. Porridge Island especially was filled with second-rate cook shops."

It was from this quarter and for the reasons specified that, earlier in the Elizabethan period, there had arisen the jingle, afterwards incorporated in the Islip Mumming Play:

Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

"When will you pay me?"
Said the bells of Old Bailey.

Grim inquiry, indeed, for people of Old Bailey as a rule paid with their lives. Attached to Old Bailey in Giltspur street, anciently called Knight-rider's street, was Giltspur Street Compter, a debtor's prison and house of correction, which at one time stood over against St. Sepulchre's Church.

The "Bells of Old Bailey" were rung from the tower of this church, known at the time as St. Sepulchre's-in-Old-Bailey's, about which cluster associations with the annals of crime and the summary execution of the laws of England.

As the nearest church to Old Bailey's, there devolved upon these bells the mournful duty of tolling for the hapless souls who, for transgressions financial, political, and other, gave up their lives from too insistent pressure of the hangman's noose.

The steeple clock served to time the hangman. In 1605, Mr. Robert Dowe gave "the sum of £1, 6s. 8d. per annum, with £250 down, to be used annually by the sexton of St. Sepulchre's for tolling the greatest bell on the day condemned prisoners were to die, and forever for other services."

These services consisted in the bellman, upon the night preceding the execution, going under Old Bailey, and in a loud voice calling out:

> All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
> Prepare you, for to-morrow you must die;
> Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near,
> That you before the Almighty shall appear;
> Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
> That you may not to everlasting flames be sent.
> And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
> The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
> Past twelve o'clock!

Nearly opposite to the former site of the debtor's prison, adjoining Cock Lane, is Pye Corner which, in addition to its former literary fame as the principal publishing mart of London, has the distinction of being the spot at which terminated the Great Fire of 1666, which had its start in Pudding Lane.

> "When I grow rich,"
> Said the bells of Shoreditch.

From the large number of beneficiaries left by persons of means, the Church of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, is one of the wealthiest of London, hence its appropriate lines in the jingle. The bells of Shoreditch rang their solemn dirge during the Great Plague, when the large enclosure about the church was filled with woful rapidity. As you pass to-day through the high iron gates, you will

notice, to the left and still in perfect condition, the thatched-roofed stocks where, in early times, punishment was unsparingly meted out to petty offenders.

There are many conflicting legends regarding the origin of this section. An unhappy one declares that its christening came from the plight of Jane Shore, the beautiful amour of Edward IV, who, after the King's death, coming upon dour times, fell, exhausted from fatigue and hunger, to die miserably in a ditch of this never-at-any-time savory neighborhood.

The weight of probability lies, however, in favor of its having been called for the family of Shoreditch, Lords of the Manor in the reign of Edward III. Sir Edward de Shoreditch, whose lance was leveled against the French, when he rode to battle beside the Black Prince, was not only an eminent warrior but was, as well, a lawyer and diplomat. Edward Walford has to say of him: "Having on one occasion been sent to Rome to protest against the greedy and tyrannical way in which foreign priests were thrust into English beneficiaries, it was all Sir John could do to get safe back to the little island." [198]

Henry VIII, possessed of the saving grace of humor, conferred upon one Barlow, an humble archer, the facetious title of the Duke of Shoreditch when, following an archery meet at Wind-

sor, the fellow's unusual skill with bow and arrow pleased the burly king, who, of all sports, delighted most in archery, in which he was well skilled. Several acts were passed during this monarch's reign enjoining upon all fathers the presentation of a bow and arrow to their sons upon the attainment of the lads' seventh year.

All persons, except the clergy and judges, were compelled to shoot at certain of the city butts, which were plentiful about Shoreditch and Islington. Stowe says: "Three gentlemen of the Court were appointed overseers of the science of artillery, viz: of longbows, crossbows, and handguns. And leave was given them to shoot at all manner of marks and Butts, as well as at Fowls, and a game of popinjay in the City and suburbs, and at all other places."

That the clergy were also fond of this exercise with bow and arrows, and skilled at it, is evidenced by the remains at numerous of the old abbeys, notably that near Glastonbury, in the Little Jack Horner estate where the archery butts are still in perfect condition.

At this time Shoreditch was a waste of fields much frequented of archers, and, following the mock knighting of Barlow, he, as Captain of his fellows, went first in all archery meets and contests at the Shoreditch, Islington, Hoxton, and Newington butts. To match the king's jest, Bar-

low's companions announced themselves as the Marquis of Islington, of Pancras, of Shacklewell, and Hoxton.

In the time of Elizabeth there were no fewer than three thousand archers in London, and the queen took great interest in their skill. On one occasion, attended by four thousand billmen, pages, and an imposing retinue, one thousand archers wearing gold chains went from the Merchant Taylor's Hall to try their skill at Smithfield before her Majesty.

Among the notables for whom "the bells of Shoreditch" have tolled, as they were brought for burial in and about this ancient church, is Will Somers, Court Jester of Henry VIII, and twenty years later Elizabeth's favorite clown, Tarlton, was laid there to rest with "the bells of Shoreditch" ringing his requiem. Among this goodly company, above whose graves in the crowded churchyard "the bells of Shoreditch" ring today, are Richard Burbage, the tragedian, to whom was accorded the privilege of close friendship with William Shakespeare, two of whose original players, William Sly and Richard Cowley, also rest there. Another of Shakespeare's players, Nicholas Wilkinson, alias "Tooley," left to the Shoreditch Church an annual benefaction of £6 10s. to be distributed in bread to the poor of the parish, as I discovered when, one Sunday morn-

ing, all unknowing of this, I attended service at this church, while, with "the bells of Shoreditch" filling the air with their melody, the distribution of large loaves of bread was made, as the pensioners filed out of church.

Gabriel Spenser, the player who fell in a duel with Ben Jonson, lies in this church, where the assemblage of so many actors is due to the fact that, on the west side of Shoreditch in Holleywell Lane, was that famous theatre, *The Curtain,* which, built before Shakespeare's arrival in London, was so named from having been the first to use a drop curtain at theatrical performances.

"When will that be?"
Said the bells of Stepney.

A court flavor was lent to the "bells of Stepney" by the residence at this Port of London Church of Sir Thomas Lake in 1595. This dignitary was subsequently Secretary of State to James I. The following year, Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, had a seat there, and prior to that, the first Marquis of Worcester was established in an imposing residence in this parish which is to-day a socially unknown part of London, but, nevertheless, a most interesting one.

In accordance with a quaintly charming old custom,

He who sails upon the wide sea
Is a parishioner of Stepney.

A practice of the early bishops to mortgage, and even, on occasion, to sell outright certain properties of each of the churches mentioned in the jingle, imparts additional piquancy to the lines.

Stepney, little more than low marshlands subjected at regular intervals to floods from the Thames, was, from the time of Elizabeth to that of Charles I, the scene of smallpox scourges that carried off even the grave-diggers and sextons.

Two and a half miles from St. Paul's, the parish was in ancient days called Stibenhidde or Stebenheth, and was, because of its remoteness, in 1299 the seat of a Parliament called by Edward I at the house of Henry Walleis, then Mayor of London. But despite its remoteness, Stepney was coveted by various rulers. Cromwell confiscated it for his solicitor who was made steward of the manor which, up to that date, had been held by the Bishop of London. The congregation of Presbyterians was in turn ejected by Charles II, who instituted at Stepney a weekly Court of Record and made insatiate demands upon its exchequer, so that "the bells of Stepney" ringing out their plaintive peal, "When will that be?" as to reparations or repayments, caused the court and subjects generally to give a wry smile enough.

"The bells of Stepney" rang their first chime

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from the turret tower built as a beacon for mariners in the early edifice of 700 A. D., which in 1400 was rebuilt by St. Dunstan. The silver mace of St. Dunstan, carefully preserved in this quaint, unplastered rough-stone church, shows a full-length of this saint engaged in his early calling of an iron worker, pincers in hand wherewith to banish the Devil by tweaking his nose. This old saint would appear to have been an interestingly composite character as, turning from things worldly, such as ironmongery, he answered an inward call to spiritual things so successfully that thenceforth, rising to be Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, he cannily retained his old iron pincers, and used them from thenceforth, when in sportive mood, by heating them and giving the Devil a red-hot tweaking of the satanic nose whenever it threatened to thrust itself into matters ecclesiastical.

Not the least interesting feature of Stepney Church, is the Leper's Squint, a narrow, obliquely set opening from the chancel to the churchyard, through which the segregated lepers literally "squinted" at the congregation commemorating the Lord's Supper.

"Indeed, I don't know,"
Said the great bell of Bow.

Out of the clang and clash and roar of London's

teeming life, "the great bell of Bow" chimed its sonorous prophecy, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," and a poor lad sitting afar in the fields with naught but a cat for his worldly possession, heeding this vaticination, retraced his steps to accumulate fabulous wealth, and, as Sir Richard Whittington, to be three times Lord Mayor of London.

The knighting of this fine man took place in 1419 when, because of his stupendous achievements and magnificent gifts to the City of London during the reigns of Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V, he fairly earned his honors. One of the richest merchants England has ever known, this builder of Newgate, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the library at Grey Friars, now called Christ's Hospital, and a portion of the present Guildhall, with a chapel and depositary wherein to keep the city records, Sir Richard lived in Whittington Palace. This, until its demolition in 1801, was one of the most extraordinary houses in London. It was built in the form of a square, with the entire front of elaborately carved black oak, from which cats looked down at every point. Within, the ceilings were so skilfully carved with cats' heads that, stand or walk where you might, the glance of these myriad felines appeared to follow every movement, and within, as without, cats' heads formed the door-knockers. This merchant

prince's largest ship, *The Cat,* sailed the twelvemonth through to many ports, adding always to the owner's vast wealth.

Stowe relates that, at the north side of the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Edward III caused a house to be "strongly built for himself, the queen, and other estates to stand in and there behold the joustings and other shows at their pleasure. And this house for a long time served for that use in the reigns of Edward III and Richard II."

Thus it was that, under the very shadow of "the great bell of Bow," kingly pageants gathered to witness Whittington's installation as Lord Mayor of London.

Always, when I have been in London, I have remained for the Lord Mayor's Show on the 3d of November and, of them all, remember most vividly that of November, 1906, when the novel feature was that of the seven most illustrious Lord Mayors of London, attended by retinues in the costumes of their respective periods. When Sir Richard Whittington rode by with his famous cat perched upon his saddle, there went up along the line of march such a shout from childish throats as has rarely been evoked by any of the November pageants.

Sir Christopher Wren was given the niggardly sum of £25 to be equally divided between himself,

Stone the mason, and Grinling Gibbons the carver, for the building of the present structure of St. Mary-le-Bow's Church. His instructions then were to strengthen the foundations of the very ancient edifice originally standing on this spot. Energetic digging revealed, beneath the accumulated rubbish, the tessellated pavement of an early Roman temple. In the Architectural College of London may to-day be seen the ancient plans upon which Sir Christopher Wren, Stone the mason, and Grinling Gibbons the incomparable carver, constructed the St. Mary-le-Bow of to-day.

The Saxon church on this site was at one time converted into a fortress. Stowe gives the original form of the name St. Mary-le-Bow to have been St. Mary-de-Arcubus or Bow, which, he states, was bestowed because this was the earliest of the London churches to be built upon arches.

"The great bell of Bow," continuing the Norman curfew custom, was, in 1315, in the reign of Edward III, "the go-to-bed-bell." As the signal for extinguishing lights at eight o'clock, the overworked 'prentices of Cheapside must heed the instructions from the belfry and retire at once. When, under Henry VI, the steeple was completed, the curfew ringing of "the great bell of Bow" led to no end of jingles. One of these supposes a querulous remonstrance on the part of the 'prentices:[199]

Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knockes.

The ringer thereupon spiritedly, or soothingly, as one may care to view it, replies:

Children of Chepe, hold you all still,
For you shall have Bow bell rung at your will.

Halliwell presents one of the numerous versions of this jingle in which it will be noticed that each couplet contains a thrust at Charles II. This is especially apparent in the chime rung from St. Clement's:

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

"Bulls'-eyes and targets,"
Say the bells of St. Margaret's.

"Brickbats and tiles,"
Say the bells of St. Giles.

"Halfpence and farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

"Oranges and lemons,"
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

"Pancakes and fritters,"
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

"Two sticks and an apple,"
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

"You owe me ten shillings,"
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

"Pokers and tongs,"
Say the bells of St. John's.

"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells of St. Anne's.

"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

"When will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.

"I'm sure I don't know,"
Says the great bell of Bow.

Here is reference to Nell Gwynne in the bells of St. Clement's, to the archery butts in the bells of St. Martin's, the rough-and-tumble element surrounding the neighborhood of St. Giles, the ecclesiastical feasts on certain Saints' days in the peal of St. Peter's, the archery and games of popinjay in the bells of Whitechapel, and thunderbolts of penances expressed in the bells of St. John.

Trevelyan,[200] in *England Under the Stuarts,* throws an amusing light upon the couplet:

"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells of St. Anne's.

"He (Charles) was a prey to the mimicry of Buckingham, who by the help of the fire shovel and bellows for the mace and seal used to imitate the Chancellor's strut to the uncontrolled delight

of a master more grateful for the amusement of an hour than the devotion of a life time."

That these distichs on the bells of London were not only well known in London, but that they were penned by no obscure hands, is evidenced in a copy of them in the Bodleian Library chap-book, *Songs For The Nursery.* Under the heading, "Collected from the Works of the Most Renowned Poets and adapted to Favourite National Melodies," is this jingle:

"You owe me five shillings,"
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

"When will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.

"I do not know,"
Says the great bell of Bow.

"Two sticks and an apple,"
Ring the bells of Whitechapel.

"Halfpence and farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells of St. Anne's.

"Old shoes and slippers,"
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

"Poker and tongs,"
Say the bells of St. John's.

In this chap-book version, St. Peter's, dropping its feast-day menu, rings out as the fashionable church for weddings, with its "old shoes and slippers" thrown after the bride for luck and Godspeed.

Paul Hentsner, in his *Travels in England During the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,*[201] wrote of the English as a nation of bell-lovers:

"The English excel in dancing and music for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French. They are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that in London it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise."

In 1637, Sir Cliffe Clifton and Lord Brereton associated themselves with others in founding the "Ancient Society of College Youths," the oldest association of bell-ringers in Europe.

In 1667, Stedman dedicated his book on change-ringing, *Tintinalogia,* to the college youths of the ancient church of St. Martin Vintry, on College Hill, where the youths practised their bell-ringing.

Chapter Fourteen

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni.

WITH the bonny brave beauty of the Stuarts, that dashing Cavalier, Prince Rupert of the Palatinate, Royalist General in the Civil War, smiles out at us in joyous mood from this his portrait by the lampoonists of the day.

"Following the coronation of the Queen of Hearts, October 28, 1620," says Eva Scott in her book, *Prince Rupert Palatinate,* "there was born to her on the 26th of November, Prince Rupert, destined to figure conspicuously in history for military achievements, literary accomplishments, and mechanical genius—the greatest of the thirteen children of the King and Queen of Hearts." [202]

At the very time when his royal father was demanding back from the Knave of Hearts the stolen tarts, "Yankee Doodle" was enduring with his parents almost unbelievable sufferings from actual hunger and cold.

"He (Prince Rupert) became so much master of the tongues," says Warburton, in *Rupert of the*

Cavaliers, "that at thirteen he could understand and be understood in all Europe. His High and Low Dutch were not more naturally spoken by him than English, Spanish, and Italian. Latin he understood. . . . He showed, however, a passion for all things military. His Highness also applying himself to riding, fencing, vaulting, the exercise of the pike and musket, and the study of geometry and fortification wherein he had the assistance of the best masters, besides the inclination of a military genius which showed itself so early that at eight years of age he handled his arms with the readiness of an experienced soldier." [203]

Such was the childhood and training of "Yankee Doodle," the darling of the civil wars in which he served with both grandfather and uncle, Charles I and Charles II.

Adored by his own soldiery, whom he could lead to any height of daring and endurance, he was to the Roundheads the most feared figure in all England, a man who, because of his coming unscathed through so many thrilling situations of war, was accredited with occult powers.

The old English song of Yankee Doodle, in which Prince Rupert figures in the title rôle, was written at that period of the civil war when this prince, with his soldiery, was, with almost phenomenal endurance, endeavoring to hold the City of Bristol for the Cavaliers under Charles I. At that time, sticking a feather in his hat ensured the

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"YANKEE DOODLE."
Prince Rupert,
1619-1682.

wearer being dubbed a Macaroni in distinction from the dour, soberly-habited Roundheads, who finally, under General Fairfax, ousted the rollicking soldiery of Prince Rupert from Bristol.

Upon this city's College Green, where stands the High Cross, there was then wont to gather the wealth and aristocracy of the city. There dandies went from London, and foreign potentates, just over the seas, disported themselves to the admiring eyes of the rich Burghers. From this fine parade arose the Yankee Doodle verses upon Prince Rupert, destined to cross the Atlantic and become a national air of the great new country, then all unknowingly forming its backbone and unconquerable sinew.

A note of interest, equal with the personality of "Yankee Doodle," is that relative to the air to which it is sung. Halliwell says: "Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher were two celebrated courtesans of the time of Charles II. It was to the tune of this nursery rhyme that Yankee Doodle was written." [204]

There are in fact three old versions of the Yankee Doodle lines, all leveled at Prince Rupert. The first has been given. The second runs:

> "Yankee Doodle came to town;
> How do you think they served him?
> One took his bag, another his scrip,
> The quicker for to starve him." [205]

This, as well as the succeeding version, is quoted by Halliwell. Expressive of the feeling and acts of the Commonwealth soldiers during the siege of Bristol, the lines are aimed directly at Prince Rupert, who, as the "Yankee Doodle" of the jingle, was then commanding the Royalist forces.

"Yankee Doodle came in town
Upon a Kentish pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni." [206]

Here again is a flounce at Prince Rupert's talent for stealing into the very heart of the enemy's camp in all manner of disguises, and, not once, but many times, with fine horses at a premium, "Yankee Doodle" himself, and his soldiers, no less than those of the enemy, were glad enough to avail themselves of the small Kentish ponies.

Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark!
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Bristol was openly coveted by both parties before, during, and after the civil war. At the outset, the civic authorities admitted a Parliamentary force, and, while five miles of the new fortifications were in progress, "Yankee Doodle," in the summer of 1653, besieged the city with twenty thousand men. After his dashing attack, the place

overflowed with soldiers of fortune in every varying degree of gorgeousness of attire and keenness of want. Hence the jeering lines:

> Some in rags, some in jags,
> Some in velvet gowns.

But, deeper than this thrust, when you bend intelligent ear, there will be heard sounding the "bark" of a dog, of such splendid courage and marvelous daring upon the field of battle as to be referred to as "a four-legged Cavalier," [207] and actually to be accorded place in the Parliamentary dispatches of the day.[208] This was Prince Rupert's famous dog "Boye," to whose barking the Commonwealth soldiers ever cried in superstitious terror, "Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark!"

Eva Scott states, "Prince Rupert's inseparable companion during his captivity by the Emperor of Germany was his white poodle, Boye. This dog was a present from Lord Arundel, then British Ambassador at Vienna; it remained Rupert's inseparable companion for many years, and met at last a soldier's death at Marston Moor." [209] Had ever any dog more splendid lines written of him!

Sir Edward Southcote in his *Narrative* [210] says, "The Roundheads fancied he (Boye) was the Devil, and took it very ill that he should set himself against them."

A right jolly dog was "Boye" after all for, in *Rupert The Palatinate*,[211] it is recorded:

"With the Cavaliers, the dog was, of course, as popular as with the Puritans he was the reverse. It is reported by their enemies that the Royalists, after their captivity of Birmingham, passed the night in drinking healths to Prince Rupert's dog."

The same authority proceeds:

"Boye is generally supposed to have been a poodle. He is so represented in the caricatures preserved of him. But he must have been in truth a remarkable one for Lady Sussex relates that when Rupert shot five bucks, his dog pulled them down."[212]

"To this 'divill dog,'" narrates Sir Edward Southcote, "were attributed supernatural powers of going invisible, of foretelling events, and of protecting his master from harm. The Roundheads fancied he was the Devil, and took it very ill that he should be set against them."[213]

Cleveland in his *Rupertisms*[214] says:

"Many of the Puritans did in truth imagine him to be Rupert's evil spirit, and it was reported that the dog fed on human flesh." This authority quotes a current jingle:

> They fear the giblets of his train,
> Even his dog, that four-legged Cavalier,
> He that devours the scraps that Lunsford makes,
> Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes.

'Gainst whom they have these articles in souse—
First, that he barks against the sense o' th' House,
Resolved delinquent to the Tower straight,
Either to the Lyons, or the Bishop's gate.

Thirdly, he swells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too than Pym's by his own letter;
Lastly, he is a devil without doubt,
For when he would lie down he wheels about,
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And, therefore, scores up one for conjuring.

"The enemy is possest with so strange and senseless a feare as they will not believe any place tenable to which your Highness will march," is the statement in Mr. Firth's *Transcripts,* George Porter to Prince Rupert, March 24, 1644. "Nor was it wonderful that the Puritans deemed him something more than human. Conspicuous always by his dress and unusual height, ever foremost in the charge, utterly prodigal of his person, he bore a charmed life. Twice pistols were fired in his face without doing him the slightest harm. Once his horse was killed under him, but he marched off on foot leisurely without so much as amending his pace." [215]

"While guarding the retreat from Brentford," says Eva Scott, "he stood for hours exposed to a heavy fire and yet came off unscathed." In all history there is recorded no nobler, more dashing soldier, than was this English hero, "Yankee Doodle."

Dr. Fauster went to Gloucester,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle,
And never went there again.

It was not the actual condition of the roads about Gloucester that prevented this reincarnation of the learned Dr. Faustus of legendary bewitchment from deciding never again to travel that way. It was rather the muddy condition of affairs when, with "that gallant four-legged Cavalier" beside him, Prince Rupert, hemmed in by the Roundheads under the leadership of the Earl of Essex, realized that there had come the turning-point in the waging of war for Charles I. The siege of Gloucester followed the flush of triumph in the taking of Bristol, and "Dr. Fauster went to Gloucester in a shower of rain" of bullets from the Roundheads. An extremely disconcerting "puddle up to his middle," the Royalists found themselves in, when Essex, moving rapidly from London, raised the siege, and most woefully bespattered "Dr. Fauster" with mud in the overwhelming defeat of the royal army in the battle of Newberry.

Finally, when poor "Boye" had fallen on the field of battle, the death of "Prince Rupert's witch" was recorded with exultation in the Parliamentary journals:[216]

"Here also was slain that accursed cur which is here mentioned by the way, because the Prince's dog has been so much spoken of, and was valued by his master more than creatures of more worth."

"The beggars are coming" had been a familiar political-religious cry long before the time of Prince Rupert, when its incorporation in the jingle meter was flung out at the expense of the Royalist troops. It was a cry at which many a haughty prelate had winced during the bloody reign of Philip II, while the brave Hollanders were fighting, not only for religious liberty, but for life itself against the "pint-pot soldier" of the famous jingle, "There was a little man."

At that date the Royalists were known throughout Europe as "the Beggars." Motley, in *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* thus makes a memorable reference to this well-known cry "The Beggars are coming":

"A Jesuit priest of some notoriety had been preaching a glowing discourse in the pulpit of Notre Dame. He earnestly avowed his wish that he were good enough to die for his hearers. He proved to demonstration that no man should shrink from torture or martyrdom in order to sustain the ancient faith. As he was thus expatiating, his fervid discourse was suddenly interrupted by three sharp sudden blows of a very peculiar character, struck upon the great portal of the Church. The priest, forgetting his love for martyrdom, turned

pale and dropped under the pulpit. Hurrying down the steps, he took refuge in the vestry, locking and barring the door. The congregation shared in his panic. 'The Beggars are coming!' was the general cry. There was a horrible tumult, which extended through the City as the congregation poured precipitately out of the Cathedral to escape a band of furious and destroying Calvinists.

"Yet, when the shock had a little subsided, it was discovered that a small urchin was the cause of the whole tumult. Having been bathing in the Scheldt, he had returned by way of the Church with a couple of bladders under his arms. He had struck these against the door of the Cathedral, partly to dry them, partly from a love of mischief. Thus a great uproar, in the course of which it had been feared that Tourney was to be sacked and drenched in blood, had been caused by a little wanton boy who had been swimming on bladders."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, Sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, Sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, Sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid,"—
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

This old Bristolian song of the period epitomizes the universal royalist wooing of simple country maids, when the king, having escaped from

Naseby, was, for a time, entertained, with his followers, in Bristol Castle.

The records of this period contain numerous similar ditties relative to the wooing and ignominious casting off of pretty maids a-milking in the fields. That these simple country lassies were at times quite capable of self-defensive retorts to their high-born swains is evident not only from the jingle, but from that shorter one current in early chap-books:

> " Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou? "
> " Down in the forest to milk my cow."
> " I shall go with thee? " " No, not now;
> When I send for thee, then come thou." [217]

> The lion and the unicorn
> Were fighting for the crown;
> The lion beat the unicorn
> All around the town.
>
> Some gave them white bread,
> Some gave them brown;
> Some gave them plum cake,
> And sent them out of town.

Charles I as " the lion," having appealed to Ireland for help, the indignant Scotch as " the unicorn," following the Solemn League and Covenant between the Parliaments of England and Scotland, rallied in immense numbers to the standard of Colonel Oliver Cromwell. This division of forces, resulting for a time in " The lion and the unicorn

fighting for the crown," "The lion," during the winter, literally "beat the unicorn all around the town," and, during this exciting period, they were given by their respective sympathizers "white bread and brown," with the finale of plum cake, and sent out of town.

The largest share of "plum cake" fell to the lot of Cromwell and his Ironsides when, upon July 2, 1644, they not only killed Prince Rupert's wonderful dog, "Boye," but completely vanquished the dashing "Yankee Doodle" at Marston Moor.

This jingle of "The lion and the unicorn" is referred to in the verses of the *Harleian Miscellany,* under caption of "A Call to Charles II to return to England": [218]

> "Now, now, we see 'twas for the Crown
> The Houses both did fight;
> For since the Cavaliers are down,
> They put the King to flight."

Chapter Fifteen

See-saw, sack-a-day,
Monmouth is a pretty boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy,
And why should I these three destroy
To please a pious brother? [219]

HE who runs may read this jingle which literally translates itself. "In the reign of Charles II," says Halliwell,[220] "political pasquinades constantly partook of the genuine nursery character. We may select the present example, of course put into the mouth of that Sovereign, preserved in MS., Douce 357, f.124 Bodleian Library."

The Duke of Monmouth, the king's favorite of all his illegitimate children, was the son of Charles II by Lucy Waters. Samuel Pepys states that there was a report, current in England at that time, that the king had been privately married to the beautiful Lucy Waters. This, of course, was vigorously denied. Many times, however, it was common talk that Charles intended to have the "pretty boy" legitimatized and declared his successor, a report which naturally proved the subject of frequent bitter quarrels between the king and his brother.

The Duke of Richmond, referred to in the jin-

gle, was another natural son of Charles II by Frances Theresa Stewart, Duchess of Richmond. The young Duke of Grafton, of whom the jingle makes Charles exclaim, "Is my onely joy," was one of the monarch's several sons by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Castlemain.

In this jingle it is plain that the inference, "To please a pious brother," the future James II, is that it had been rather more than obscurely hinted to the merrie monarch that the troublesome Monmouth should be expeditiously put out of the way. But for all his perfidies, Charles appears to have been genuinely fond of his illegitimate children, and, of them all, he adored Monmouth who was, in truth, "a pretty boy," as pretty a boy as any of those whose royal portraits now hang beside his own in the National Portrait Gallery in London.

This jingle was evidently a favorite one, for it figures not only as stated, but was deemed worthy of special mention and comment in *Jacobite Minstrelsy*[221] and in Laurence Echard's *History of England*.[222]

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

"Wife, bring me my old bent bow,"
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
"That I may shoot at yon carrion crow;"

Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
But shot the pig right through the heart;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

"Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do," as stated in the *Sloane MS.*[223] in the Bodleian Library, where this jingle is given, was a common refrain of the Pye Corner Ballads. As herein incorporated it was used in the building up of this jingle, which was founded upon the plot formed by Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney to secure the recognition of Monmouth as the legitimate son of "Curly Locks," and, therefore, direct heir to the throne. This appeared necessary at that time because the people now fully realized that neither "Curly Locks" nor his brother James, Duke of York, could at any time be relied upon to restore the Constitution. It was thereupon decided, as the only way in which this desired restoration could be accomplished, that the direct succession should be changed. But while this conspiracy was rapidly gaining ground there was stealthily forming the Rye House Plot, destined, while working as a wheel within a wheel to the conspiracy, to overthrow their common aim.

Charles II was coming in for some ugly nicknames, as witness "yon carrion crow" which the

tailor who shaped the coat, as representing the common people of the realm, was, without knowledge of the leaders of the conspiracy, designing to shoot as he returned from the Newmarket races. Their intention to overturn a cart at the roadside farm of Rye House in Hertfordshire, and by this means to upset the royal coach, was, happily for the monarch, discovered in time.

Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, "pigs," in the king's estimation, for their share, real and accredited, were "shot through the heart." Monmouth fled to the continent, and the king, escaping "the coat" shaped for him as a burial shroud, went his wicked way unharmed.

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind, so rosy and fair,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

A raven cried, "Croak!" and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump![224]

The setting of this jingle is two years later than that of "yon carrion crow." It was not written, in fact, until, "Curly Locks" having gone to his long

reckoning, his brother James sat upon the throne, and, in the identical fashion of Charles II, sold himself to the serfdom of Louis of France.

Over in Holland, a refugee with the "pretty boy," Monmouth, was the Earl of Argyll who, under the clan name of MacCallum More, landed on Cantire with a broadcast call to arms in the dramatic Fiery Cross, which, having the extremities kindled and extinguished in blood, was the signal for assembling. A swift messenger, bearing this Cross, ran with it to the nearest hamlet, and, having delivered it to the first man encountered, stopped only to name the place of rendezvous, ere he sped back to report, his duty accomplished, to every male from sixteen to sixty, that the Earl of Argyll summoned him to battle. Yet in all scarce two thousand mustered to the call.

This small army moving toward Glasgow was scattered in Dumbartonshire when the Earl, disguised as "a farmer" trotting upon his "grey mare," was captured at Inchinnan. The "raven cried, 'Croak!' and they all tumbled down" when, following this mishap, the clans speedily disappeared. "The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown" when, two days later, the Earl of Argyll, dispatched by the executioner at Edinburgh, had his head exposed upon the Tolbooth.

The "grey mare" here, as in the "Dapply Grey" of Mary Queen of Scots, "The Auld Grey

Mare" and "the Riding Mare" of the Queen Anne jingles, represents Scotland.[225]

"The mischievous raven," which, flying away, "vowed he would serve them the same the next day," had but a brief time to wait before carrying this threat into execution. As the Scottish Earl marched to his doom at Edinburgh, the "pretty boy," Monmouth, with a convoy of three ships in his wake, left Holland and landed on the coast of Dorsetshire.

There, "farmers" swarmed to his standard. The roadways were covered with heavy cart-horses, seated on which the farmers unreservedly proffered their services as cavalry.

In the ears of Monmouth the "raven cried 'Croak!'," in the black foreboding which filled him at observing that the nobility and gentry were conspicuously absent from this following.

"With his daughter behind, so rosy and fair," the farmers still flocked to join the strange procession as it wended its way over highway and byway. In every hat was worn a green bough in honor of the "pretty boy," and when, at Taunton, Monmouth vaingloriously proclaimed himself king, the daughters "so rosy and fair" got down from their pillions, arrayed in their Sunday-best attire, and presented him with a Bible and richly embroidered flag.

Monmouth, with covetous eyes looking toward

Bristol, advanced under the walls of Bath, only to fall back for an exchange of shots with the Royalists at Philips Norton. With right good cause the farmers, trotting upon their grey mares, felt their hearts quail at Sedgemoor, for there General Feversham awaited them with the three thousand men who were to send these poor farmers flying for their lives in all directions.

Again the black raven of despair was fatefully to cry "Croak!" when Monmouth, intent upon surprising the royal troops at dead of night, advanced stealthily upon them by way of Bridgewater. Uninformed by his guides of a deep, black ditch, in the delay and confusion incident to suddenly encountering this obstacle, the pistol of one of his farmers unguardedly exploded. The royal troops, alive to their danger, gave a spirited drum-call to arms, and the musketry poured its hot shot upon the farmers upon their grey mares as the well-trained royal cavalry galloped into action.

Monmouth, perceiving that all was lost, fled, leaving one thousand farmers slain upon the field. Two days later, with nothing to eat but a pocketful of half-raw peas, he was captured and carried to London, where was enacted the fatal losing of his crown by "the farmer" for James II, deaf to all expostulation, ordered Monmouth executed at once upon Tower Hill, and the lovely young adventurer's head rolled in the dust.

Chapter Sixteen

There was a monkey climbed a tree,
When he fell down, down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse, going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, the blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them stript, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came again.[226]

HE political events of the reign of James II are tellingly outlined in this jingle, carefully preserved in the *Sloane MS.* in the Bodleian Library, which has the enlightening explanation that, in the monkey that climbed a tree, it takes no vast stretch of imagination to

plainly comprehend Monmouth, the pretty boy so feared and hated by his royal uncle.[227]

Scotland, presented to us in various guises in these old jingles, is in this instance "the old wife" so busily engaged in eating an apple, while, amusingly enough, the "horse, going to the mill" is William of Orange, who assuredly "stood not still," until he outrode his royal father-in-law in the race for the throne, which, at that time, was an uneasy enough seat for any one.[228]

The Duke of Cumberland comes again into the jingles as the butcher who "cut his thumb," [229] with the following explanatory note in *Jacobite Minstrelsy:*[230] "The Duke of Cumberland was known in London by the name of 'the Butcher,' following the battle of Culloden, because of the needless and terrible atrocities inflicted upon the Highlanders in their struggle for Bonny Prince Charlie. So severely was the Duke of Cumberland satirized that the Jacobites, in their fierce hatred of the English commander, mercilessly satirized him in their well-known song, 'The Bannocks o' Barley':

> "Wha' was't, when hope was blasted fairly,
> Stood in the ruin wi' bonny Prince Charlie?
> And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed fu'sairly,
> Wha' but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley." [231]

The "chandler making candle" is one with the "butcher," for he both "stript" and brutally handled his Scotch victims.

James Stuart, the Pretender, looks rather dourly out at us as the lackey who "ran a race" as the illegitimate son of James II, and, in the "cobbler clouting shoon," one gets a glimpse of the ardent Jacobite rallying about the Pretender, very literally "clouting shoon," in raising soldiery and furnishing money, "the shoon" of war, for him to carry on his repeated attempts upon the throne of England. The navy that "went into Spain" is a jeering fling at the naval exploits of James II with Spain.

Oh what's the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gaed her to an Oranger.
Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The lad has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him.

The dog shall na keep it long,
To flinch we'll make him fain again;
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
And James shall hae his ain again.
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
A psalm book and a presbyter.[232]

This well-known Scotch jingle, says *Jacobite Minstrelsy,* "was written on the occasion of the marriage of Mary, the daughter of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II, with the young Prince of Orange." [233]

Evidently what it intended to convey is that the jingle was written commemorative of this marriage of James II's daughter, as the events recorded in the lines did not take place for some years.

In the preface to *Jacobite Minstrelsy,* which is an extremely old volume preserved in the Bodleian Library, and of which a modern reprint was made fifteen or twenty years ago, under the caption of *Jacobite Songs and Ballads,* it is stated: "Whether the Jacobite Songs satirize the character of a state measure, ridicule the personal qualities of a friend, it is done with a truth, energy, and feeling that at once imparts kindred emotions to the breast of the reader, and leaves an impression on his mind that nothing can efface. This is most happily applicable to the jingles on James II."

> Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,
> Your house is on fire, and your children all gone;
> All but the youngest, and her name is Anne,
> And she has crept under the dripping-pan.

Blithely the lines sing themselves as, involuntarily, one conjures up a pastoral scene softly resounding to the childish invocation to the dainty rose-bug. Yet, between such fancy and the reality, there is a wide universe of significance.

Queen Mary d'Este, the "Lady Bird" conjured to fly home to France, heeded this advice by getting with all speed to her native shores, while King

James, upon the 11th of November, 1688, embarked in a fishing smack from England. Anne, who so cleverly saved herself by creeping "under the dripping-pan," was later Queen Anne of England.

The jingle lines record that exciting period when James II having disgusted his subjects and in every way outraged his coronation oath, was dethroned, and a hurried call sent to William of Orange, his Protestant son-in-law, to hasten to England and take over the royal crown and regalia.

After many adventures in the process of joining his Queen "Lady Bird" at the Court of Louis XIV, James II lived out his days a pensioner upon the bounty of the French king.

Meanwhile, in Scotland the Jacobites derisively sang:

> "A' the Duiks in the Hargate,
> Cum oot to follow me,
> I up wi' my fut an' gaed 'en sich a kick,
> That I sent them o'er the sea."

"The Talbot influence was, however, too strong to be easily broken," says Trowbridge, in *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall,* "and James, having decided to fight for his crown in Ireland, trusted implicitly to the Duke of Tryconnel, who had refused to go over to William of Orange in spite of heavy bribes. . . . At the same time the terror and hatred of the English vented themselves on the

frenzied Duke of Tryconnel, who, still sure of the support of his weak king, was ruthless in his vengeance and desperate in his measures to outmanœuvre William of Orange, that master of strategy. Of the lampoons that rained upon him, the following is a sample:

"There is an old prophecy found in a bog,
That Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog;
And now this prophecy is come to pass,
For Talboth's a dog and James is an ass.

"There was an old prophecy found in a bog
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la." [234]

Burnet,[235] who writes so spicily of the times, states:

"James was the ass and Tryconnel the dog. This ribaldry of Lord Wharton was adapted to a spirited air by Purcell, published ten years before. The whole army, and at last the people both in City and country were singing it perpetually. Wharton afterwards boasted that he had rhymed James out of his dominion. He had produced a song, like many other songs of wondrous popularity, with little intrinsic merit. But those whose conviviality, even in our own days, has been stirred by its fascinating melody may well believe that it was whistled and sung in every street in 1688.

"Tryconnel went about his work in a wild way and displaced Protestant judges and filled their

seats with Catholics. He terrified the cities and towns into surrender of their charters, and gave them new charters which made parliamentary representation of mockery. He had a scheme for dispossessing the English settlers of the property which they had acquired in the forfeitures of half a century previous. His projects were opposed by grave Catholic peers, who said that the lord deputy was fool and madman enough to ruin ten kingdoms. His character and that of his master were ridiculed in the famous ballad of 'Lillibullero.'"

Scotland fairly teemed with jingle and song concerning the deposing of James who, from the fact that he was a Stuart, was by that country held dear. One of the songs, "The Blackbird," [236] represents Scotland in the guise of a lady fair, making plaint for her absent love, King James, over the sea.

One of the most touching of these Jacobite songs instantly calls to mind the jingle:

> Tom he was a Piper's son,
> He learned to play when he was young,
> But all the tune that he could play,
> Was "Over the hills and far away."

These Jacobite lines, speaking with the voice of King James, exclaim:

> "Over the hills and far away,
> Over the hills and far away.
> Over the hills and o'er the sea,
> The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.

My tartan plaid, my aye good sheet,
That keepit me frae wind an' weet,
An' held me bien baith night an' day,
Is over the hills, an' far away." [237]

Apparently, for all the pathos of it, the "tartan plaid" was only appreciated when, by all foul administration, James II had forfeited in the eyes of his English subjects the right longer to have it to "keepit me frae wind an' weet."

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.[238]

The contemptuous estimate of James II and the events of his reign of misrule, as viewed by the English element of his subjects, are herein epitomized.

"The rigamarole, 'A man of words and not of deeds,'" says Halliwell, "was converted into a burlesque song on the eve of the battle of Culloden."

No history of James II would be complete without mention of that gallant cavalier, Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who, with three thousand Highlanders, attempted, July 17, 1689, at the battle of Killiecrankie, to reëstablish James upon the throne.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horse, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

The piper to Claverhouse's troop of horse is reported to have played "up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee" with such vigor and fury, while standing on the bank of the Clyde at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, that he attracted particular attention. Accordingly, a Whig bullet sent his pipership reeling over into the flood below, where he was drowned.[239]

The fourth and fifth verses of this, one of the most stirring battle songs ever written, have been ascribed to Robert Burns, while by some the song is ascribed to Sir Walter Scott, but, as he was not born until August 15, 1771, this latter contention is plainly out of the question.

John Cook he had a little grey mare, hee, haw, hum;
Her legs were long, and her back was bare, hee, haw, hum.

In this lampoon upon the battle of Killiecrankie, Scotland is the "little grey mare" which certainly happened upon foul weather in this journeying, as shown in the following:

The mare she fell down and made her will, hee, haw, hum.
The saddle and bridle were laid on the shelf, hee, haw, hum;
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself, hee, haw, hum.

This accords with the customary lampooning of tragic events by appropriate jingles. Scotland, the "little grey mare,"[240] assuredly "fell down and made her will" at the battle of Killiecrankie, for, in the loss of Bonny Dundee, James lost his strongest adherent.

Bonny Dundee, in the very act of extending his arm to encourage his men after their successful charge on the English artillery, received his death wound. Carried from the field, he did not make his will, but threw all his dying energy into the writing of a concise and dignified account of the battle to his unworthy monarch.[241]

Chapter Seventeen

Hush-a-bye, Baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the tree shakes, the cradle will fall,
Down will come Baby, and cradle, and all.

SOME happy wit has, in these four lines, crystallized the long and exciting history of James Stuart, the Pretender, whom the *National History of England,* as taught at the present time in all of the schools of that country, claims was placed in a warming-pan at his birth, and so smuggled into the bed of Mary d'Este, the royal consort of James II.[242]

"On the tree-top" facetiously depicts the exalted cradle of the royal palace wherein the "rocking" first began, and never was prophecy, "When the wind blows, the cradle will rock," more unquestionably carried out to the letter, since never winds that blew were more adverse to any royal baby. Surely never did the bough bend with more persistent relentlessness than when, with a nation-wide crashing, down came "Baby, and cradle, and all."

James II, in a fury over the refusal of his subjects to acknowledge the child his lawful heir, and balked in his deepest plans to restore Roman Ca-

tholicism in England, held the Trial of the Seven Bishops.

When, the following morning, the jury announced its verdict of "Not guilty," the populace rose en masse in ecstasy, whereupon James, resolving to crush this revolt by force of arms, brought over several regiments from Ireland.

Alas for his peace of mind! That long-ago doggerel ballad of "Lillibullero," "Old woman, old woman, oh, whither so high," [243] that had been framed at Henry V sprang again suddenly to life. *The National History of England* says: "The song was in every throat." [244] The army rocked and reeled with its vigorous trilling as the nation, catching the infection, played, sang, and printed "Lillibullero," until all England was in a fever heat of indignation against the king.

Swiftly there had been dispatched to Holland the call to William of Orange upon this verdict, for the day of James II was effectually over in England, and naught now was left him but the hurried flight to France, finally accomplished under many difficulties.

In one of the Bodleian Library [245] chap-books there runs the significant comment upon this jingle, "This may serve as a warning to the proud and ambitious, who climb so high they generally fall at last. Maxim: Content turns all it touches into gold."

But the following verses, quoted by Ritsen, are given with the covert announcement that the words are a corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable, "*He bas, la le loup!* Hush, here comes the wolf." [246]

> Bee bow bobby lou, on a tree-top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
> When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
> Down comes baby, and cradle, and all.[247]

This version, given in the chap-book, *Gammer Gurton's Garland,* has the delicious irony of imparting to the opening line a distinctly French flavor, as a keener thrust at the French mother, Mary d'Este, whose " Baby on the tree-top " [248] was to England the cause of so many years of trouble and bloodshed.

But the longest and most daringly direct exposure of this attempt of James II and his queen, to palm off a spurious child upon the British nation as rightful heir to the throne, is to be found in an ancient pamphlet included in the volume, *Ballads and Songs of the Bodleian Library.*[249]

This runs:

" Father Peter's Policy Discovered: Or the P—— of Wales Prov'd a P—— Perkin.

> In Rome there was a most fearful Rout,
> And what do you think it is about?
> Because the birth of the Babe's come out.
> Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Jesuits swear the mid-wife told tales;
And ruined His Highness, the Prince of Wales,
She's a jade for her pains, Catsplutter-anrels.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Popish crew did all protest
That twenty great men would Swear at least,
They see his Welch Highness creep out of his nest.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Goggle-Ey'd monster in the Tower,
He peeped at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of Wales he swore.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wise,
Stood peeping between Her M—— T——s
He look'd through a Glass for to save his Eyes.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Both were so well satisfy'd,
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand, they cry'd;
'Twas born with the print of a T—— on his side.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some say 'tis a Prince of Wales by Right,
And those that deny it, 'tis out of Spight;
But God sent the Mother came honestly by't.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some Priest they say crept nigh her Honeur,
And sprinkled some good Holy Water upon Her,
Which made her conceive of what has undone her.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Because the young Babe was brought up to the Test;
But now they call *Peters* a fool of a Priest.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Priests, in order to flyete the Pope,
Are gotten on Beards of the Foreign Hope,
For all that stay here will be sure of a Rope.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

London, Printed for R. M."

Still another version of this popular jingle runs:

Hush-A-Bye, Baby, in the tree-top,
Bye, oh Bye, my Baby!
When I was a lady,
Oh, then my poor Babe didn't cry!
But Baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor Babe will die!

The "poor Babe," however, so far from dying for want of good keeping, grew to manhood.

The Pretender, frequently designated by his incognito title the Chevalier St. George, was always warmly supported in his claims to the English throne by the Jacobites, and, to raise men and money, made many trips to Scotland.

In 1706, Louis XIV made a futile attempt to set the Pretender upon the throne of Scotland. Again, in 1713, Viscount Bolingbroke and the Jacobite party vainly intrigued for the Pretender. July 29, 1714, a general Jacobite rising having been effected in his cause, the Tories were taken by surprise and their plans set at naught. Following this, he remained in exile in France, supported by his cousin, Louis XIV, and by the subsidies of his English adherents.[250]

Chapter Eighteen

Wee Willie Winkie
  Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
  In his nightgown.
Rapping at the window,
  Crying through the lock,
"Are the children all in bed?
  For 'tis past eight o'clock."

THE wind, howling as if the demons of earth and air were let loose in every quarter, upon the 5th of November, 1688, with the rain sluicing down from sullen skies until the roadways were knee-deep in mire, William Prince of Orange landed at Torbay.

No sooner had the verdict been issued for the Seven Bishops, than there had gone over to Holland a letter signed by many of the leading clergy and nobles of England, inviting the king's son-in-law, William of Orange, to land upon the shores of Great Britain with an army, in defence of freedom and the upholding of the Church of England. A common danger threatened the land, and over it Whigs and Tories joined hands in defence of their country.

One week after landing at Torbay, "Wee Willie Winkie," [251] as he was openly nicknamed in the

Jacobite Minstrelsy of the day, with his army of fifteen thousand men, increased at every step of the march, was proclaimed King of England. Lord Churchill, the future great Duke of Marlborough, and George of Denmark were received by William III.

The Jacobites, wild at this deposing of a Stuart and supplanting him by an Orange prince, scarce had their pens dry from writing, "Ken ye the rhyme to porringer"[252] when, from John O' Groat's to Land's End, they set their followers singing their latest lines. This jingle song, revived and sung quite as lustily upon the occasion of Victoria's marriage to the German Prince Consort, runs:

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE

Wha the deil hae we got for a King,
But a wee wee German Lairdie!
An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yairdie;
Sheoughing kail, and laying leeks,
But the hose, an' *but* the breeks;
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German Lairdie!

An' he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German Lairdie!
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yairdie;
He's pu'd the rose o' England's loons,
And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our Scotch thistle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German Lairdie!

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"Wee Willie Winkie,"
William ~~IV~~ III (Prince of Orange),
1650-1702.

Come up amang the Highland Hills,
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie!
And see how Charlie's lang-kail thrive,
That he dibbled in his yairdie:
And if a stock ye daur to pu'
Or hand the yoking of a plough,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie!

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
No fitting for a yairdie;
An' our norlan thristles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie!
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad lib ye o' your German gear,
And pass ye 'neath the claymores sheer,
Thou feckless German Lairdie!

He'll ride nae mair on strae souks,
For gawing his German hurdies;
But he sits in our gudeman's throne,
Amang the English lordies.
Auld Scotland thou 'rt owre cauld a hole,
For nursing siccan vermin;
But the very dogs o' Scotland's court
Can bark and howl in *German*.[253]

In the preface to *Jacobite Minstrelsy,* in which this old jingle song is preserved, while commenting on the frequency with which William III was satirized in the nursery jingles, the statement is made, after the verses of Killiecrankie aimed at this sovereign:

"The character of King William III is, at the same time, severely handled in some of the contemporary productions, but particularly in Willie Winkie's Testament." [254] The famous Act of Suc-

cession (1703) follows in order, and it is immortalized in the ballad of the same name. Some of the characters who move in Parliament are noticed in the notes. The more important measures of the Union succeded to this Act, and a valuable commentary, satirical of the Whigs, is to be found in "The Awkward Squad."

"Willie boy, Willie boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay."

In this well-known old jingle the king is made to appear a witless fellow, as in the opening jingle he is ridiculed unmercifully for his Dutch edicts on the "early to bed and early to rise" orders. In the present jingle, Willie boy, in "going to see them make hay," is, for all his childishness of portrayal, most appreciatively aware of the fact that "the meadows" are the broad and flowing meads of England; and that the "hay" made thereon far exceeds in amount and importance any harvest he could ever have hoped to glean from his native shores.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa frae hame,
Wi' a budget on his back,
An' a wallet at his wane.
But some will sit in his seat,
Some will eat his meat,
Some will stand in his shoon,
E'er he come again, &c.[255]

In this Jacobite song of many verses, under the title of "King William's March," William III is unmercifully satirized at the time of his departure to join his army in Ireland, previous to the battle of the Boyne. This battle, it will be remembered, was fought by the Jacobites to reëstablish James II upon the throne of England. The British forces in Ireland were thus under King William III, the "Willie Wanbeard"[256] of the song, in which it is flippantly predicted that "Some will kiss Willie's wife" ere he return again to England.

After the battle of Culloden there sounded the favorite Jacobite sneer at William of Orange, in the song beginning:

Up an' rin awa', Willie,
Up and rin awa', Willie,
The Highland clans will rise again,
And chase you far awa', Willie.
Prince Charles, he'll be down again,
With clans both great and sma', Willie,
To play your king a bonny spring,
And make you pay for a', Willie.
Up and rin awa'.[257]

William and Mary and George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man;
They put their father to flight and shame,
And called their brother a shocking bad name.

Halliwell,[258] while stating that this jingle "alludes to William III and George Prince of Denmark," omits to add the sauce piquant in the fact

that the Mary and Anne of the jingle were the consorts of these successive kings of England.

From this pasquinade it is evident that peace and harmony signally failed to reign in the family circle of the deposed King James, failed to such marked degree that "William and Mary and George and Anne" rather unfilially united their voices in calling "their brother a shocking bad name" when, in chancing to mention the Pretender, they dubbed him a bastard.

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not to touch her tail;
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.

Following the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France in 1572, and the Rise of the Dutch Republic under William of Orange in 1676, there arrived upon the shores of England, tailors and work people by the hundreds. With the silk-weavers from France came dyers and dressers of woolen cloth from Flanders, and, in consequence, there was everywhere apparent in England an improvement in the material and makeup of garments. All this, notwithstanding the Jacobite thrust at William of Orange:

But the hose an' *but* the breeks;
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German Lairdie!

In 1701 the "four-and-twenty tailors" jingle appeared as a pasquinade upon *The Courageous English Boys of Several Trades and Callings: As Weavers, Shoemakers, Butchers, Dyers, and Hatters in City and Country, whose resolution was to march into Flanders after King William III to relieve that country from the French Cruelty, and from thence march with him to Conquer France.*[259]

The latter country was the "snail" which these valiant "Four-and-twenty tailors" set forth to destroy, but, the "snail" putting forth its horns "like a little Kyloe cow," the invaders were warned to "Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now."

This old song, with the long breath-taking title as given above, is preserved in handbill form in the British Museum Library, with the further statement that, having been printed by "J. Blare at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge," it is to be sung to the tune of "Let Cæsar Live Long."

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest, they ran away.

Mary II comes in for a broadside of caustic wit from these lines which originally satirized King Charles I and his queen and have been given in Chapter Nine. They reflect upon the queen's

awkwardness of size and inaptitude at sports. The political situation in England and Holland is, at the same time, cleverly touched upon, as he who runs may read with enlightenment in the following lines from Strickland's *Life of Queen Mary II:*

"The contest of parties in England had as ending the restoration of her (Mary's) father, the duke of York (James II) to his natural place in the succession, and Monmouth (illegitimate son of Charles II) took his term of banishment in Holland and Brussels. It was part of the policy of the prince of Orange, to receive the royal aspirant for the crown of Great Britain, with extraordinary affection, inasmuch as he permitted the princess the most unheard-of indulgences to welcome him. 'The Prince of Orange,' says d'Avaux, 'was heretofore the most jealous of men; scarcely would he permit the princess to speak to a man or even to a woman; now he presses the duke of Monmouth to come after dinner to her apartments to teach her country-dances. Likewise, the prince of Orange charged her, by the complaisance she owed him, to accompany the duke of Monmouth in skating parties, this great frost (Jan. 1684–5). A woman in common life would make herself a ridiculous sight if she did as the princess of Orange does, who is learning to glide on the ice with her petticoats trussed up to her knees, skates buckled on her shoes, and sliding absurdly enough first on one foot and then on the other."

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Man and his wife are all one, in flesh and bone,
From hence you may guess what they mean,
The queen drinks chocolat, to make the king fat,
The king hunts to make the queen lean.

Mr. Dean says grace, with a reverent face,
"Make room!" cries Sir Thomas Duppa, (a gentleman in waiting)
Then Bentick up-looks his king in a book (King William)
And you see him no more until supper."

"The daily routine of the life of William and Mary," states Strickland, "is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and meter, some lost traits are found."

From the unedited MS. of the Earl of Oxford's collection of State Poems: *Landsdowne Papers,* No. 852, p. 195, as above quoted by Strickland, is afforded unmistakable evidence that the Jack Spratt jingle, flung years before at Mary's royal grandfather, Charles I and his unpopular queen, was thus, in slightly different couching, once more called into use as a shaft of ridicule in the above verses which appeared under the imposing caption, "Hampton Court Life in 1689."

Referring to these lines, Strickland says:

"This supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If Queen Mary had to write a letter of despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner hour was half-past

one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

"Queen Mary like every one descended from the lord-chancellor Clarendon, with the exception perhaps of her uncle Henry, earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good; her enemies accused her of strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell. She was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman." . . .

"The queen took up her residence at Hampton Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique place, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of his cares which his three crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity."

In the Jacobite song, "Willie Winkie's Testament," William of Orange is represented as be-

queathing the most beggarly duds to his various royal relatives. Especially to Anne of Denmark, his sister-in-law, who was to succeed him upon the throne, in addition to his "beggar duds" he leaves instructions relative to the perpetuation of his political policies:

> "Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
> And, if dey please, who dem must quit;
> Mine good wench Anne must look to it."

The *Requiescat in Pace* of William III is given in *Jacobite Minstrelsy* in the foot-note: "King William's death was occasioned by his horse stumbling on a mole hillock. 'The Little Gentleman in black velvet' (mole) was afterwards a favorite toast with the Jacobites of that day, in allusion to the mole that caused his death." [260]

Chapter Nineteen

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
Charlie loves good ale and wine,
And Charlie loves good brandy,
And Charlie loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best flour,
To make a white cake for my Charlie.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, eldest son of the Pretender and Clementine Sobieski, fled after the battle of Culloden to France, and thereupon were strung the pearls of the lilting old Jacobite song long since become an indispensable part of the nursery jingles.

When on the 25th of July, 1745, to the roll-call of drums and the skirling of bagpipes, Bonny Prince Charlie, in kilts and tartan of the Stuart plaid, landed at Inverness, as the heather purpled upon the hills, clansmen rose throughout Scotland, every man with a white rose in his bonnet as the Jacobite emblem. Coming from France with only seven officers, "The Seven Men of Moidart," at

five and twenty years of age, his courage glowed at this fair prospect of conquering the British Isles.

Cameron of Lochiel hastened to his side, and, the war-cry of "Bonny Prince Charlie"[261] going forth, in the quiver of an eye seven hundred clansmen stood about him. Southward they marched to Edinburgh, with banners flying and the echo of the joyish Jacobite song, "Over the water and over the sea," filling the air of all Scotland. Brilliant, young, charming, with the fiery courage of his great grandsire, John Sobieski, the famous King of Poland, tingling in his veins, Bonny Prince Charlie drew all hearts, and, at dawn of the following day, five hundred Highlanders followed their dashing leader through the deep morass separating them from the royalist forces. Six minutes later they had won the glorious battle of Prestonpans.

Had Bonny Prince Charlie pressed forward at once to London, the history of England very probably would have omitted its present chapter of Hanoverian dynasty. But, during the six weeks considered necessary to muster five thousand men, the royalist troops were pouring in from Flanders, and "the Bluidy Duke" of Cumberland ("the Butcher"[262]) marshaled a formidable army with which to defend the throne.

At the terrible battle of Culloden Moor, a faith-

ful clansman, seizing the horse of the completely exhausted Prince Charlie, forced him from the field of conflict. Riding with him almost in his arms to Inverary Castle, they arrived there at dawn of the 17th of April, 1746, when both fell stupefied with sleep upon the floor. Eight days later, having by the intrepidity of Flora MacDonald reached Skye disguised as her servant, the Prince escaped pursuit of the two thousand royalists on the search for him.[263]

At every extremity of his career, people appeared only too glad to "make a white cake for my Charlie," and, as history shows, all his life Charlie loved the pretty girls. His fondness for "cakes and candy" was not held in abeyance even during the three weeks when, hidden away in a cave by lawless men, who, nevertheless, loyally scorning the proffered reward of £30,000 for his capture, daily visited Fort Augustus thirty miles to the south of Inverness, and, returning, brought him all the news, together with gifts of cakes and gingerbread.[264]

It was the lifelong love of "ale and wine" and "good brandy" that was eventually the undoing of Bonny Prince Charlie, for spending his latter days in Rome and Florence under the title of the Duke of Albany, with the Jacobite faction ever delighting to pledge "the King over the water," the once gallant Highlander died a broken-down

inebriate. Nineteen years later, in the death of Henry, Cardinal of York, there passed away the last of the male line of Stuarts.

The Jacobite song, "Over the water and over the sea," is notably similar in general trend to "MacLean's Welcome."

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean.

The preface to *Jacobite Minstrelsy* interestingly and pertinently has to say in regard to the jingles and songs:

"Independent of the hold which these relics of the past thus have on the sympathy of the Scotsmen; and besides the charm which they present as spirited, graphic, and touching specimens of the muse, their practical use in illustrating many of the events of the period to which they refer, stamps them with an additional value, and renders them of no little estimation in the eye of the historical reader. In fact, when arranged conscientiously and with attention to chronological order, these songs and fragments form a delightful commentary on the manners of the times. . . .

"In this point of view, the *Jacobite Minstrelsy* is chiefly of importance from the date of the abdication of James II; for, although there are numerous party songs in relation to the Stuarts at a much earlier period, few or none can be considered exclusively Jacobite till the family was

shut out from succession to the throne. Accordingly, as the first event in the series, it forms the subject of satire in several pieces, but particularly in 'Cakes o' Crowdy.' . . .

"There is hardly an event of importance in Prince Charlie's expedition that has not been commemorated by the muse. To show this more distinctly it only requires to put the successive events in juxtaposition with the corresponding songs. Among the former may be stated: 1 The Prince's arrival in Scotland; 2 His meeting with Lochiel; 3 The Battle of Prestonpans; 4 The march into England and subsequent retreat; 5 The battle of Falkirk; 6 The Defeat at Culloden; 7 Escape of Charles and dispersion of the Highlanders; 8 Cruelties. Character of the Duke of Cumberland; 9 Trials and Executions in England; 10 Expatriation of the Survivors; 11 Fate of the Prince; 12 Return of the Exiles.

"These are the principal acts in the political drama of 1745 and, though forming the subject of numerous pieces in the collection, they are more particularly illustrated by those which follow in similar order of enumeration: Welcome, Charlie, over the Main; Lochiel's Warning; Johnny Cope; Mayor of Carlisle; Battle of Falkirk Muir; Culloden Day; Lochiel's Farewell and Waes me for Prince Charlie; The Tears of Scotland, and Cumberland's and Murray's Descent into Hell; Ode of Prince Charlie's Birthday; The Exile to his country; When Royal Charles by Heaven's Command; Restoration of Forfeited Estates." [265]

Chapter Twenty

Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun.

IN the gardens of Kensington Palace, surrounded by her royal Maids of Honor, delighting to spend the livelong day playing at work with tambour frame or reading light books of verse, "Lady Queen Anne" so sat in reality, "as fair as a lily, as brown as a bun."

"Lady Queen Anne" was continuously, and at times most cruelly, lampooned by the Jacobites, who, of all things, hated the idea of a union between the two countries, except when such union should have been directly formed by a male Stuart.

Nothing apparently more delighted the Jacobites than to give a sharp rap over the knuckles of "Lady Queen Anne," Stuart though she was, as witness:[266]

THE AULD GREY MARE

I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
A tale of truth ye'se hear;
It is of a wise old man,
That had a good grey mare.

He'd twa mares on the hill,
And ane into the sta',
But this auld thrawart jade,

She was the best of a'.
This auld mare's head was stiff,
But nane sae weel could pu';
Yet she had a will o' her ain,
Was unco' ill to bow.
Whenever he'd touch her flank,
Then she'd begoud to glower;
And she'd pu' up her feet,
And ding the auld man awre.

Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow;
The auld grey mare's oursel',
The wise old man is you.

"By the 'twa mares on the hill,' Ireland and Wales are meant," states the foot-note in *Jacobite Minstrelsy,* "and England by the 'ane into the sta',' as enjoying the principal fruits of the union. Scotland is represented by 'The Auld Grey Mare,' while the farriers stout and his smithy are Queensbury and his hirelings, who effected the union. The drift of the song is evidently to represent to Queen Anne the danger of forming a union between the two kingdoms." [267]

In the Jacobite song,[268] "The Awkward Squad," are the names of the leading Whigs who strenuously promoted this union, while "The Riding Mare," [269] a stiff blow at Queen Anne, possesses the historic value of rendering the Jacobite views not only of her Majesty, but of her predecessor, William III, and of her successor, George I.

THE RIDING MARE

My daddy had a riding mare,
And she was ill to sit,
And by there came an uncou' loon, (William III)
And slippit in his fit.
He set his fit into the sti'rup,
He grippit sickerly,
And aye suissyne, my dainty mare,
She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd hissel',
And up gat couthy Anne;
She gripped the Mare, the riding gear,
And halter in her hand.
And on she rade, and fast she rade,
O'er necks o' nations three;
Fient that she rides the aiver stiff,
Sin' she has geck'd at me.

It is in this song that King George I is termed "an ass," and his royal favorite "a sow," as will be seen:

And for a horse (Anne), they've got an ass, (George I)
And on it set a sow, (Dowlington)
Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
That cocks aboon them a'
And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
That soon will get a fa'!

Jim and George were two great lords,
They fought all in a churn;
And when that Jim got George by the nose,
Then George began to gern.

The George and Jim of this jingle, uniquely represented as fighting in a churn, are, says Halli-

well, King George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, and James Stuart, the Pretender, which is the second occasion on which these two celebrities are mentioned together in a jingle.[270]

"Old Pendril the Miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

This one of many bitterly satiric jingles launched at Queen Anne, upon the occasion of the furore raised when permission was granted the traitorous Duchess of Marlborough to build Marlborough House on what, at that time, was a part of St. James' Park embodies a rare instance of any real sentiment recorded of Charles II. To Samuel Pepys, in his wonderful *Diary,* mention of this historic fact is recorded.

Strickland, in her *Life of Queen Anne,* thus makes mention of this jingle:

"When the autocratic and cordially hated Duchess of Marlborough claimed fulfilment from Queen Anne of the site in St. James upon which present structure of Marlborough House now stands, the rage of the people was, to do them justice, not at the outlay or supposed outlay by the queen of the public money in favour of the duchess, but they were peculiarly aggravated, because in laying the foundations of the palace, called to this day, 'Marlborough House,' she had caused to be rooted up a fine young oak-tree, sprung from an acorn which King Charles II had

set with his own hand. The king had plucked the acorn from his friendly oak, that screened him so well at Boscobel. He had planted it in the pleasure-garden that belonged to his queen, Catherine of Braganza, which once occupied the site of Marlborough House and joined the park, extending nearly down the south side of Pall Mall."

Any one inclined to doubt the immensity of power exercised by the song-ballad jingles of the hour in English history would do well to consider the following, recorded by the same historian, which is but one of countless instances when a clever jingle, set to a popular tune, accomplished politically what would have been possible by no other means:

"Strange news, strange news the Jacks of the City
Have got," cried Joan, "but we mind not tales
That our good king, through wonderful pity,
Will leave his crown to the prince of Wales,
That peace may be stronger still,
And that they may no longer rebel."

"Pish, 'tis a jest!" cried Gillian of Croydon,
Gillian, fair Gillian, bright Gillian of Croydon—
"Here's a health to our master Will!"

"The renewal of William's offered adoption of the exiled prince, occurred directly after the visit of the electress (Sophia, the Mother of George I) to him at Loo; but no little difficulty presented itself, as to how the English people were to be induced to forego the prejudices that had been so

carefully inculcated concerning this prince. As the father had been driven out of the country partly by the agency of the ribald ballad of 'Lillibullero,' so the people were to be reconciled to the son by similar means; the public pulse was felt, and preparation was made for the change, by songs written to the old English tunes prevalent from the days of the Plantagenets. The venal pen of the song-poet, D'Urfey, a very remarkable character, who had been an active writer of political ballads during the regencies of Mary II, was put into requisition by the ministry of William III, in 1701.

"Just at this period when the reports were popular and prevalent that King William meant to adopt the son of his uncle, the Whig songster favoured the public with the following lay of his own devising, adapted to the meter and tune of the popular old English melody of 'Gillian of Croydon,' the original of which, perhaps, dates as far back as the frolicsome days of Prince Hal. As many Jacobite lyrics have been quoted, it is but fair to give a specimen of the poetic powers of the opposite party."

An explanatory foot-note to these verses states:

"The Jacobites were always called Jacks in the slang of that day. . . . Gillian was a fair hostess of Croydon in ancient times. D'Urfey has another of these Gillian parodies on Anne's accession, the refrain of which is, 'Here's a health to our mistress Nan.'"

D'Urfey appears to have been a prolific writer, and, singularly enough, following his favoritism during the reign of William and Mary, he achieved even greater distinction under Queen Anne.

"The patronage Queen Anne bestowed on Tom D'Urfey, the song-writer of her era," says Strickland, "resembled that extended by the sister queens, Mary and Elizabeth, to their dramatic buffoons, Heywood and Tarleton. After her Majesty's three o'clock dinner, D'Urfey took his stand by the sideboard at the time of dessert, to repeat political jibes and doggerel ballads, prepared to flatter some of the well-known prejudices of his royal mistress. It is said that D'Urfey received a fee of forty pounds for a stave which he composed soon after Queen Anne's refusal to invite the elector of Hanover's son, for the purpose of taking his place as duke of Cambridge in the house of peers. It is added, that the electress Sophia greatly displeased and irritated Queen Anne, by uttering a speech which was reported; it was 'that she cared not when she died, if on her tomb could be recorded that she was Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.' Such report pointed the sting of the satirical doggerel, so bountifully rewarded by Queen Anne:

"The crown's far too weighty
For shoulders of eighty,
She could not sustain such a trophy;
Her hand, too, already

Has grown so unsteady,
She can't hold a sceptre;
So Providence kept her
Away, poor old dowager Sophy!"

Georgey Porgey, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the boys came out to play,
Georgey Porgey ran away.

Under this absurdity is contained the single nursery jingle in which George I, grandson of the King and Queen of Hearts, plays the star rôle. But the Jacobites were by no means idle in the field of lampoons of jingly verse, as witness their most daringly plain, overwhelmingly coarse broadside, "The Sow's Tail."

When little Fred did go to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed Mama, and then Papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

"Little Fred" thus dutifully described is Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. A further mention of this prince in *Jacobite Minstrelsy* refers to him under his popular nickname of "Shelly-Coat," in the Scotch version of "Girls and Boys, come out to play."

Lazy dukes that sit in their neuks,
And winna come out to play;
Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
Come out and play at hide-and-seek.
I've a cherry, I've a chess,

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"Georgey Porgey."
George I.
1660-1727.

I've a boony blue glass;
I've a dog amang the corn;
Blow, Willie Buckhorn
Three score of Highland kye,
One booly backed.
One blind of an eye,
And a' the rest hawkit.
Laddy wi' the shelly-coat,
Help me o'er the ferry boat;
The ferry boat is owre dear,
Ten pounds every year,
The fiddlers in the Cannongate,
The Pipers in the Abbey,
Huzza! cocks and hens,
Flee awa' to your cavey.

Herein Willie Buckhorn is a nickname for William III; "Laddy wi' the shelly-coat" is Frederick, Prince of Wales; the line, "The ferry boat is owre dear," alludes to the tax for war-ships; "The fiddlers in the Cannongate" as well as "The Pipers in the Abbey" is a declaration of war.[271]

Shelly-coat, that Prince of Wales who never became King of England but who was the father of George III, comes in for a third satirical fling in the Jacobite song, "The appearance of Cromwell's Ghost on the eve of the Battle of Culloden."

Chapter Twenty-One

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives? [272]

WHEN you go to-day to this charming fishing village on the Cornish coast, you involuntarily rub your eyes. Can it be that you are not dreaming, that you are actually wide awake, as, through the gateway of the centuries, you walk at once into jingle-land? They are right before you, "kits, cats, sacks, and wives," in that identical abundance that first inspired this ancient jingle riddle. Nowhere else in all Britain will you encounter so many busy wives, such a multiplicity of cats, such fluttering legions of sea-gulls, and such a picturesque huddling together along the curving shore-lines of fishing smacks, as at St. Ives.

To a man, the population will be found jealously proud of its niche in the halls of fame because of this jingle known the world around. The fact that St. Ives in Huntington seeks to contest this claim upon the jingle, matters not to the Cornish men,

women, and children. The jingle is unquestionably theirs, and the local accounting for its plenitude of cats is entirely satisfactory, for you will not have been there twenty-four hours before you see clearly that its legion of kits and cats is an absolute necessity in keeping down an even vaster army of mice, always keenly alert to nibble at the fishing-nets.

And every fishwife sits at the door of her tiny stone cottage, or, where the nets, which are "the sacks" of the jingle, are too large for that, she takes her comfort along the sands, where these nets stretch out in apparently aimless dimensions.

In the horseshoe harbor, the sailboats gently rise and fall to the unceasing chatter of flying gulls, as, walk where you will in this medieval village, "kits, cats, sacks, and wives" are everywhere, a teeming population stretched along the sands, from which they extend up and down in all directions over the quaintly winding narrow lanes and cobble-paved ways of lovely St. Ives.

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and meat I got, I put upon a shelf.
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
I was forced to go to London to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

In a chap-book printed in 1671 at The Sign of the Bell in Duck Lane, London, by Humphrey Crouch,[273] this jingle is given under the title, "The Pleasant History of Taffy's Progress to London; With the Welshman's Catechism."

Beneath a rude woodcut of Taffy being trundled through the streets by his wife, which is a direct reversion of the nursery jingle, are the lines:

> Behold in Wheel Barrow I come to Town,
> With Wife and Child to pull the Tories down,
> For sweet St. David shall not be Abus'd,
> And by the Rabble yearly thus misus'd.

Again in the *Newry Broadsheets*[274] of the Bodleian, the story of Taffy and his wheelbarrow journeyings is given, but with a change of title to "Unnafred Shone's Wife to Shon-ap-Morgan with their Son and Heir." From this it would appear that the jingle was a favorite one along the west coast of Great Britain.

There is about it a distinct flavor of St. Ives, as you will realize for yourself when, on arrival, you look about for a vehicle in which to get to your further destination and find at first to your disbelief and then instantly your vast amusement, that there is absolutely nothing to be had but a wheelbarrow, and all because of the fact that "the lanes are so narrow" no other vehicle could be used. So, with your belongings neatly piled in a wheelbarrow, up and down those hilly streets

and narrow lanes you follow to where, if you are wise, you will seek out quarters among the immaculately clean fishermen's cottages.

My dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away, on a fine summer's day,
And left in the wood, as I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light.
They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry-leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song:
"Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!"
And don't you remember the babes in the wood? [275]

The hamlet of Wayland, near Watton in the midlands of Norfolk, is, according to local tradition, the scene of the abandonment and death of the two children. The story, under the title of "The Babes in the Wood, Or The Norfolk Man's Last Will and Testament," as also under various other captions, is to be found in various old documents, and in the chap-books of the Douce Collection of the Bodleian Library.

These stories run that the babes were confided by the father on his death-bed to their uncle, a ruffian who hired two worse than himself to lead the children into the wood and there murder them. The villains, however, touched by the children's tender age and loving manners to them during their walk, instead of slaying them, left them to die of hunger and fright.

Haunted by remorse, the wicked uncle fell into dire misfortunes, losing everything finally by fire and divers disasters. But, so runs the Norfolk tradition, the children's ghosts ever since walk the woods in night and storm.

Those who travel by Wayland Wood assert that there is, always on dark nights, to be heard the sobs and wailings of the two children.[276] The fact that at Scoulton near by there are "laughing gulls" innumerable, the cries of which might readily be taken at night for the wailing of children, is a solution of the ghostly tales, which the Norfolk people decline to accept.

The lines in which "the robins so red brought strawberry-leaves" has led to the assertion of certain chroniclers that the children were of noble blood.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lassies;
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it o'er with rashes.

Bessie kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessie always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

This jingle, as a very old song, is to be found in the quaint volume, *A Right Merrie Book of Garlands and Songs,* which later was republished as "A Garland of Bells, wherein each rings to its proper tune." [277]

In the latter, at the Bodleian Library, runs the explanatory foot-note: "Near to Methven, the county of Perth, is to be seen the grave of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray (so named in this song) who, after escaping for a time the ravages of the plague by retiring to the banks of the river Almond, fell a sacrifice to its virulence in consequence of the infection caught from an ill-fated lover, who used to supply them with food in their retreat."

Tattle-Tale Tit, your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in our town
Shall have a little bit.

This is an alluring versification of an old English adage as collected and set forth with many others in the Douce Collection, Bodleian Library chap-book, "Be Merry and Wise, or the Cream of the Jests and the Marrow of Maxims for the Conduct of Life. Publish'd for the use of all good little Boys and Girls by Tommy Trapwit, Esq., London." [278]

Beneath the Tattle-Tale Tit verse is the comment:

"What mischief is it the Craft and Subtlety of a double Tongue cannot work upon a credulous Fool! Tale-Bearers ought to be hung up by the Tongue, Tale-Hearers by the Ears."

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was not home;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house;
Taffy was in bed;
I picked up the marrow-bone,
And struck him on the head.

The long and bitter feud between England and Wales over the possession of the ever-disputed counties of Cornwell and Monmouth look amusedly out at us from this jingle. Ancient as is the jibe against the Welshman's inherent dishonesty, an illuminating light is thrown upon its underlying truth by a glance at certain of the early Welsh laws.

Gerald the Welshman, that old historian whose writings are frequently quoted by the Eisteddfod Society, states of his own countrymen: [279]

"Outwardly they were a religious people. They were earnest in all their pursuits. Nowhere would

you meet a worse man than the bad, and better men than the good. They were wise and cunning; they had not much respect for oaths and treaties, and the custom of equally sharing the property made the Welshman love his brother better when he was dead than when he was alive."

Matthew Arnold has not hesitated to declare that, because of their extreme unreliability, no English writer would seriously consider information contained in Welsh literature. Within the past fifty years, however, there has been gathered an immense collection of genuinely reliable laws and documents.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran roaring down the street.

Tom he was a Piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and the boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard him they began to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

This jingle is identical with the old folk-lore story of *The Fryer and the Boye,* as contained in the Wynkin de Worde collection at the Bodleian Library.[280] This narrates the boy's wonderful adventures with the enchanted pipe. There is no date given of "The Fryer and the Boy," the first printed version of which is entitled: "Here beginneth a mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye, emprinted at London in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the sonne, by Wynkin de Worde."

Andrew Lang, in *Customs and Myths,* interestingly says:[281]

"The science of Folk-lore, if we may call it a science, finds everywhere, close to the surface of civilized life; the remains of ideas as old as the stories of elf-shots, older than the celt of bronze. In proverbs and riddles and nursery tales and

superstitions, we detect the relics of a stage of thought, which is dying out of Europe, but which still exists in many parts of the world."

In the *Harleian Miscellany,*[282] Bodleian Library, you will find the familiar jingle that, in your nursery days, was such a never-ending source of amusement and conjecture:

> Little Nan Etticoat,
> In a white petticoat,
> And a red nose;
> The longer she stands,
> The shorter she grows. (*A Candle.*)

Here is a bit of English folk-lore smacking strongly of the French folk-lore enigma, "What runs faster than a horse, crosses water, and is not wet? Answer, The Sun."

The assertion is generally made by every writer of note in this province that proverbs and riddles are universally distributed over the world. The five-little-pigs-that-went-to-market jingle finds a quaint echo in the Samoan folk-lore riddle, "There are twenty brothers, each with a hat on his head. Answer, The fingers and toes each with its nail for a hat." This, in turn, savors of the French folk-lore riddle, "*Que père a douze fils?* Answer, *L'An.*"

"The Wolufs of Senegal," says P. A. Ditchfield, in *Old English Customs,*[283] make the query,

"What flies forever and rests never? Answer, The Wind." As this is encountered, the mind involuntarily recalls that flock of pretty little English cousins in the Nursery Jingles:

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
All the King's horses can't pull it up? (*A Well.*)

I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep,
She wades in the water, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs up the mountains, high, high, high.
My poor little sister, she has but one eye. (*A Star.*)

Thirty white horses on a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they tramp,
Now they stand still. (*The Teeth.*)

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes. (*Tongs.*)

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
And don't go near the water."

The latter jingle is, according to Ditchfield, thirteen hundred years old, with its first known record in a book of sixth-century jests compiled by Hierocles.[284]

One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns;
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons;
But if you have none of these merry little elves,
Then you may keep them all for yourselves.

This ancient Good Friday jingle is asserted by P. A. Ditchfield, M.A.F.S.F.A., to be as ancient as the Romans. According to this authority, there were two loaves discovered at Herculaneum stamped with a cross, in accordance with the ancient Roman custom of marking sacred cakes with lines intersecting at right angles, each of which was then known as a quadra. The Romans always made sacred cake in honor of Diana, the celebration of whose festival was shortly after the spring equinox.

The cradle of Hot-Cross bun-making and eating is in Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire. There, the old Roman roads crossing at the Ickneld and Armynge streets, was formerly an altar to Diana of the Crossways, whereon the Romans and early English offered their sacred cakes.[285]

"One a penny, two a penny, Hot-Cross Buns," as an old street cry, has been given place in a whimsical little volume, *The Street Cries of London As They Are Daily Exhibited In The Streets.*[286] This street cry as given therein runs:

They Hot-Cross Buns are called, I ween,
Because a Cross thereon is seen.
Remembring us, the Jews did slay
Our Saviour upon Golgotha;
And that of sin we are set free,
By his sad sufferings on the tree.
A glorious offering of good will
To all who do his laws fulfil!

In the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, nest, and sing.

The cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

In all English country districts, both these bits of folk-lore verse are universally current.[287]

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will geese and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

The cock doth crow,
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
Bad luck you'll have until you die.

When the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait from the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at its very best.

These five and many similar bits of English folk-lore are the delightful moss collected by the ball rolled down to us through the centuries.

"Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?"
"At midsummer, Mother, when days are lang."

Fairy King Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie crust and cherry stones, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black pudding and white,
And slated with pancakes, you ne'er saw the like.

Shoe the horse, shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail, there a nail,
Let the colt go bare.

Cross Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
And call the neighbors in.

Intery, mintery, outery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn.
Wine, brier, limber lock,
Three goslings in a flock,
One flew east, one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs to make a wig?
Four and twenty that's enough,
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

Hey diddle dout, my candle is out,
And my little dame's not at home;
So saddle my hog and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little dame home.

Over these seven snatches of English folk-lore, one hears faintly from afar down in the ages, merriest titillations of the laughter of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, before whom they were liltingly sung in the mumming plays, got up for their amusement at Whitehall and Hampton Court.

Here comes Jumping Joan,
When she's out, she's not at home.

Jumping Joan was the cant term for a lady of scant reputation. In this sense it is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, and the tune of Jumping Joan is mentioned in the *Harleian Miscellany*.[289]

Big A, Little A,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard
And can't see me.

This Elizabethan jingle, a corruption of an older one on battledore and shuttlecock, is also akin to

Great A, Little A
This is pancake day! [290]

The latter, as well as the former couplet, was popular in the Elizabethan era when battledore and shuttlecock was the favorite game for grown-ups and little people. It was then that the latter couplet was sung at the games on Shrove Tuesday.

First dance to the tune of "Green Garters,"
First for the stockings, then for the shoes,
And then for the bonny green garters;
A pair for me, and a pair for you,
And a pair for them that come after.[291]

This jingle is still popular at Bampton, Oxon, where, on Whit-Monday, mummers make the rounds with all of the ancient observances. As the Morris dancers tread their measures all sing:

I won't be my father's Jack,
And I won't be my mother's Jill;
But I will be some fiddler's wife,
Then we can muse at our will.
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,
Bob at night and bob at noon.[292]

This jingle marks the fourth of the Morris dances, and at the refrain, mummers and onlookers keep time with their feet.

Water, water, quench the fire,
Fire won't burn the stick,
Stick won't beat the dog,

Dog won't bite the pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night, &c.

This, says Halliwell, is a common chant tale in Sweden as in England, with local variations. With its many companion verses it is incorporated in a very ancient Berkshire mumming play, in which occur as well the lines: [293]

Here comes a chin-chopper to chop off your head,
Eye-Winkler, Tom-tinker, Nose-dropper,
Mouth-eater, chin-chopper, chin-chopper.[294]

As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
And there I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropped me a courtsey.

Little Miss, pretty Miss!
Blessings light upon you;
If I had a half-a-crown,
I'd spend it all upon you.[295]

This is one of the many old London street songs, printed and sold for a penny by the Printing Press at Pye Corner, affirms Halliwell.

There was a jolly Miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
I care for nobody, no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me.[296]

Here again an early English song smiles at us from the nursery jingles of to-day.

I'll tell you a story
About Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
About Jacky his brother,
And now my story's done.[237]

Very ancient is this jingle, with what is termed an original copy most carefully preserved in the British Museum Library under the title of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.* Each of the multitudinous verses ends with the refrain:

" Derry down, down, hey, derry down."

This long-drawn-out ditty begins:

I'll tell you a story, a story so merry
Of a noble Prince, and his name was King John.

The little Robin Red-breast,
And Jenny Wren
Are God Almighty's
Cock and hen.

Little Robin Red-breast,
And the Cock sparrow
Are God Almighty's
Shirt and collar.

Little Robin Red-breast,
The martin and swallow
Are God Almighty's
Bow and arrow.

Halliwell gives these three quaint versions of the Robin Red-breast lines with which we are so familiar.[298]

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put two lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they did not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.

In the stealing of the three pecks of barley meal, King Arthur announces his Welsh origin and kinship to the redoubtable Taffy. This legendary jingle is one of those embodied in *Gammer Gurton's Garland,* where the title is given as "When Good King Arthur Rul'd the Land or Royal Economy."[299] And one can but smile at this unconventionally fantastic picture of the domestic arrangements of Arthur's Court at Caerleon in Southern Wales, no less than of the obedient greed of the Knights of the Round Table, and the culinary thrift of the lovely Guinevere.

As foolish as monkeys till twenty and more,
As bold as a lion till forty and more,
As cunning as foxes till three score and ten,
We then become asses, and no more are men.

This jingle, quoted by Halliwell in *Popular English Rhymes,*[300] as appearing in some of the early chap-books is decidedly suggestive of Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man.

Up street and down street,
Each window made of glass;
If you go to Tommy Tickler's house,
You'll find a pretty lass.

Hug her and kiss her,
And take her on your knee,
And whisper very close,
"Darling girl, do you love me?" [301]

This jingle, given by Halliwell as an old one, has, nevertheless, a very present-day flavor.

The calf, the goose, the bee,
The world is ruled by these three.[302]
(*Parchment, pens, and wax.*)

This ancient riddle, preserved in the *Harleian Miscellany,* Bodleian Library, instantly recalls that familiar present-day variant:

The world, with all its busy hum of men,
Owes to the sword less homage than the pen.

A delightful combination of the nursery jingles and age-old folk-lore encountered in a nursery

chap-book of the Douce Addition at the Bodleian Library, that announces itself a near relative to the Elizabethan lines on the cow that jumped over the moon, is as follows:

The sow came in with a saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped atop of the table,
To see the pot wash the ladle;
The spit that stood behind the door,
Call'd the dish clout dirty whore;
"Odds-plut," says the gridiron,
"Can't ye agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring 'em to me." [303]

A foot-note to this comments: "If he acts as constable in this case, the cook must surely be the justice of the peace."

The song of an old woman in a sunbonnet, carrying a broom, is, as has been previously stated, of extremely ancient etymology, and is incorporated in one of the mumming plays of Islip, Oxon.[304]

There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket,
Ninety times as high as the moon.
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky?"
"Shall I go with you?" "Ay, by and by."

The old woman to whom this invocation and query were popularly addressed in the Elizabethan era, known as Lucy the Hermit, lived in a small chapel then crowning Brandon Hill, Bristol.[305] Following the demolition of this chapel, during the sieges of 1643 and 1645, there stood a fort in the line of defence, and there, at the present day, two hundred and fifty feet above the city level, Cabot Tower rises to the sky line. Even better known by the Bristolians than the mumming lines about Lucy the Hermit are these caustic ones:

Lucy de Newcomb sat in her cell,
A patching her soul, and stopping each hole,
That the world or the devil could enter. 'Twas well
For a woman who knew no better.
But she'd dout the sun with a half-penny squirt,
Or mop up the seas with the tail of her skirt,
Convince all maids 'twas wicked to marry,
Before she could outmanœuvre Old Harry,
Or before he alone would let her.
Had she handled a broom in some humble room,
Or crooned babes Babel while rocking her cradle,
Or scalded her hand with the iron ladle,
While giving soup to some hungry group,
Or kissed the blood from a child's cut thumb,
Or said to some fallen sister "O come!
This way of life abandon!"
She'd have been much nearer to kingdom come,
Than here by herself on Brandon.

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Thomas, Katherine Elwes.

The real personages of Mother Goose